STORIES OF ADVENTURE

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GULLIVER THE GREAT

"I cowered on my cracker-tin, but he only looked at me contemptuously, went to the other end of the raft, and lay down."

The Academy Classics

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

SELECTED AND EDITED
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GRADES VII–XII

I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello.*

1947
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PREFATORY NOTE

In the collection that follows the attempt is made to bring together a number of stories of thrilling adventure. These stories, it will be seen, are not the trite material found in many anthologies, but are, for most part, by present-day authors of sound reputation, with a sprinkling of classical authors to bridge the gap between the old and the new. They are tales that will appeal especially to young people, because in many of them a young person is the hero. Many aspects of modern life are covered in them, and the ingenuity of the plots, together with the attractive personalities of many of the characters, will stimulate the imagination of young readers. For those instructors who wish to examine the stories in some detail, questions and exercises are provided. Young people will enjoy, too, the suggestions for original writing that are given in these exercises.

M. J. H.

In this new edition (1937) the Who's Who material has been brought up to date, and the Exercises and Reading List have also been slightly revised.

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MAP OF GOOD STORIES
1926
THIS DOMAIN IS BOUNDED ON THE NORTH BY "PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE"
BOUNDED ON THE WEST BY TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"
BOUNDED ON THE EAST BY 1492"
BOUNDED ON THE SOUTH BY THE "AZTEC TREASURE HOUSE"
SEATS OF THE MIGHTY
HOLMAN DAY'S WOODS
MR. RUGGLES' RED GAP IS HEREABOUTS
THIS IS THE VICINITY OF HAMLIN GARLAND'S MAIN TRAVELLED ROADS
CAMP OF BOB & THE GUIDES BACHELLER'S CLEARING
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
JOE LINCOLN'S CAPE
POOLE'S HARBOR
HUGH WYNNE FREE HAMILTON
ROUTE OF THE SLAVE SHIPS
THIS SEA CLAIMED BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, JACK LONDON, & JOSEPH CONRAD
MERE STEWART WHITE FOUND GOLD
SITKUM WHERE STUART CAME
ROUTE OF THE MOONSHINERS
PURPLE SAGE FOUND HERE
COVERED WAGON
FARM LAND OF MY ANTONIA
WHERE YOUTH RODE WEST
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE FOUND HERE
TUMBLEWEEDS
BRET HARTE'S ROARING CAMP
MRS. WILLIS
ENCHANTED CANYON
ENCHANTED MILL
NORTH of 36
RUTH MCENERY STUART'S CULLUD FOLKS LIVE HERE
CLIFFS OF THE DELIGHT MAKERS
UPTON SINCLAIR CLAIMS LAND ABOUT HERE
SIMON LEGREE
RAMONA'S COUNTRY
ROADS UNSAFE
"BAD MAN" ROOSEVELT HERE
"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"
THESE WELLS PRODUCE REX BEACH'S FLOWING GOLD
COUNTRY OF THE CONQUISTADOR ALSO KNOWN AS OLD NEW SPAIN
LODE OF POWER BE GOLD
THE BARRIER
CALL OF THE WILD
YUKON TRAIL
NEVADA
COLORADO
THE RIVER MAN'S LUMBER WOODS
OLD OPENING
NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD SO
THE HAWK-EYE STATE
RIVER
MARK TWAIN
MR SINCLAIR'S JUNGLE
SCENE OF THE CRISIS
HOME OF THE MIDLANDER
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
JUDGE PRIEST'S COUNTY
LONESOME PINE
GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS
DAVID HARUM'S BANK
KENNEDY SQ
WARDEN NATHAN BURKES STATE
BALBAHO PLANTATION
CARTER'S VILLE
HOME OF CARTER
COLONEL
HOME OF LADY BALTIMORE CAKE
RED ROCK
TO LOST ATLANTIS
TO THE SARGOSSO SEA
PORT OF MISSING SHIPS
BRER RABBIT'S BRIER PATCH
ST MEDARD
CABLES CAVALIER
EAST ANGELS
HOME OF DR. SEVIER & THE GRANDISSIMES
STATE OF THE FLAMINGO FEATHER
ISLAND OF THE BRIGHT SHAWL

(This map is used by the kind permission of Paul M. Paine, of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Public Library, deviser of many cartographs of literature.)

INTRODUCTION

THE STORY OF ADVENTURE

PEOPLE have always loved to listen to stories. Gathered around the camp-fire, at the gate of the city, in the busy bazaar, at the court of the king, men and women and boys and girls have always loved to listen to tales of strange happenings, to the adventures of noble or humorous characters. No gift has been more appreciated than the ability to tell a story well, and the way to win the hearts of most persons is to say:

"I'll tell you a story!"

In the course of the ages there have been many story-tellers, and often such story-tellers have won wide renown by the ease and grace and skill with which they told their tales. Æsop, Boccaccio, Chaucer, the fabulists of the Middle Ages, the unknown narrators of that great collection called *The Arabian Nights*, Voltaire, and many others star the history of literature.

But even the best of these wrote *short fiction*, rather than what we to-day call the short-story. The short-story of the present time is not merely a story that is short. It follows certain definite laws and is in many respects just as definite a literary form as the sonnet or the drama.

Who first wrote the true short-story? It remained for an American, Edgar Allan Poe, to work out the laws

that this form of fiction ought to follow. He made it clear that a short-story must, above all, possess unity — that every incident, every character ought to lead from the beginning to a close carefully planned beforehand; that the whole atmosphere of the story must be unified. The difference between earlier short-story writers and Poe may be compared to the difference between a string of beads and a cameo. The earlier stories were strings of episodes joined by a thin thread of plot. Poe made the short-story a polished jewel, the whole producing a beautiful single effect.

Poe, besides other kinds, wrote many stories of adventure.

What does adventure signify? one may ask.

Adventure means long and hazardous journeys on desperate seas, it means lonely northern cabins snowed in with bleak blizzards, it means desert islands swarming with scarlet vines and graceful palms, it means treasure quests and single combats.

Adventure spells exhilarating danger — it calls up sword-thrusts and whispering conspiracies, deadly battles against great odds, pursuits of criminals, shipwrecks, hairbreadth escapes, clever disguises, flying leaps in the dark, deeds of derring-do, friendships faithful in perils. It summons up pictures of knights, pirates, kings, ferocious monsters, fire-eaters, bravos and bullies, wanderers, gypsies, sleuths and scouts, fair ladies in distress, pioneers, explorers, duellists, midshipmen, sly rogues, highwaymen, mutineers, poachers, marauders, scouts, smugglers, whalers, spies, aces, Vikings, Indians, Indian fighters.

Introduction

Adventure makes one think of the shepherd lad David, of Herakles and Jason and Odysseus, of Beowulf and Guy of Warwick and Siegfried, of Sir Francis Drake and Daniel Boone, of Buffalo Bill and General Custer, of Dick Turpin and Captain Kidd, of the Three Musketeers and the Foreign Legion.

One thinks, too, of line men repairing the telegraph wires in a whirling snow-storm, of coast guards putting out to sea against tremendous waves, of firemen climbing pluckily up the shaky walls of a blazing building, of policemen and state troopers facing desperadoes with cool courage, of doctors calmly walking into the midst of pestilence to save human lives.

To whom do adventures come? *Adventures are to the adventurous* — such was the opinion of Disraeli, whose own life was one great adventure. In all of us lurks an intense desire for adventure. We should all be glad enough to mount our steeds and go off to rescue some lovely lady besieged in her castle by a villainous giant, or to sail our little ships like the Spanish conquistadors over an unknown ocean. But, somehow, the opportunity to perform these valiant deeds never seems to come to the majority of us. We never have adventures, we say.

Nevertheless, as has been said above, "Adventures are to the adventurous." There are some people who always seem to have something worth-while happening to them. They are able to tell you of exciting experiences that they have had, of strange persons they have encountered. How does it happen that so many interesting occurrences come to these people?

It is because they have the spirit of adventure. For it is a remarkable peculiarity of real adventure that it can be found everywhere. Although it is true that when we think of adventure we think immediately of foreign lands and strange shores, it is by no means true that only in these out-of-the-way places does adventure dwell. Consider it rationally. To us a trip to China is adventure — quaint pagodas, odd inscriptions on the signs and in the books, astonishing food, different ways of thinking and living, altogether another civilization.

But to a Chinese boy or girl in America the adventure is just as great. His eyes are open to the quaintness and oddities and strangenesses and differences and astonishments of the New World, and to him its hazards, its perils are just as great as those we might experience in China.

Adventure is a point of view. Adventures may be found anywhere and everywhere — on a hike up a mountain, on a baseball field or on a basketball floor, in a class meeting, in daily work and daily service, as well as upon a battleship or airplane, in foreign countries or on a voyage abroad. A scientist, eagerly exploring new worlds through the telescope or microscope, is as much of an adventurer as is a buccaneer.

The adventurous person, the one to whom adventures come, is invariably endowed with one trait: he is courageous, sometimes to the point of rashness perhaps. He looks at the bright fact of danger with a staunch heart, he is willing to "take a chance," he dares do all that does become a man, he believes (with Emerson) that "there is always safety in valor," and (with Chesterton)

that "the way to avoid death is not to have too much aversion to it." An old proverb has it that "courage breaks ill luck," and in this maxim the adventurer has much faith. He is always ready for novel experiences. Sometimes, as in the case of fishermen or sailors, it is the onslaughts of the sea that are faced. Sometimes it is the violence of men, such as Julius Caesar overawed, which needs to be confronted. Again it is moral courage which is called for. Valor in battle, such as Dumas and Scott often describe; ingenuity in danger, as when Billy Topsail encountered the devil-fish — these qualities are those that bring adventures to the adventurous.

The adventurer, of course, is often a wanderer. He is likely to exclaim (as Kipling records):

> For to admire and for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide —
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried.

The open road has tempted many men, and not a few women too. It is, as a phrase, the symbol of the outdoor world, of holiday making. It carries with it the notion of many active and wholesomely dangerous pursuits — sailing and rowing, hunting and trapping, cliff-climbing and hiking, skating and skiing; and it brings to mind, for Americans especially, those long trails to the west by which our land was settled. Walt Whitman lustily sings the open road:

> Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road ——
> Healthy, free, the world before me,
> The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
> Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune.
> Strong and content I travel the open road.

Introduction

To some men the opportunity to wander in regions near home is not sufficient to sate the wanderlust, nor can they always see, what the wisest see, that adventures lurk around the corner and may come to a person at any moment anywhere. To them the sea calls irresistibly, and vagabond journeys all the world over become their constant occupation. Once in a while they may return home and linger there for a while in content, but sooner or later the call comes again, as in Richard Hovey's fine poem, *The Sea-Gypsy:* [1]

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me,
And my soul is in Cathay.
There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.
I must forth again tomorrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull-down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea.

To authors of adventure stories we all owe a debt of gratitude. Their company beguiles us into waiting for the adventures of our own that we are certain must, sooner or later, come upon us, and their insight makes it easier for us to recognize these adventures when they arrive. Through their stories we may live many lives, penetrate to quaint quarters of the earth, know all times of the past, guess at the future, and acquire new respect for those companions of ours on the earth's surface who are animated with the true spirit of adventure.

[1] Used by the kind permission of Small, Maynard & Co.

"Her gaze went straight to the doorway and stayed there until the looked-for figure appeared."

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

PEASANT WIT[1]

By Nevil Henshaw

With the first frantic yapping of Blue, the watch-dog, Madame Borel ceased her spinning. As she rose, laying the soft yellow mass of nankeen cotton upon her wheel, the sharp sound of a shot whacked in from the prairie. Following Blue's agonized yelp came his last futile growl of defiance. Then two more shots and silence.

Madame Borel swiftly crossed herself as she made for the door in the rear. Before passing through it she spoke to her child, a tot of four who, in an effort to follow, had already half scrambled from her place on the floor.

"Go on with your play, Adita," said she. "Maman has no time for you."

This was true indeed; for in those days of the early Seventies, a shot meant much upon the prairie. The war had been kind to that particular corner of Louisiana. Its rumblings had been faint and far

[1] Copyright 1924 by *Adventure*.

away. Then, with peace and the reconstruction, had come disaster.

All at once the inhabitants had found themselves beneath the rule of a relentless horde of carpet-baggers. Tyranny and corruption walked hand in hand. In the end, their patience gone, the more daring ones in the parish had formed a *Comité de Vigilance*.[1] In one week it had swept the oppressors away.

Driven from their offices at the parish seat of Moulton, the corrupt officials had taken refuge in the cypress islands of the sea marsh. Here they had been joined by others, — deserters, camp idlers, the unsettled dregs of a vanished war. And here they had become frank outlaws, searing the country around as with a tongue of flame.

Aghast, the Vigilantes found that their work had but just begun. Soon their membership embraced all true men of the Parish. Thus warfare returned, mimic yet deadly.

It was a time of dread, of terror. Always the outlaws were riding forth. Always the Vigilantes were driving them back again. From town to sea marsh each mile was a potential battlefield. And half way between, in the midst of it all, stood the circle of china trees that made of Madame Borel's place a little island.

Only that morning there had been a fight. Ma-

[1] A Vigilance Committee.

dame Borel had heard the firing, far off toward Moulton and the west. And now those three shots in the late afternoon. Truly she had no time for the little Adita.

Outside Madame Borel gave a look at the sun. It was well down — two hours, perhaps, before dark. Hurrying off, she made for the gray huddle of outbuildings that cluttered the rear of her island.

When she returned a moment later, her look was serene. She had done what she could, at once, and to the best of her ability. The rest was with *le bon Dieu.*[1]

Reëntering the house, she went back to her spinning wheel. Again the threads span out beneath her busy fingers. To have seen her one would have thought that she had merely gone out on some trifling errand.

Yet her brain was busy. A raid? A straggler? A wanton firing to terrify her? It might be anything. Perhaps it was the great "Sauvage" himself — leader of the outlaws. Or his lieutenant, the "Wolf."

Le Sauvage would not be so bad. Brilliant, reckless, he was often generous to his enemies. But the Wolf! He was all that his name implied — a fabulous creature, bitter, cynical, cruel as death itself.

With the thought Madame Borel glanced down to

[1] The good God.

where her little one still played upon the floor. For just a moment there was panic in her look. After all she was a young woman, scarce well into her twenties. But responsibility had brought her the gift of years. They must find her calm, courageous. That was the principal thing.

But this waiting. Each moment was like a year. When at last there came a rustle outside, Madame Borel's sigh was almost one of relief.

The thump from the porch found her tense and ready.

"Quiet, Adita," she murmured.

Her gaze went straight to the doorway and stayed there until the looked-for figure appeared.

It was a tall figure, gaunt and menacing, the shoulders hunched curiously to ease a dangling left leg. One hand thrust forward a heavy revolver. The other gripped hard on a half-rotted fence paling which, held beneath the left armpit, did duty as a crutch.

This much Madame Borel caught in a look that went instantly beyond. No, there were no other figures. The man was alone. Her gaze returned to study the intruder's face.

There was no mistaking the face. Gray, venomous, it was like a mirror of hatred. Peer into it as you would, hate stared back at you, deliberately and deadly.

As she rose from her wheel, Madame Borel's

breath caught in a little gasp. The child, half-frightened, half-curious, scrambled forward to clutch at her skirt. Though her hand went down in a gesture of soothing her eyes did not waver.

"Well, m'sieu?" questioned Madame Borel, and awaited the demands of the Wolf.

The Wolf had had a bad day of it. Shot from the saddle in the fight that morning, he had taken refuge among the flags and rushes of a *coulée*.[1] Later, finding the length of paling, he had set off across the prairie toward the vague, gray blot that marked the nearest china tree island.

Thanks to a running fight he was left almost without ammunition. But four shots remained to him. A desperate chance yet his only one. Should he find a horse, he could still escape to the sea marsh and safety. This he must do before sunset, when the Vigilantes of the prairie would be riding home again.

It had been hard, that slow, hobbling journey to the island. And, at its edge, he had encountered Blue, the watch-dog. Three of the precious shots had gone to quell his fierceness.

Thus, as he stood in the doorway, the Wolf was not pleasant to see. For the moment his cold malignancy was warmed by a glow of resentment. His eyes went first to the wall above the open fireplace. The crude gun-rest, made of forked sticks,

[1] A deep gulch.

thrust forward emptily. Nor did a further look reveal the weapon in the sparsely furnished room.

So much for that. Yet he would make sure. He turned savagely on Madame Borel.

"You are alone here?"

"Yes, m'sieu."

"Your husband?"

"He is gone?"

"With the Vigilantes?"

"I only know that he is not here."

"Get me a horse then — and quickly."

"The horse is gone also, m'sieu."

The Wolf moved forward, his face like a fiend's.

"If you are lying to me —" he threatened as he hobbled toward the door in the rear.

"I do not lie, m'sieu," answered Madame Borel.

A look outside was enough. The small stable stood empty with open door. There was no corral. To the Wolf the situation was plain. One horse, and the husband had it. One shot with which to take it away from him. It was a problem.

Propped on his paling, the Wolf considered it. In the end he thumped back again to drop down upon the nearest chair. There was still some time before sunset. And he was wounded and hungry. Once refreshed, he would be the better able to plan. Again he turned to Madame Borel. He spoke quietly now, yet with deadly purpose.

"You know who I am?" he questioned.

Madame Borel replied with a question in turn. "You are the one that is called the Wolf?"

"You have said it. Now attend, madame. First water and bandages. Then some food. If you are slow about it, you may know my methods as well as my name."

All this time Madame Borel had stood motionless, half-anchored by the clutch of the round-eyed child upon the floor. Now, with a muttered word, she loosened the little one's hold and set briskly about the outlaw's demands. Hot water simmered upon the open fire. This she brought, together with a roll of cotton rags. Already the Wolf had cut away the blood-stiffened cloth of his trouser leg. The wound — a clean hole through the calf — showed angry and red.

Swiftly, deftly, Madame Borel swabbed and bandaged, winding the cloth with a practiced hand. When she had done she set food upon the table, boulettes, the beef-balls of the prairie, some greens, the inevitable coffee. And all without a word, while the child watched curiously from the corner to which she had withdrawn.

As he bolted the meal, the Wolf was watchful. Eyes and ears were ever upon the alert. On the table beside him the big revolver lay cocked and ready to his hand.

Having finished, he felt easier. The pain of his wound was lessened, his hunger was gone. Yet

with relief came no slightest sense of gratitude. That was his way. Hatred, bitterness — he knew no other emotions.

Once he had held high place in the land. Now, from his low estate, he turned the venom of his soul upon those who had cast him down. Men, women, children, he loathed his humble opponents. They were boors, clods, no better than the beasts with which they herded. His quick crooked brain despised their slow mentality.

Thus the Wolf appraised Madame Borel as, his eating over, she silently cleared the table. A fine creature to look at, young, strong, ruggedly handsome. And with the brains of a cow.

Her present occupation for example. One finer strung, in such a predicament, would have let the dishes lie. Dumb habit, of course — the unquestioning routine of the animal.

Well, so much the better for him. He was practiced in dealing with fools. But his case was still desperate, his problem unsolved. At once he fastened upon it with the full strength of his agile mind.

No need to question the woman further. She would be the same with her servile "m'sieu," her blundering evasions, her stupid replies. She had tried to deceive him, eh? She, with her brain of a cow.

Suppose he had his try at stirring this brain. It

Ewing Galloway, New York

A Cypress Swamp in Louisiana

could be done. It might even be made profitable as well as amusing. With the thought came inspiration. All at once the Wolf's desire joined with his necessity as neatly as a knife with its sheath.

When a moment later he turned to Madame Borel, his tone was curiously soft and wheedling.

"See, madame," he began. "Let us understand one another. Your husband is gone, you say. He will be back at sunset?"

Her duties performed, Madame Borel had gone to the child in the corner. Tricked by the outlaw's tone, she looked up hopefully.

"My husband?" she answered. "No, m'sieu, he will not be back at sunset."

"So," said the Wolf, and waited a moment. Then, "Peasant wit!" he exploded.

Madame Borel stared at him.

"Pardon," she muttered, bewildered.

There was little time, for the sun was all but down. Yet the Wolf made the most of it. Such things were as meat and drink to his hatred.

"Peasant wit," he repeated fiercely. "Your wit — the wit of your people. You are not clever, madame. You do not even lie well. Before I have asked you things. Now, through what I have seen and heard, I am going to tell you the truth of them.

"Your husband is off in town with the Vigilantes.

By dark he will be home again. You would have him surprise me. But this will not be. I shall do the surprising myself."

He paused, relishing the brief delay.

"That is, if you decide to have it so," he finished smoothly. Madame Borel continued to stare at him.

"If — if I decide?" she repeated helplessly.

"Just so," said the Wolf, and as he went on he spaced his words with the care, the nicety of one approaching a final spring.

"But I will show you the situation. For the moment I am a prisoner here on your island. With a horse I will be free again. Your husband will ride in armed. Should he be warned, I must take my chance with him. I do not wish to take this chance.

"I could shoot you and settle the matter. But I will not do this. Instead I will leave it to your decision. You have a child there. I will take it out with me behind the shelter of the stable. When your husband arrives we will be waiting for him. I will not miss — rest assured of that. I am a good shot, and I will wait for point-blank range.

"The rest I leave to you. Call out if you wish. Give your husband his chance. I will make no attempt to prevent you. But in that event I will first shoot the child. What follows will be my affair. I ask only your judgment upon that first shot."

He halted a moment that his words might sink in, and summed up calmly:

"You see? It is very simple. Husband or child — I leave it for you to say. At least you must lose one of them. Your choice will be interesting."

Madame Borel did not reply at once. For a space she seemed lost in thought. True, she snatched the child to her arms, but the action was wholly subconscious. In the end she spoke with the same quiet earnestness as before. Nothing, it seemed, could break the calm with which she had armored herself.

"M'sieu," said she, "I can not believe you. I have heard of you — I know what you are. But you will not do this, you can not do it. It is too much."

The Wolf smiled — a harsh, mirthless smile that twisted his thin lips wryly.

"Madame," said he, "you are hard to convince. I see that I must abandon words for deeds."

Seizing his revolver, he rose from the chair. Having balanced himself, he reached for his paling.

"Come," he ordered, when this was adjusted. "We are off to the stable. Bring the child or give it to me. Again I offer you your choice. Only you must make it quickly. I have no time to lose."

Without further protest Madame Borel moved forward, the child in her arms. The Wolf nodded a sardonic approval.

"That is better," he observed. "Yet, in the

coming affair, I should give you a word of advice. It will be far easier to make a mistake than to repair one."

By now Madame Borel was abreast of him, and he paused to bow mockingly.

"After you, madame," said he. "At least we will observe the proprieties. And remember — no tricks. I shall be just behind you."

In proof of his words he followed her out, his revolver covering the generous breadth between her shoulders.

Arrived at the stable, the Wolf looked about him, planning his attack. It was small, this island. The house, the out-buildings, were hemmed in closely by the bushy circle of china trees. To the west, a gap in these trees gave entrance upon the prairie. And from this gap a hard-beaten path led straight to the stable door.

An easy ambush. Swinging forward the door, the Wolf motioned Madame Borel in behind it. Following her, he steadied himself and waited. He was silent now, his mockery gone, his every sense concentrated upon that fast-darkening gap in the trees.

Tensely the Wolf awaited his warning. It must come soon now from the vast, silent sweep of the prairie. Waiting also, Madame Borel soothed the half-sleeping child. Once she glanced quickly through the crack of the door at the dark inside of the stable. If he saw her, the Wolf paid no heed.

Ten minutes more and the farmyard was still. It was dusk now, the dim, misty dusk of the prairie. Hobbling out, the Wolf stationed himself at the edge of the door. At all events he must see. And the horseman would ride from the open into the gloom of the trees. It was still a good ambush. But not for long. Would the other never come?

Swiftly the grayness thickened. It was almost dark. Now Madame Borel strained forward. Like the Wolf, she was tense, expectant. For the moment her calm was all gone.

Then, from outside on the prairie, came the long-waited sound — a thudding of hoofs on short grass.

Without turning, the Wolf gave his order.

"The child here, beside me," said he.

The moment had come; nor did Madame Borel hesitate. At once she set the little child down, silencing her half-sleepy whimper with a touch and a word.

"Be still, Adita," she murmured. "You must not make a sound."

And she added quite steadily an instant later:

"Nor will I, m'sieu. Spare the child."

"So," said the Wolf, speaking into the dusk. "It is as I would have it, madame. Thus, since we both are satisfied —"

He broke off, moving back a step, so that his small hostage was before him within instant aim. As if to make sure, he lowered his weapon.

"No tricks," he growled as he raised it again.

"Trust me," muttered Madame Borel.

She still spoke calmly, though her nails bit deep in her palms.

For an age-long moment the two waited motionless. Then, with a swish and a clatter, a horse trotted in through the gap in the trees.

What followed was a matter of seconds. Finger on trigger, the Wolf stared desperately. But the shadows were tricky. Try as he would he could see but little. The horse, a vague bulk, bore straight down upon him. As for its rider —

Now there was a glimpse of the animal's head. For a flash it was sharply outlined. The man must be just beyond. Up went his arm. Should he chance it? There was not a moment to lose.

"Shoot!" cried a voice and, his tension snapping, the Wolf obeyed unconsciously. Swifter than thought his finger pulled back on the trigger.

With the roar of the shot came a cry from the child, a gasp, a snort, the pound of retreating hoofbeats. Half-unbalanced by the heavy discharge, the Wolf swung back on his paling. Then, as he sought to steady himself, a blow from behind sent him sprawling.

Scarce was he down before, with a twist and a shove, he was struggling up again. But his paling was gone, his bad leg crumpled beneath him. Rolling over, he tried for a better purchase, squirm-

ing and snarling until at last he managed to sit upright. And there, waiting for him, was Madame Borel — big, determined, a pitchfork held spear-like in her capable hands.

"No more," she cried. "Be still, or I drive this through you."

By way of reply the Wolf snatched his revolver. Madame Borel allowed him to aim it before she spoke again.

"Shoot — if you can," she mocked.

And she went on, her words pouring forth through sudden reaction: "'Peasant wit,' M'sieu Wolf. Did you think that I was blind when I placed your meal, as I cleared the table? Your pistol lay in plain view. No bullets showed in the chambers. I wondered why you did not reload.

"Then, when you made me your offer, I knew. A man who would kill a little child would not spare the mother. The cause of your mercy was plain."

She paused to sweep on with a scorn that was as sharp as the prongs of her homely weapon:

"Yet you might well have used that one shot upon me. My husband will not ride home, as I said. He is dead — killed by your men. My choice was no choice at all.

"As for the horse, he was at graze on the prairie. Each night he returns to his stable. Had you waited you would have been free. But you must needs torture a helpless woman.

"That gave me my plan. I was not afraid. It all depended on old Canelle, the horse. If he came in the light, showing that he was alone, I knew that you would ride away, saving your shot for the journey. If he came in the dark I would make you shoot, and be ready for you."

She halted, her calmness returning, and finished quietly:

"It has been as I wished. I am lonely here. And there is a price on your head. The money will help me to go away. I will claim it when the men come from town."

With an oath the Wolf lunged forward, only to draw back from the steady points of steel.

"You lie," he snarled. "There has been no warning."

Madame Borel smiled derisively.

"You think not?" said she. "Then listen. When my husband died, they gave me a pigeon marked with the name of this *île*.[1] If trouble came I was to set it free. They will be here soon, never fear. And all through that little bird. 'Peasant wit' again. Can you laugh at it now, M'sieu Wolf?"

But the Wolf said nothing. Helpless, silenced, he awaited the coming of the Vigilantes.

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[1] Island.

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A WATERSPOUT

A PLAIN TALE OF THE SEA[1]

By Alfred F. Loomis

When the wind died that day along the Panama Coast, there was one at least who mourned its passing. The Negro crew of the ridiculously misnamed *Hyacinth*, a sloop engaged in the coasting trade, stretched out wherever the useless sails offered a patch of shadow and took the calm philosophically. Fen Weston, the sloop's American captain, pulled a miniature dugout canoe from the deck locker and began to whittle it to perfection. He was accustomed to dying winds, and, like his colored crew, accepted them with resignation. But I lamented loud and long.

At best — which is to mention a condition rarely attained — the *Hyacinth* was tolerable. With the wind blowing strong from abaft her beam, every stitch of canvas drawing, and her destination in sight over the end of her stumpy bowsprit, she was the kind of vessel that you could endure, if you were well and strong. At worst, — when the tropical sun boiled the pitch out of her deck seams

[1] Copyright 1924 by *St. Nicholas*.

and melted the marrow of my bones, — she was simply unendurable.

Carousing (no other word fittingly describes the wild contortions of the *Hyacinth*) in the heavy swell of the Caribbean, the sloop dipped her bowsprit, rolled her rail nearly under, and wafted up from her bilge a hot, heavy odor compounded of grime and salt and ancient wood, and as the sloop banged and slatted and tossed and swished I mourned the dead wind as one would a lost brother.

I looked longingly toward the green, inviting shore, which reason told me was as maliciously unfriendly to the unacclimated white man as was the becalmed Caribbean. Along the shore, barely skirting the rocks, there glided a full-sized dugout canoe of the type that Weston whittled, its crazy sail catching a random breath from the jungle and pushing it rapidly along.

"There!" I cried to the burly captain of the calm-bound sloop; "if we were nearer shore, we should be out of this intolerable heat and suffocation. See how the wind blows that Indian cayuca." I stumbled a bit, but was pleased with myself for using it in place of the commonplace "canoe."

"Don't you know," drawled the captain, in response, "that those Indians sail when there is no wind? We would risk the *Hyacinth's* poor old bones on the reefs for nothing, because there's not

enough wind to-day in the whole Caribbean to fill a white man's sails."

"I'm only a passenger, and you ought to know what's best," I admitted grudgingly, looking around the heaving sea for signs of relief, while the captain went on with the painstaking whittling of his dugout. "Does that low cloud promise anything?"

Weston glanced up and suspended operations. "Yes," he replied drily. "That promises a waterspout. See how the under surface of the cloud is drawing down like a nib? It sinks lower and lower as the air currents whirl it more rapidly — see? And when it spirals to within a few feet of the surface of the sea the trouble starts. Oop! No, she's breaking up. Missed it that time. And now maybe we'll get a little wind. But thank your lucky stars, mister, that that cloud didn't take it into its head to drop a regular waterspout on you. You'd have found that there aren't many quicker ways to lose your life."

A few minutes later, when the wind sprang up again and Weston laid the *Hyacinth* on her sluggish way toward San Blas Bay, I felt sufficiently revived to pursue the subject of waterspouts. In so doing I happened on a story of heroism that made my blood tingle. I can not hope to get into the telling of Fen Weston's story what the writers call "atmosphere" and "gripping simplicity," two qualities

that were as natural to the captain as breathing. But even in my retold, skeletonized version, the bravery of the uncultured San Blas Indian, Harry Lewis, is more than sufficient to sustain the tale.

"I don't know whether you're acquainted with the seamanlike ways of these Carib Indians," began Weston, as nearly as I remember his words; "but let me tell you that a cayuca is their cradle, a rough-hewn paddle their means of sport and livelihood, and a love of the sea their religion. Their lives are spent in or on the water and they have no fear of it, but understanding in plenty. And when they die it isn't because they've lived as long as men can live and have naturally passed away.

"Now, young Harry Lewis, the Indian I'm going to tell you about, knew as much about the sea as a young native of fourteen or fifteen years ought to know. He'd had ten or a dozen years' experience of it, mind you, diving off the reefs, fishing, sailing his father's cayuca in fair weather and foul. And he might be afraid of a terrible railroad train, such as he once saw in Colon, but he didn't know what it was to fear wind, wave, or waterspout.

"But on my next to the last trip down the coast, Harry's father, the chief of one of the San Blas villages, called me into his thatched house and said he had a bad son he wanted to get rid of.

"'What is the matter with him,' I asked, 'and how do I come into the picture?'

"Old Charley replied: 'He coward — lose cayuca; save hisself. I no more want. You take him.' These San Blas don't have what you could call a dialect, but they chop the language in half.

"'But, Charley,' I told him, 'you're a good friend of mine and an old customer, but I no want your son if he coward. I've got many troubles myself, already.'

"'Put him in *Hy'cint*' along of black fellers,' the old chief said, 'out of my sight. No son of mine 'fraid of water.'

"Well, there was more talk along the same lines, and I saw that while the old chief liked his son, — yes, I suppose you could say he loved him, although the Indians don't show their emotions like white people, — he couldn't bear the shame of what the boy had done. And what, actually, had he done?

"It didn't seem so terrible to me. In fact, after I had taken Harry aboard the *Hyacinth* and had wormed the story out of him, it looked to me like a piece of excellent head-work. He'd taken his father's best cayuca — with the old man's permission, understand — and had sailed down the coast. Coming home, a storm had blown up, and Harry, being alone in the cayuca, had had a hard battle of it. A losing battle, too, because, by the time it was blowing too hard to carry sail, he was unable to paddle against the wind and he was forced down into the breakers.

"After that it was good night! Breaking waves don't have much patience with you. They picked up the canoe and dashed it on a reef; but Harry, who had dived through in time, swam back in the foam and tried to tow it to safety. The next one caught the cayuca again and pretty near broke Harry with it, and he saw it was no use to try to save the boat. So, in all this smother of foam and spray and naked coral reaching out to grab him, he kept his head and strength and swam out to deep water, where he caught his breath. After that he eased around to the lee of a small island and climbed ashore. The canoe was a total loss.

"Harry's father, when the boy got home, said that if the storm had been bad enough to destroy both boy and boat, he'd have forgiven his son. But as Harry had been able to save his own life, he should have been able to save the cayuca. As he didn't save the cayuca, it showed he was a poor sailor and afraid, and Charley did not want him in the village.

"Well, as you may have gathered, I took Harry with me when I left the island, and a good, hard-working lad I found him. He was nearly full grown, — full grown, that is for an Indian, who doesn't often get bigger than five-foot-six, — and powerful, willing, and seamanlike. It tickled him to death just to get his fingers on new manila line, after the worn-out junk he'd always used, and he

rove new running-rigging for me better than I'd have done myself.

"On watch, he coaxed more speed out of the old *Hyacinth* than both of my Jamaica boys could, put together, and you never caught him napping when a squall came. In exactly two words I can tell you what he was — a sailor. If he'd had all the traditions of the United States Navy behind him, he couldn't have been a better one.

"I used to josh him a little now and again and one day I said to him, 'Harry, if you had to choose between saving your life and saving this sloop, would you do the way you did with the sagala's cayuca, or would you put in a lick for my property?'

"'I save sloop to last minute,' he replied; 'then I save me.'

"'But, Harry,' I said to him, 'don't you understand that this *Hyacinth* is a better ship than old cayuca? It is "too pretty" ship, worth lot of gold money, and if you lose ship, I go on rocks, broke.'

"He thought that over a minute in the expressionless way he had, and then he said, 'Does brave white man lose life to save ship?'

"'If it's not his own ship,' I told him, 'he generally does. If it is his own ship, he can take his choice. Personally, I'd save my life, because I could always get another ship.'

"'Then,' said Harry, who had a way of sticking

to one idea until he had finished with it, 'if brave white man lose life for another man's ship, I do so, me.'

"'Here!' I exclaimed, seeing how serious he was, 'I was only kidding you. You try to lose your life for this old hooker, and I'll thrash you for it. She isn't worth it.'

"From the expression on my face, Harry knew I'd made some kind of joke, and he laughed along with me.

"Well, we had a long run down to Colon that time, with contrary winds and me guessing wrong on every tack. I don't often make a mistake with variable breezes, but I did that trip. Every time it blew up, it came from a quarter I hadn't expected; and to make any headway at all, I kept being forced farther off the shore. Finally, we were out of sight of land, which isn't anything remarkable in itself, except that it made us feel more worthless when the wind died away for good.

"For hour after hour we slatted about just as we did a short time back, and the delay and the discomfort and the heat began to get on my nerves. My old cayuca was towing astern, and it would come up bang! under the counter, and I'd shove it off to the end of the painter, and ten seconds later it'd go bump, bump, in a new place. I tried it forward and I tried it amidships; but wherever I put it, it kept right on snuggling up to the *Hyacinth*

and swatting her terrible wallops when I wasn't looking. I tell you these things to show you how fretty I was getting, and how the atmosphere was charged with electricity, all primed for an explosion.

"Meanwhile, there was a big old cloudbank forming and just waiting for a breath of wind to turn on the rain and lightning.

"'How do you like it, Harry?' I asked. 'Don't it make old home sweet home look good to you?'

"Harry was taking it easy, sitting on deck with his strong young body swaying to the motion. He didn't know what nerves were, and he could stand any number of banging gaffs and rattling halyards and bumping cayucas. But he was looking around at the weather too, and pretty soon he said, 'Storm come too soon now.'

"'Well,' I allowed, 'it can't come too soon for me. I've had enough of this.'

"In another minute Harry was on his feet, holding on by the shrouds, and looking toward the storm-bank The center of it was dropping down into a nib, just like the one we saw a while ago, and my, oh my, but it was a big one! It kept dropping and thinning out at the bottom and bobbing up again as if the cloud was a big canvas awning and some one was jabbing down on the top of it with a boat-hook. But every time it dropped, it came a little nearer to the sea. And finally the sea came up to

meet it, and it commenced to get under way, slowly, slowly, but yet moving.

"I've seen waterspouts before, and when there's any wind blowing I don't give that for them. I can handle my boat and get out of their way. But this time it was different. There actually wasn't a capful of air stirring except in the waterspout, and it, like a big, twisting trumpet, was coming toward us.

"All around it the sea got puckery, as if the surface of the waves wanted to join the spout, and you could see the whirling and the sighing as the spray was sucked into the vortex.[1] The spout itself, black as your hat, with twisty streaks in it, curved this way and that and bobbed at the top, and I'm here to tell you that it was a vicious sight.

"Sometimes it moved a little to the right and then a little to the left; but mainly its course was directly toward us — and we sitting there with no engine, and no gun to shoot into it, as helpless as a toad in the way of a steam-roller. Now take it from me that I commenced to have a scary feeling.

"'Harry,' I said quietly, as if whispering would keep the spout from knowing where we were, 'you savvy these things better than I do. Did you ever see a waterspout break on a boat?'

"'No,' said Harry, without turning his head toward me. 'Indian paddle away from spout.

[1] The cavity at the center of a whirling mass of fluid.

Never go near it. I see spout break on small island. Swssh! Much water! Trees drown!'

"'I can well believe it,' I said, 'and believe me, if it hits us, it'll break and I'll lose my pretty *Hyacinth* — and us along with it.'

"'Here you!' I called to my crew, who were turning green and white under their chocolate skins, 'stand by to hold the boom and steady the sail if we get the smallest slant of wind. We might get out of its way yet.'

"But the chance looked pretty slim. That old monster was gathering water, growing bigger and broader, and darkening the sky as it came. And, let me tell you, it came — slowly, but directly at us! It takes nerve to watch a thing like that; but it takes more nerve not to watch it.

"All this time, Harry had been standing like a bronze statue, and I wondered if he was thinking of the brand of cowardice that his father had placed upon him. Suddenly he came to life. With a spring he landed in the cayuca.

"'I go!' he shouted.

"'We all go!' I cried, needing only his action to come to life myself. 'We join you and try to paddle away.'

"As I spoke, the black boys and I jumped to the side of the *Hyacinth*. But the Indian was quicker. With his knife he cut the painter as I started to haul it in, and in a jiffy he was paddling off.

"I admit that I lost my temper and my nerve. I cursed that renegade Indian. I said that once a coward, always a coward; that the only good Indian was a dead one, and that if I came through this thing alive, he never would.

"And then I stopped — for the boy was not paddling away from the waterspout. He was heading directly for it. I changed my tune.

"'Hey, you little idiot!' I called after him, 'come out of that. The cayuca's too small to break the spout; but the spout will break you like that! Let it come; it may not hit us, anyway. Come out of it, I tell you.'

"But the boy paddled on, only turning his face to flash a smile at me. It was stupendous,[1] and if I live a thousand years, I'll never forget the picture of that horrible vortex, joining clouds and sea together, the little brown dot of the cayuca swimming bravely toward it.

"It may have been five hundred yards or a thousand from us at this time, — its size made distances deceptive, — and sweeping slowly on, bending, bobbing, twisting, seeking to crush us. The black boys groveled on the deck, moaning the loss of the small boat; but I had forgotten all sense of fear in my admiration for the Indian.

"Now his frail cayuca reached the outer fringe of the spout's commotion, and it was a sight to see

[1] Amazing, wonderful.

him handle it in that wrack of tossing waves. This side and that his paddle dipped, while, with erect back and tense muscles, he headed for the spout. Water splashed over him, thrust his bow here and there, hid him from my sight in intervening waves, and my heart seemed to stop beating.

"Finally, as the spout swept toward us, he reached his goal. Half hidden by spray, he swung my canoe broadside on and waved his arms. There was a lump in my throat as I waved him good-by. And his own father had branded him a coward!"

Captain Weston broke off and glanced unseeingly aloft — no doubt a reflex of his habit of eyeing the set of his sails.

"You haven't finished, Captain," I reminded him a moment later. "Did the boy live, and did he break the spout?"

"I was coming to that," said Weston. "The spout rocked us badly, but it didn't fall on us — and I'm not sure that Harry broke it up. I've since heard that a small boat couldn't do it. The time comes when the air has all the water it can hold and then it lets it drop.

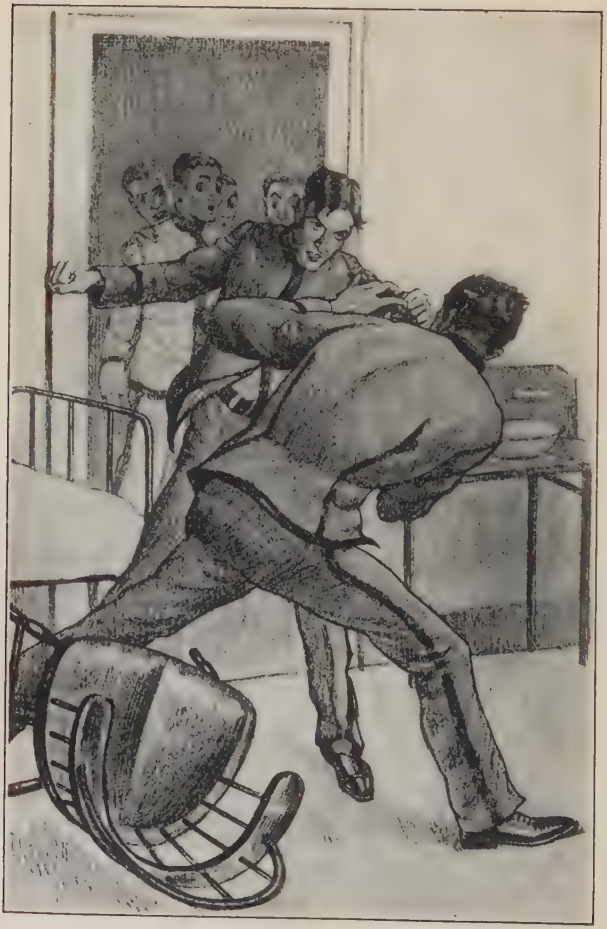
"This time it plopped just as Harry was lost to sight; and as the wind sprang up immediately, you may believe that I didn't let the grass grow on my keel while getting to the spot. There was just a chance that the boy had escaped death; but when I

came on my cayuca, split lengthwise, that chance looked pretty slender.

"Not to make too long a story of it, I cast my eye abeam as we topped a wave, and there I got a glimpse of the boy. He was on his back, face awash, barely able to keep afloat. I bore down, rounded up, and caught a boat-hook under his trousers' band just as he was sinking. A close call, that! And it took minutes to pump him out and get his breath back. Then, while we shaped our course for Colon, he told me what had happened.

"As he was waving good-by he had felt that the spout was about to fall, and he had dived overboard and straight down. That saved him from being crushed when the wall of water hit the sea. But the weight of it carried him down, down, until he thought his lungs would burst. And then, the foam bubbling around him, he came up, more dead than alive.

"Now he's deaf as a post and always will be. But when I took him back to San Blas and told his father the story, Harry didn't need ears to know that he was welcome under the old man's palm thatch."



" — before any of the others could move, his fist was plunging for Baldy's heavy jaw."

A MANN-MADE MUTINY[1]

By Thomson Burtis

His first name being Hilary, and his last name Mann, and his straight body towering some five feet eleven toward the sky, it was natural that he should be called "High." Not Hi — but High. In addition, he had been high man in his class at West Point the year before, when he had been a second-classman. Now he was a first-classman, "boning engineers."

His spirits weren't high by any means, however, as he tramped up and down the area between the great wings of the cadet barracks. His thin, deeply tanned face was garnished by an aquiline nose which right then seemed to have a perverse twist about it, and his dark eyes were smouldering. The gun on his shoulder seemed heavy as lead, and the collar of his blue-gray blouse was too tight, and all in all the cadet felt himself to be a very much put-upon young man.

He wasn't alone. By no means. Technically, he was on guard, but actually, he, along with

[1] Copyright 1925 by *The American Boy.*

forty other stiffly striding cadets, was walking punishment tours for demerits. Up and down, up and down they walked, passing each other hundreds of times. High's devil-may-care face was serious for once, and his usually erect body slumped a trifle. He stole a glance up at the leaden clouds which seemed to harmonize with the gray stone buildings.

Sometimes the grind of the Academy got on his nerves. He had been accustomed to the varied life of a Texas ranch, and he had come to the Point because the free-roving existence of an army man — the border, the Philippines, other foreign service on isolated posts — appealed to every drop of the pioneer blood within him. And he was proud as Lucifer [1] that he had been one of the favored few who could make the grade. Not so favored either. He had boned for a solid year to pass the examinations, and ninety-nine days out of a hundred he thought of himself as an embryo officer [2] in his country's army — and was proud and happy.

But often the routine seemed unbearable. Every minute of the day scheduled — even the exact spot in his clothespress where his collars were kept laid out for him. Somehow the yoke lay heavily on him every once in a while, and then the hot independence of spirit which was his heritage

[1] A fallen angel, noted for his overweening pride.

[2] As an officer in the opening stages.

leaped into flame. But it usually died as quickly.

Beside him, walking in the opposite direction, was old Baldy Baldwin, his roommate. Disgusted as he was, High had to grin every time Baldy stalked past. Baldy, the slow, dependable, conscientious plugger, had been caught on inspection. The first hour had been not so worse, reflected High, because of his frequent looks at Baldy's heavy, downcast face. Maybe he'd let up on his good advice, now.

They weren't supposed to talk, but as High approached his roommate in the middle of their beat he whispered from the corner of his mouth:

"Gallop along, Baldy! Mama raised her boy to be a sol —"

He couldn't finish — there wasn't time. But on the return trip Baldy shot from the corner of his mouth:

"Shut up!"

Just like him. Had a passion for regulations, and being the perfect cadet. When he got to be an officer, wouldn't his men have to toe the line, with whiskers pruned and buttons shined? High'd say they would. For a few seconds he got some amusement out of that thought.

Then he looked up quickly. It was starting to rain. There was a chance for some varying of the monotony.

"Corporal of the guard!" he yelled in stentorian[1] tones.

Up and down the others walked, glancing sideways without turning their heads. Probably wondering what High Mann was up to, reflected that young gentleman. He had been, in a manner of speaking, up to quite a number of things since he had reached the Academy. Often the restlessness in his nature leaped bounds — and sometimes High took a secret pride in it.

The corporal of the guard stalked down the line.

"Raincoats," High told him, as is the guard's right when it starts to rain.

The corporal disappeared within the headquarters of the officer-in-charge. It was Captain Grange to-day — a "hard-boiled egg" if there ever was one, Mann reflected. In his present mood he was in no condition to qualify his thoughts by giving the captain credit for being an almost perfect officer, as well.

Minutes passed, and no coats were forthcoming. And it really was drizzling. High grinned his lopsided grin, which crinkled up his sparkling eyes and increased the touch of mischief in them, and he bawled loudly:

"Corporal of the guard!"

[1] Like the voice of Stentor, a herald in the Trojan War famous for his loud voice.

Simmons, a yearling, was the corporal, and he hurried out again.

"Raincoats!" High told him, and somehow he was aware of an injured feeling.

"Captain Grange says no coats needed as yet!"

High's injured feelings increased. What right had he to keep the cadets out in this misty drizzle without coats? Although they were walking punishment tours, they were considered as holding the honorable position of sentinels. When High passed Baldy he whispered:

"Ol' granite-face won't pass out the coats!"

Four more tours up and down his post increased the rebellious feeling within him. Up the line he saw the word being passed from one cadet to the other. The whole area was throwing guarded whispers about the outrage.

Then suddenly Foghorn Farley, eight lines away, let loose a stentorian roar.

"Corporal of the guard!"

Army regulations say that one guard shall pass the word to another when there comes a call for the corporal of the guard or the officer of the guard. From man to man, only a few feet apart, the call resounded, until it got to High, on the last post, and the one nearest the limits of the area. That is, High considered that it did, although Baldy didn't raise his voice. He did whisper, just before High let out his yell:

"Don't be a kid!"

"Pipe down, Grampa!" High shot back, and then his musically slurred Southern dialect rang out:

"Corporal of the guard!" despite the fact that Simmons was hustling out of the guardroom.

Immediately behind him was Captain Grange — tall, powerful-looking, tight-lipped. He looked down at the weary cadets, marching grimly on their endless rounds, and then at the sky. Without a word he disappeared, just as Simmons, his face a queer mixture of worriment and amusement, hustled back.

In a moment Simmons had returned with the news.

"The officer-in-charge says that when raincoats are needed he'll issue 'em and he doesn't need any help!"

High's spirit flared. What did he mean, O.C.[1] or no O.C., not passing out raincoats? Taking advantage of his authority, the martinet, to press the cadets' noses even closer to the grindstone.

"Who does he think he is? It's an outrage!" he whispered to Baldy, and he could see each pair of sentinels passing their opinions along.

Suddenly it seemed that a new spirit had been engendered in that outwardly quiet quadrangle. There was a new look on the striding, uniformed

[1] Officer-in-charge.

cadets' faces — and continuously they broke regulations by whispering to each other.

Without warning Captain Grange appeared at the top of the steps.

"Another word passed in this area, and every man will be reported!" he snapped, his harsh voice carrying clearly. That would almost certainly mean many additional tours.

High's black eyes were flashing with resentment, and as they met those of other cadets fire was struck from them. There was silence now — the silence of rebellious martyrs. Occasionally a cadet dared throw a whispered malediction to the one nearest him — but they were few. Forty raging youths tramped their beats with the sullenness of caged beasts.

High literally writhed as he thought of it. With every moment it seemed more heinous.[1] Up there in his comfortable office, out of the raw cold and the drizzling rain, climbing up on his captain's bars to rag lowly cadets. Grange ought to be court-martialed! He ought to be humiliated until he'd never forget it to his dying day —

As suddenly as though it had dropped from the sky, an old legend of the Academy popped into Mann's mind. The young Texan was not himself — he had lashed himself into a senseless fury; and

[1] This word is pronounced "hay-nus" and means "very wicked."

the whole area was a maelstrom of savage rebellion which High could feel. In the ten minutes left before they were to be relieved for supper Mann developed his plan, and worked himself into more and more of a rage. No real man could stand that kind of stuff, that was a cinch. Even a cadet had his rights!

Came the welcome hour of relief, and the cadets scattered to their rooms — supposedly. Really they gathered in the corridors and on the stoops, and from the rooms there popped other cadets, who had watched the happenings below and were feeling the spirit of the muttering victims.

In less than a minute High had passed along his plan. Had he been himself, he'd have been amazed at the spread of that mob spirit. Those forty malcontents, lashed on by the drawling, fiery young Texan, spread the story from floor to floor, and always its power grew. Grange was not popular — he was a strict disciplinarian, kept largely to himself, and was as aloof from the cadet corps as though he had been a god in high heaven. He passed out more punishment tours than any other three instructors, and in his harsh individualism repelled most of the cadets under him, so High's task was an easy one. And the mob spirit always spreads with the speed of a prairie fire before the wind.

As the corps marched to the dining hall the column of gray-clad fours held within it something

such as the Academy had experienced but once before — that had been decades back. High, whispering guardedly to right and left, strode along with his head in the air and his eyes bright with triumphant anticipation. It was he who had aroused those hundreds of cadets to a realization of their rights, and it was the leadership of High Mann, in person, which was to stimulate the corps to a hitherto unheard of achievement.

They marched into the mess hall, and stood behind their chairs at the dozen of tables. Baldy, across the table from High, looked like a thundercloud. His big dark eyes were smouldering below his heavy black eyebrows, and he did not answer High's excited grin.

An instant after the signal to take their seats the mess hall was a riot of noise as six hundred healthy young men wielded knives and forks and clanged them against the dishes. Mess was the one interval in a cadet's life in which he was not disturbed by an officer. When the O.C. came through to make his inspection the eating, talking, and noise never ceased. In any other place the entrance of an officer automatically brought every cadet to rigid attention. It was an old and well-established custom of the Academy that eating is not to be disturbed. The only officer who ever entered the dining hall was the O.C., and he was never noticed.

The tingling Mann was aware of an almost

hysterical note in the noise, as he started his meal. Every cadet was keeping an eye on the door. In a moment or two Captain Grange would enter, walk through the hall, and go into his private room for his own supper. High could scarcely eat as he listened to the eager conversation of the others. He was pleasantly frightened, now, at the thought of what was going to happen —

"High, I suppose you're feeling as swelled up as a poisoned pup, aren't you?" came Baldy's rasping voice, and the hot-headed Texan looked up to meet the eyes of his roommate, glowering into his own.

"What do you mean?" returned High airily.

The rest of the table fell silent, their gaze shifting from the flushed Baldwin to the door.

"You know what I mean," Baldwin said slowly, and somehow High was uncomfortable beneath the eyes of the man who had always been a sort of balance wheel for him. "You're pretty B. J., aren't you?" he went on. B. J. means "big before June" in the lexicon[1] of West Point. "Smart kid, you are — too hanged smart to be a cadet!"

High dropped his fork, and a sudden blaze leaped into his eyes.

"Spit it out!" he snapped. "And don't think I'll take any of youah insults —"

"Be yourself!" Baldy said contemptuously. "Sniveling over a raincoat, and ruining the life of a

[1] Dictionary.

fine officer to feed your kindergarten vanity! You know what this stuff did to one man before in this army — kept him sneaking around for the rest of his life, with whispers behind his back, and finally broke his heart and sent him out of the service! And you, you fat-headed whippersnapper, because you're a leader around here and because you're nowhere near a man yet, will do that to Grange!"

There was something electric in the air around that table. For a moment it seemed that there was an isolated area of silence in all that bedlam. Never had the cadets seen Baldwin as he was now — his voice thick with ungovernable wrath, his dark face as red as fire, and his eyes like two wells of molten red.

All that was ungovernable in the blood of the Southerner leaped into being. High pushed his chair back, and half rose.

"In just about three seconds aftuh we get back to barracks, I'll cram those things down youah throat, mistuh high-and-mighty, and — "

Darrel, next to him, pinched his leg. In a flash High's eyes turned to the doorway, just as the tall, straight figure of Captain Grange filled it.

So suddenly that it was a definite physical shock the wild, clattering bedlam of the huge mess hall died into utter silence. Six hundred uniformed cadets sat stiffly in their chairs, eyes to the front

as motionless as so many statues. The corps were putting an officer in Coventry ![1]

High's face was now white with excitement. He was sitting in a position where he could see Grange, from the corner of his eye. The captain stopped as though shot. High saw that rugged face whiten, and it seemed as though the officer tottered a bit. There was something so awful in that silent dining room, its quiet air surcharged with all the menace that a hundred years of tradition could give it, that High felt as though his body could not obey his mind, and keep motionless.

The tension grew almost unbearable as Captain Grange straightened himself and walked slowly down the aisle. He glanced from side to side, inspecting the food as was his duty, but with glaring eyes which were pools of tragedy. But once in the whole history of the Academy had a man been forced through that ordeal — and it had broken him like a dried twig before a cyclone. The army is a little closed corporation, in which every individual officer and his career is known to all the rest. One disgrace, and a man is through.

With steady step the captain strode down the hall, his rugged face as white as death and his lips a pale red line across his drawn face. Not a cadet moved — a pin could have been heard had it dropped to the floor.

[1] Ostracizing him: excluding him from social intercourse.

The Academy at West Point

The Mess Hall at West Point

Inspection at West Point

Cadets on Parade at West Point

High felt his face grow hot with the strain, and suddenly he felt as though he must move, cry out, do anything to shatter that terrible silence — that utter quietude which was the most deadly insult an army man could ever receive. He heard the captain's steps, resounding through the suffocating stillness, but he could not see him.

At that moment he noticed Baldwin. His roommate's eyes were like those of a dumbly suffering dog, and tears stood in them. His mouth was tightly closed, as though to overcome its wavering, and his big, heavy-shouldered body was limp in the chair.

Then the silence was shattered by Grange's heavy voice.

"Call them to attention! Form the corps and march them to barracks!"

The cadet captain — Ransom — did as he was told, in a voice that trembled a bit. High stumbled to his feet, a sense of wild relief surging in him now that the strain was eased. His mind was incapable of clear thought — he felt peculiar, somehow — and he did not look at Baldy.

Back to the barracks the quiet column marched, only to be about faced and marched back to the dining hall, and into it, and back to the tables where the cold food awaited them. Again they sat down — again the wild clatter. High could not talk — his face was red as fire, and it seemed as

though there was something wrong with his stomach and heart action. What would happen this time?

He had nothing to do with this. The whole corps was as taut and strained as wire drawn to its limit. Again the captain made his entrance — and the cadets, who had been conversing in hysterical, excited sentences, gave him Coventry again as they exchanged half-frightened looks from the corners of their eyes.

"Form the corps!" Grange's voice rang through the hall, and again the hungry, overwrought, but stubborn cadets were marched the half mile or more to barracks and back again.

Five times it happened — Grange, grim, fighting for his very life, silently matching his iron will against those six hundred youngsters who grew more and more frightened — and more and more determined not to back down. High was almost beside himself — he had built a Frankenstein monster [1] which bid fair to destroy them all. It was a struggle all the more terrible because the savagery of it was all beneath the surface. Finally, when they gathered at the tables, the cadets could not talk, but muttered a few things to their neighbors while their shadowed eyes glanced fearfully toward the door.

At nine o'clock, supperless, they were sent to

[1] In Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* a medical student fashions a monster, who commits many atrocities and finally slays his maker.

their rooms, and Grange, stalwart as a doomed oak while the axe is biting into its heart, upright until its final fall, disappeared.

Baldy was in the room when High entered, his eyes defiant and red flags flying in his tanned cheeks. Behind him came three or four others. What was study hour or regulations now —

"Come in, conqueror!" rasped Baldwin, withering contempt in his eyes. "May the powers forgive us for listening to such a crack-brained, big-headed fool! I hope the time'll come when Grange gets you, and gets you good, for the mewling, driveling baby you are! And the rest of us even worse for listening to you —"

As though a spring had been released, the half-crazed Southerner leaped forward. Because he was as miserable as a man could be already, those unutterably contemptuous words from his plodding friend set him afire. Before any of the others could move, his fist was plunging for Baldy's heavy jaw.

Baldwin's great hand shot out, and with a shock that paralyzed the slim Mann's arm Baldy's fingers closed around the wrist and twisted his arm down. The next instant Baldwin had the other hand around his neck, and was holding him at arm's length. The gigantic cadet was not intercollegiate wrestling champion for nothing.

"Don't act, you Texas infant!" he rasped. "Got to satisfy your honor, have you? Well, I

could break you in two, and you know it, so stand there and take your spanking! Think trying to hit me makes you a man, do you? Well, you ought to have thought about being one this afternoon, instead of sniveling around like a slapped baby! Fine officer you'd make — can't even rule yourself, let alone a company!"

Without perceptible effort, his huge arm sent High spinning to the bed, and he was standing over him while four astounded cadets watched.

"You've ruined Grange's life — this will follow him to his dying day. Another Mermid — going from post to post, always finding officers under him who'd given him Coventry when they were cadets, and he was at the Academy, never speaking to one unless they spoke to him first — a nervous wreck sneaking around corners until he collapsed and left the service. Mermid may have deserved it, but we've broken the heart of a fine officer whose only mistake was to try to make a bunch of rotten kids into the kind of men they haven't got the nerve to be!"

He stepped back as the raging Texan leaped to his feet. For a second there was madness in High's eyes — and then, as though a white hot lancet had plunged into the festering sore in his mind, he came to himself. The terrible strain he had been under for hours was half-relieved, and yet somehow twice as torturing in a different way. For once in his

headstrong, reckless, brilliant life he realized how utterly wrong he was. Baldwin, like a superman daring anyone to say he was mistaken, stood motionless, his face now bleak and cold.

High's body slumped, and he dropped to the bed.

"I — I'm sorry, Baldy," he mumbled through his hands. "We're wrong — and I'm responsible, mostly."

There was a moment's silence, as the white-faced youngsters looked at each other, trying to forget High's heaving shoulders. Of all men in the world to be in such shape!

Suddenly High leaped to his feet.

"I did it — and I'll fix it, if I get kicked out of this Point like an old shoe!" he said, his drawl slower than ever. "What do you say, Brink? And you, Charley? Think we ought to be proud of ourselves?"

Stocky Brink Mullins wet his lips.

"No," he mumbled, and then straightened. "In fact, I think we ought to be hung up by the thumbs! Gosh! I'll never forget the captain's eyes —"

Like a bullet High shot out of the door. He was aflame, now — it seemed that the blood in his veins was liquid fire. From room to room he went, while his scheme was hot in his mind. His army career was done — the dreams he had dreamed were to remain dreams, and nothing more. But he knew

that not a moment's peace would be left him if he did not accomplish what he had set out to do.

Some of the fellows were defiant, others thoroughly frightened, others, mostly upper classmen, so ashamed of themselves that High was anathema [1] to them. From room to room he went, and as his message dropped from his lips he swept them with him, to a man. Then, careless of regulations — what did they mean to him now? — he started toward the guard room.

He saw Grange through the window of his room — his gray head in his hands and his great shoulders rounded as though beneath a crushing burden. The sergeant of the guard announced him:

"Cadet Mann desires permission to speak to the captain, sir!"

Grange straightened — High could see him through the open door, now — and barked:

"Let him in!"

His face was a tragic, bloodless mask as he faced the white-faced cadet.

"What are you doing here?" he snapped.

"I realize I am breaking regulations, suh, but it is important," High said slowly.

One look at the cadet's face was enough to lend weight to his words. Grange, standing stiffly, said:

"What do you want, Mr. Mann?"

[1] A person accursed or under a ban.

"Before resigning from the Academy, I want to tell you, suh — I want permission to speak to you as man to man!"

Grange's eyes, like two burned holes in the snow, bored into Mann's for a full half-minute. For that length of time Mann thought that the strict army officer was about to burst into a torrent of rebuking words at the unheard-of request. Then Grange turned silently, and removed his blouse with its captain's bars.

"Proceed," he said, and the word was like a blow.

"I was responsible for what happened this aftuhnoon, suh, and I want to say that I'm — very sorry. And I bring the apology of the whole corps —"

"Who asked for it?"

"Nobody, suh. But I was wrong, and they were wrong — and — we thought —"

His voice quivered a bit as it trailed off into nothingness. He could scarcely bear to look into those anguished eyes, peering forth from that iron face.

There was an interval of pulsing silence, as Grange stared at him. Then the captain arose, suddenly, and said quietly:

"All right. I know you, Mann. This is the first indication you've given that you might make an officer. Your brain's all right and your body's all right — except that nothing's all right that can't

be controlled. This afternoon I tried to teach you all a lesson — bawling for raincoats at the first drizzle of rain, before anyone in authority had a chance to issue them to you. And why? Because instead of taking merited punishment like men, without squealing, you resented it like yellow quitters and sought an outlet for it in kindergarten reprisal![1] The apology is all right — but for time's sake try to learn to take what's due you like a man!"

The harsh words fell blistering from the gaunt captain's thin lips, and the scar on his cheek was livid. High was not deceived — the recollection of Coventry would always be Grange's, but deep in the man's eyes he saw some lightening of the shadow in them.

Then Grange stepped forward.

"Don't make yourself a martyr, Mann. There's no need for you to resign. You've done enough for one day, without ruining yourself as well. I won't report you. If I were just one-tenth as childish as you all have been, I'd get every last man Jack of you. You'd better thank your stars I haven't that in mind!"

Suddenly his eyes softened, it seemed, as they saw the expression in Mann's. With a quick motion one horny hand was gripping High's shoulder.

"I'm not a religious man, but the bravest soldier

[1] Retaliation or revenge.

of them all once forgave His enemies because they didn't know what they were doing," he said slowly. "The greatest disciplinarian of them all, too, and the greatest fighter. And He was always right — I'm frequently wrong."

He straightened, and in a moment was every inch the soldier.

"Get back to barracks!" he snapped, and High turned on his heel and left to spend the long minutes until taps telling restless cadets what had happened.

Next morning as the long column marched to mess, six hundred very empty stomachs were in it, but likewise six hundred very much inflamed minds. There was an excess of smartness in their perfect marching, and a peculiar flash in their eyes. High was like an eager dog, straining at the leash. Suppressed excitement was in the very air — but a healthy excitement this time.

They stood behind their chairs silently, and as the cadet captain gave the word to sit down bedlam broke loose as usual. Like that of the evening before, there was something abnormal in it — every cadet's eyes were gleaming, and it seemed as though the words would not come out fast enough. At High's table Baldy was silent, as usual, but his face was wreathed in a wide grin and his eyes were shining like stars.

Gradually the din died away. The steaming cereal dishes were heaped and ready, but no one

moved to eat and twelve hundred eyes persistently roved toward the door. Once again it was High's party, and that young cadet was leaning forward in his seat, as though he was utterly unable to relax. Suddenly a tall, khaki-clad figure filled the doorway. Abruptly there was utter silence. Captain Grange's eyes shot around the huge hall, and for a moment his step faltered.

Then, like the roar of an unleashed torrent, a mighty shout reverberated from the lofty ceiling. As one man the corps leaped to its feet. High Mann, a slim streak of fire, was on a chair, leading. Like a roar of an unleashed torrent mighty waves of sound reverberated from the lofty ceiling and washed back from the walls as six hundred straining throats combined in the heart-stirring, blood-quickening Corps yell, with a mighty "Grange!" at the end. The highest honor that can be paid a cadet — and few of them ever get it — is the corps yell with his name on the end, and never in the history of the Academy had an officer been given it. It would go down in history, incorporated in the traditions of the Point.

At first the captain's pace was deliberate, but the granite-faced, great-hearted veteran who had run the gauntlet without hurrying the night before, could not stand up to the ordeal before him then. As his sunken eyes met the shining gaze of hundreds of cadets whose eyes never left his face his counte-

nance worked a bit, and he half ran to the door of the O.C's private dining room. He paused there to sweep the hall with a slow gaze. Still the mad cheering continued, and he walked steadily to the seat of the cadet captain.

The next minute Ransom was calling them to order. Utter silence reigned.

"You know the limited time you have, gentlemen," came Grange's voice, and the rasp in it was a suspicious gruffness then. "And you have two meals to eat!"

Stiffly erect, he disappeared into his room, the corps erect at attention to do him honor. Then bedlam broke loose, and under cover of it Baldy reached over the table, and silently shook hands with High.

"Looks like a good breakfast," he observed.

"Suah does!" grinned High. "I couldn't think of leaving a place with grub like this heah!"

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

By Edgar Allan Poe

The ways of God in Nature, as in Providence, are not as our ways; nor are the models that we frame in any way commensurate to the vastness, profundity,[1] *and unsearchableness of His works, which have a depth in them greater than the well Democritus.* — Joseph Glanvill.

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak. "Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but about three years past there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man, or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of, and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a very old man, but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you

[1] Depth.

know, I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure [1] of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge — this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to be within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky, while I struggled in vain to divest [2] myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned, and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.

"We are now," he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him — "we are

[1] Grasp, hold. [2] Free.

now close upon the Norwegian coast, in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher — hold on to the grass if you feel giddy — so, and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*.[1] A panorama [2] more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay out-stretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island, or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and

[1] The Sea of Darkness.

[2] A complete view in every direction.

A Norse Ship on the Coast of Norway

barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross dashing of water in every direction, as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambarren. Yonder are Iflesen, Hoeyholm, Kieldholm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off, between Moskoe and Vurrgh, are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Skarholm. These are the true names of the places, but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became

aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the "chopping" character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity.[1] Each moment added to its speed, to its headlong impetuosity.[2] In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion, heaving, boiling, hissing, gyrating[3] in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious[4] streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the sub-

[1] Speed.
[2] Sudden and violent energy.
[3] Rotating, revolving.
[4] Huge.

sided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly — very suddenly — this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length, to the old man, — "this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary account of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial [1]

[1] Detailed.

of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence, or of the horror of the scene; or of the wild, bewildering sense of the novel which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms;[1] but on the other side, toward Ver (Vurrgh), this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts; the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof

[1] A fathom is six feet.

are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were carried within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea, it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday,[1] it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

[1] The second Sunday before Lent.

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the center of the Moskoe-ström must be unmeasurably greater; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon, some of which I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal, now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe Islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux,[1] against a ridge of rocks and shelves,

[1] Ebb and tide.

which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments." These are the words of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelström is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part, the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that, although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with him; for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoeström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation,[1] the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are

[1] A risky investment, a gamble.

not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming (one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return) and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it) if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents, here to-day and gone to-morrow, which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the ground' (it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather), but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as

we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps as well as afterward in fishing; but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into danger; for, after all was said and done, it was a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us, my two brothers and myself, had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the

Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend [1] it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual — something that had never happened to us before — and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and, what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had

[1] Fear.

let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off, the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just

as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor [1] that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word 'Moskoe-ström!'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough; I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack, but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack, there is some little hope in that,' but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream

[1] Great dullness and weakness of the senses.

of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue, and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness, but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but in some manner which I could not understand the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say 'Listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the

ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her, which appears strange to a landsman, and this is what is called 'riding,' in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose, up, up, as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around, and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead, but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström than the whirl, as you now see it, is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes

afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek, such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth; I began to reflect how magnificent a thing

it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry [1] a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when the idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little lightheaded.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw for yourself, the belt of the surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a

[1] Trivial, unimportant.

great measure, rid of these annoyances, just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it, a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with

the immense sweeps and swelters[1] of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already de-

[1] Welters, surgings.

scribed, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool.

"She was quite upon an even keel; that is to say, her deck lay in a place parallel with that of the water, but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans [1] say is the only pathway between Time and

[1] Mohammedans.

Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept, not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building-timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious, for I even

sought amusement in speculating [1] upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact — the fact of my invariable [2] miscalculation — set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant [3] matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way, so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters, but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were

[1] Forming an opinion, theorizing.
[2] Constant, without exception.
[3] Light, floating.

the only ones which had been completely absorbed; that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me, although I have forgotten the explanation, how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater

difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale, as you see that I did escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström had been. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurri-

cane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to you, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fisherman of Lofoden."

"Therefore the castaways could cling and breathe, and even made shift to pass the loose ends of the line around their waists while they waited for the end."

THE LAST PILOT SCHOONER[1]

By Ralph D. Paine

Young James Arbuthnot Wilson slipped into the Standard building with an uneasy air as if he were vaguely on the defensive. Six months of work in the "City Department" had not rid him of the feeling of a cat in a strange garret. The veterans of the staff were rather pleased that this should be the attitude common among very young journalists. It showed that the office machine was geared to high tension when every man, short of five years' service, was thankful to find his "job" had not slid from under him between two days.

Wilson could recall no specific warnings that his head was in peril. His activities had been too inconspicuous to merit the dignity of official notice of any kind. He had faithfully followed his footsore round of minor police courts, hospitals, one-alarm fires, and dreary public meetings, to have his copy jammed as scanty paragraphs under the head of "City Jottings." An article filling a third of a column had marked his one red-letter day on the *Standard*.

[1] Copyright 1912 by Sturgis & Walton Co.

Every afternoon, at one o'clock, he hurried to his pigeon-hole in the row of letter-boxes by the city editor's door, his heart thumping to this sense of intangible fear, and with it pulsing the foolish hope of a big assignment. Some day they must give him a chance, and he would show them whether or not he could handle something worth while. But the flame of hope was low on this dull day of June as Wilson unlocked his box and tore open the yellow envelope on which his name was scrawled.

He whistled in blank amazement as he followed an unfamiliar hand down to the managing editor's signature. The youngster's face flushed and his fingers twittered as he turned sharply to see if the loungers at their desks had noted his agitation. Then he stole into the hall and reread with his lips moving as if he were spelling out the words:

"Dear Mr. Wilson:

"You have been pegging away without any let-up for three months and your work has been excellent. Here is an easy assignment as a reward of merit. It will give you a pleasant outing, and us a good page article for the Sunday sheet. The enclosed clipping from to-day's paper will give you the idea. The art department will have a snap-shot camera waiting for you. Our ship-news man made arrangements this morning for you to be met and taken aboard. The one-forty train from Broad Street Station will take you through to Lewes and the Breakwater.

To save time I enclose some expense money. Try to be back on Thursday. This will give you three days at sea. We want plenty of rattling description and human interest, with local color *ad lib.*[1] Good luck."

"Oh, there must be some mistake," gasped young Wilson. "A page Sunday article? A whole page? My work has been excellent? The managing editor has been following it? Why, I didn't suppose he knew me by sight. I can't believe it."

Befogged with hopes and fears, he turned back to the door of the city editor's room.

"He's just gone out to lunch with the managing editor," volunteered the day assistant. "No, I don't know where they went. Said they'd be back about two-thirty."

Wilson looked at the office clock. If he would catch the one-forty train for Lewes there was no leeway for hesitation. He started toward the elevator, then halted to read the clipping, which might throw some light upon this staggering manifesto:

THE LAST PILOT SCHOONER

The new steam pilot-boat will go into commission off the Delaware Capes early next week. This change from sail to steam is another blow at the romance of blue water. Six of the eight trim schooners of the Delaware fleet have already been dismantled, and only the *Albatross*, *Number One*, is

[1] *Ad libitum:* at your pleasure, as much as you please.

cruising on the station. She will be laid up as soon as the steamer is ready to put the pilots aboard incoming vessels. Every ocean voyager will regret the passing of the pilot schooners. These stormy petrels among sailing craft have been the first messengers from the looked-for land, as specks in the tumbling waste of sea, or lying hove to in all weathers. . . .

Wilson threw his doubts overboard. All he had ever read of bellying canvas, whipping spars, and lee rails awash leaped into the foreground of his boyish imagination. Here was his chance for such a "descriptive story" as he had dreamed of through weeks and months, this last cruise of the last pilot schooner. He dashed into the art room, snatched up the waiting camera, and bolted for the station. After he had dropped panting into a seat of the accommodation train for Lewes, he found himself already overhauling his stock of sea-lore and sailor adjectives.

There was time for reflection in this four-hour journey to the sea, and ere long, sober second thought began to overtake his first wild elation. The young reporter's doubts came trooping back. He remembered now he had never written a line of "shipnews" for the *Standard*. He blushed to confess that his life on salt water had been bounded by the decks of river excursion steamers. And what had he ever done worth the notice of the managing editor? Of course, he had worked hard, and the world, at least in fiction, occasionally rewarded

honest merit in lowly places with unexpected largess. But any "star man" of the staff would have given a week's salary for such a note as this from the chief executive of the *Standard*. And he, James Arbuthnot Wilson, was indubitably [1] the rawest and humblest recruit of that keen and rough-riding squadron of talent.

An inevitable reaction swung his mood into forebodings. The train was loafing along the upper reaches of Delaware Bay when he reread the intoxicating note, and caught himself repeating "Dear Mr. Wilson," with a sudden glimmer of association. In another miserable moment the youth's beautiful dream was wrenched from him. What a fool he had been! "Wilson," "Wilson," he muttered and burst out:

"Of course, there is another Wilson, the tip-top man of the staff. It's the Wilson who's been filling in as chief of the Washington Bureau for six months. I heard somebody say the other night that 'Doc' Wilson was coming back, and was to go on general work again. He must have turned up over Sunday. And that new office boy put his note in my box. Well, I am IT."

Young James Arbuthnot Wilson squeezed back a smarting tear. He did not try to fence with this surmise. There was no room for doubt that the kind words and the pleasant outing had been aimed

[1] Undoubtedly.

at his high-salaried elder. James Arbuthnot had never clapped eyes on the gifted "Doc" Wilson, whose Washington despatches had carried no signature and whose distant personality had made no impression upon this wretched understudy of his.

How could the pilgrim muster courage to go back and face the issue? He would be the office butt — Well, he could resign, but most likely, he reflected, dismissal would be the instant penalty of this incredibly presumptuous [1] blunder. The only thing to be done was to drop off at the next way station and return to the scene of his downfall. But to his stammering plea the brakeman returned.

"Next train up won't get along here till late to-night. You better go through to Lewes instead of waiting seven hours at one of these next-to-nothing flag stations."

The very young journalist slumped into his seat and looked through the open window. The tang of brine was in the breeze that gushed up the bay with the rising tide. Across the green fields he began to glimpse flashing blue water and bits of the traffic of far-off seas. A deep-laden tramp freighter was creeping toward her port, a battered bark surged solemnly in tow of an ocean-going tug, and a four-masted schooner was reaching up the bay with every sail pulling. Across the aisle of the car Wilson noticed, with a melancholy pleasure, four

[1] Unbelievably audacious or over-bold.

deep-tanned men of rugged aspect, who played cards with much talk of ships and tides and skippers. They belonged in this picture.

Wilson thought of the stewing city far behind him, and the spirit of some seafaring ancestor was whispering in his ear. Yes, by Jove! he would see the tragic venture through after all. It were better to return with a "story," and fall with colors flying than to slink back to empty ridicule. Let them try to overtake him if they dared. This was "Mr. Wilson's" mission, and no one could snatch it from him.

When the train labored into Lewes, the fugitive looked across the flats to the cuddling arm of the Breakwater and the shining sea beyond. With the instinct of the hunted, he made ready to flee in this direction, away from the station and the town. As he dropped from the car, a man in the uniform of a station agent climbed aboard and shouted!

"Telegram for Mr. Wilson. Is Mr. Wilson aboard? Urgent telegram for Mr. J. A. Wilson."

Mr. Wilson's pulse fluttered as he dived behind the warehouse across the tracks, while the hoarse cry of the station agent rang horribly in his ears. The long arm of the *Standard* had almost clutched him by the collar. As he hurried down the nearest street to the water, he saw heading toward him a lusty youth of a sailorish cut, who eyed the camera case as if hasty suspicions were confirmed.

"Is your name Wilson?" demanded the stranger. "If it be, come along with me. I'm from the *Albatross's* boat-crew."

Wondering how much guilt was written in his face, Wilson fervently shook the hand of the briny youth. They fared toward the pier, while the convoy explained:

"You're in luck. We're ready to go to sea as soon as you get aboard. Hit it just right, didn't you? The pilots'll be glad to see you again. They was tickled to death over the piece you wrote for the paper when the *Eben Tunnell, Number Three,* come in after fightin' through the '88 blizzard, and specially what you wrote about ol' 'Pop' Markle stickin' by the *Morgan Castle* when she ketched fire off the Capes two year ago. And, say, they still talk about the jackpot you skyhooted clean through the cabin skylight, and how th' Pilots' Association went in mournin' for thirty days after that poker game.

"Two o' them boys is aboard this cruise, with the chips all stacked an' waitin', and their knives whetted. I'm sorry I missed the fun before."

James Arbuthnot Wilson gulped hard at these lamentable [1] tidings. He was vaulting from the frying-pan into the fire. These rude and reckless men would probably heave him overboard. And, alas, the pennyante of his mild college dissipations

[1] Grievous.

had left him as deficient in poker prowess as in sea-lore. The foremast hand from the *Albatross* was somewhat crestfallen over his capture. If this slip of a boy was the seasoned and capable "Doc" Wilson, able to hold his own in all weather and any company, then appearances were basely deceiving, and the escort felt a sense of personal grievance.

The boat was waiting at the pier and the four slouching seamen rowed out to the black schooner, which lazily rolled her gleaming sides off the end of the Breakwater. Wilson climbed awkwardly aboard and was saved from sprawling his length on deck by a strong hand, which yanked him in a welcoming grip. Then a stocky man with a grizzled moustache stepped back and fairly shouted:

"Why, you ain't 'Doc' Wilson. What kind of a game is this? I popped up from below in time to see your hat coming over the side. Kick me, please. I'm dreamin', as sure as my name's McCall."

He fished a rumpled telegram from his blue clothes, and flourished it before the nose of his guest, as he cried formidably:

"Read that!"

"'Doc' Wilson, of the *Standard*, will be down on afternoon train. Take him aboard and treat him right."

Young Wilson looked at the half mile of water between the schooner and the beach, and thought of

trying to swim for it. But the bully-ragging tone of the pilot struck a spark of his latent pluck and he answered with some spirit:

"I'm mighty sorry you're so disappointed. My name is Wilson, James Arbuthnot Wilson, of the *Standard*. The order to join your boat was delivered to me. If there's been a mistake, and I'm so unwelcome, I'll have to put you to the trouble of setting me ashore again."

The innate hospitality of his kind smothered the pilot's first emotions, and he regretted his rudeness as he smote the lad on the back and shouted:

"All right, Jimmy Arbutus. I guess there's no great damage done. It's now or never for your newspaper, and if we can't carry the skipper, we'll get along with the mate of your outfit. And we'll give you a cruise to make your lead-pencil smoke. Tumble below and shake them natty clothes. The boat-keeper will fit you out with a pair of boots and a jumper."

Sore and abashed, with the hateful emotions of an intruder, Wilson crept below and faced another ordeal. In the pilots' roomy cabin, which ran half the length of the schooner, four men were changing their clothes and tidying up their bunks. One of them emerged from the confusion to yell at the invader's patent leather ties:

"Hello, Doc, you old pirate. Is that you? Glad to see you aboard. Well, I will be scuppered!"

His jaw dropped, and he looked sheepish as a hurricane voice came through the open skylight:

"Don't hurt the kid's feelin's. I've done plenty of that. This is Jimmy Arbutus Wilson, apprentice to 'Doc,' and he's doin' the best he can. 'Doc' got stranded somewheres, and the lad is takin' his run. I don't fathom it a little bit, but what's the odds?"

The passenger was introduced to all hands, who showed a depressing lack of enthusiasm, and the pilots returned to their tasks. Wilson retired, blushing and confused, to the edge of his bunk. Presently the oldest man of the party sat down beside the intruder, and shook his hand for the second time. Wilson raised his downcast face to the white-haired veteran, who said softly:

"Now, sonny, don't let the boys rile you none. They're kinder sore on some of the greenhorns that writes pieces all wrong for the Philadelphy papers, and this 'Doc' Wilson knows sailor ways and sailor lingo, and they sorter took a shine to him and his style. But fur's I know, you can write rings around him. And 'Old Pop' Markle, as they calls me, will see you through, blow high, blow low. It's my last cruise, this is. I'm past seventy year, sonny, and my oldest boy is a pilot; he brought a tanker in yestiddy, and my grandson is servin' his apprentice years, and he'll be gettin' his papers pretty soon. It's time for me to quit. I was goin' to lay

up ashore in the spring, but I kinder wanted to wind up with the old *Albatross*. Better come on deck, sonny; we're shortenin' cable."

Wilson smiled his gratitude at the gentle and garrulous [1] old pilot, whose smooth-shaven face was webbed with fine-drawn wrinkles, as if each salty cruise had left its own recording line. The blue eyes were faded from staring into fifty years of sun and wind, but they held a beaming interest in the welfare of this tyro [2] struggling in the meshes of hostile circumstance.

The reporter followed his guardian on deck, and his spirits swiftly rose. The *Albatross* was paying off under a flattened forestaysail, while her crew tailed onto the main-sheet with a roaring chorus, for they too, felt a thrill of sentiment in this last cruise. The wind held fresh from the south'ard, and under the smooth lee of Cape Henlopen the *Albatross* shot seaward, as if it were skating over a polished floor. Now the pilots came tumbling up, and shouted as they turned to and helped set the maintopsail and staysail. The schooner staggered down to it, until the white water hissed over her low bulwark, and sobbed through the scuppers. "Old Pop" Markle slapped his knee and cried huskily:

"Give her all she'll stand, boys. It's like old times when we raced with that dodgasted *Number*

[1] Talkative. [2] Beginner.

Four and hung to the weather riggin' by our teeth, and bent a new suit of sails every other cruise."

Holding the wind abeam, the *Albatross* drove straight out to sea, and then, once clear of Cape May, slid off to the north'ard. Now, the quartering sea picked her up and she swooped down the slopes and tried nimbly to climb the frothing hills, as the jolly wind smote her press of canvas and jammed her smoking through them.

A new exhilaration surged in young Wilson's veins. He was drinking it all in, the buoyant flight of the low, slim schooner, the intimate nearness of the sea, the sweetness of the wind, and the solemnity of the marching twilight. He would not have been elsewhere for worlds. Then the fat and sweating face of the cook appeared from below, and bellowed an inarticulate summons.

The pilots obeyed with ardor, and Wilson followed timidly in their wake. Supper smoked on the cabin table, and the guest was glad to survey the stout fare of hash, cold meat, potatoes, green peas, flaky hot biscuits, and a mammoth pudding. "Old Pop" Markle took the youngster under his protecting wing, and found a seat on the locker beside his own. The reporter fell to, while the pilots chatted with bursts of gusty laughter. He made one desperate rally to join the talk, and in a quiet moment asked a neighbor:

"How do you know when a ship wants a pilot?"

"We generally have a trained green parrot that flies over and asks 'em," was the cruel response.

"But we ran short of stores last cruise, and had to eat him. This voyage we intend to mail 'em postal cards."

There was an appreciative roar, and Wilson winced as "Old Pop" Markle whispered:

"Don't mind that Peter Haines. He's got a heart as soft as mush. It's only their skylarkin', sonny. Hit 'em back. That's what they like."

But the victim had lost all self-confidence, and now he was beginning to feel dizzy and forlorn. The smell of the food, the heat, and the jerky plunging of the cabin were overwhelming. He staggered to his bunk and crept in.

This was the last blow, that on top of his false pretences he should be laid low before the eyes of this hostile crowd. He knew not what happened, until hours after he awoke from a semi-stupor to find "Old Pop" Markle sponging his face with cold water and calling in his ear:

"There's a steamer coming up from the east'ard. Brace up and get on deck. It's a pretty sight."

The boy clambered through the companionway as the boat-keeper touched a match to an oil-soaked bunch of waste in a wire cage at the end of his torch. The schooner and the near-by sea were bathed in a yellow glare. Out in the darkness a blue Coston light glowed a response. Some one

shouted: "On deck for the skiff," and five minutes later the boat-crew was pulling off in the night to the waiting steamer, with a pilot in the stern-sheets.

"There goes your friend, Peter Haines," chuckled "Pop" Markle. "I knowed you'd take it hard if I didn't give you a chance to say good-bye to him. He won't pester you no more this cruise."

The wind blew some of the cobwebs from poor Wilson's muddled head, and he felt refreshed. Soon the pelting spray drove him below deck and he curled up on a locker, watching the poker game from which youth and inexperience barred him. And what was more cutting, he was not even asked to play.

"It would be like taking pennies from a blind child," callously commented the strapping McCall who had welcomed him aboard. But the white-haired patriarch of them all did not join the game, and he said cheerily to Wilson:

"You're too young and I'm too old to be wastin' our wages in them pursuits, ain't we, sonny? There's an old lady and a cottage at Lewes that takes care of my rake-off. And instid of raisin' the limit I raise vegetubbles for my fun."

Wilson opened his bruised heart and told the old pilot the story of his venture, and felt relieved that his masquerade had been thrown away. "Pop" Markle's blue eyes twinkled:

"See here, Jimmy Arbutus, I'll see that you write a fust-rate piece for your paper. Ask me anything

your amazin' ignorance tells you to. The boys wanted me to take in the fust vessel we met, and was willin' to shove their turns aside, but I told 'em it was my last cruise, and I was goin' to see her through to the finish. So we've lots of time to talk pilotin' together. What was the most remarkable experience ever I had? Pshaw, that sounds like a full-rigged reporter, sonny, really it does.

"Well, I never got drownded boardin' a vessel, but I once fell afoul of a skipper that was a worse blunderin' idjit than you've been. It may sound kinder comfortin' to you. About fifty miles off the Capes, I clumb aboard an Italian bark. Her captain said he was bound for Wilmington, and would I take him in. He got a tow-boat at the Breakwater, and we were goin' up the river all right, when plumb by accident this benighted fur'ner imparted to me that he was bound for Wilmington, North Caroliny. 'Great Scott! You dodgasted lunatic,' says I, 'you're pretty nigh up to Wilmington, Delaware.' He went crazier than ever, and put about for sea after I showed him on the chart where he was at. He had been runnin' by dead-reckonin', and didn't know where he was. So, when he picked up a pilot and found he was headed all right for Wilmington, he figured his troubles were over. So there's worse than you afloat, Jimmy Arbutus."

At his suggestion, Wilson dug up his notebook and scribbled therein many other yarns, for the old pilot warmed to his task, and insisted that each of the poker players should contribute a story to the fund. When he was routed out for breakfast, the party had lost another pilot who had found his ship at daybreak. The wind had drawn into the northeast, and the *Albatross* was snugged down under double reefs. The barometer was falling, and the boat-keeper shook his head when the pilots insisted upon edging further off shore.

"Drive her till she cracks," shouted McCall. "This is the trip when we keep going till we get our ships. The *Albatross* goes home empty, you bet your boots."

With much daring and difficulty one man was put aboard a liner late in the afternoon. Three pilots were left, and they swept Wilson into their genial comradeship, as the little party clawed its way to supper, and hung to the table by its eyelids. In his mind, Wilson began to see the page story, "Full of human interest and color." To-morrow he would work at his "introduction," and the thought of really making a start at filling those stately columns was perturbing. He felt something like stage-fright at the notion of it.

Before midnight, James Arbuthnot Wilson had forgotten his "story," and was thinking only of the awful turmoil above him. The wind had leaped to

the might of a sudden summer gale. The schooner was hove to and battened tight, and like a tightly corked bottle she danced over the shouting seas. Made sick and giddy, Wilson sought "Old Pop" Markle, who was peacefully snoring in the next bunk, and shook him awake.

"Pshaw, sonny," the old man muttered, "she's safer than a big ship. She'll rare and tear and sputter till it blows over. If it'll ease your mind any, I'll take a peek on deck."

The pilot slipped into his oilskins and vanished.

"It's pretty thick," he said when he came below, "but there ain't no great sea on, not for us. Rainin' hard and blowin' some. McCall is standin' watch with the boat-keeper. You're safer than if you was in the *Standard* office. You can't lose your job out here, Jimmy."

Somewhat comforted, Wilson tried to sleep. It was terrifying experience for the greenhorn, with more "local color" than he had bargained for. Some time later in the night he was dreaming that "Doc" Wilson was holding his head under water and drowning him with the most enjoyable deliberation.

With a crashing sound like the explosion of a great gun in his ears, he was flung headlong clear across the cabin, and on top of him came "Old Pop" Markle, sputtering harmless curses. The cabin floor sloped like the side of a house and stayed

there as Wilson scrambled to his hands and knees. Then came a more sickening lurch, and before the hanging cabin lamp was smashed against the deck-beams, the lad saw that the old man was dazed. He gave him a hand and together they climbed the slope, and grasped the legs of the stationary table. They heard the other pilots stumble up the companion ladder, and hammer back the hatch, with yells of terror lest they be trapped.

Forward of the cabin bulkhead, they heard the roar of inrushing water, and smothered outcries among the watch below. While the old man and the boy tried to grope their way aft to the ladder, the sea crashed through the bulkhead door from the galley beyond, and instantly they were picked up and hurled aft, choking and fighting for life. Wilson chanced to grasp a step of the ladder, and with his free arm pulled "Old Pop" Markle to this refuge.

The reporter did not want to die, and he knew that death dragged him by the heels. And it was with no heroic prompting that he pushed the old man up ahead of him. It was done on the instant, as one friend would help another in a pinch, without wrought-out purpose.

The water was sucking at his waist as he fought his way up, and partly out, and managed to double himself over the hatch coaming,[1] with the old

[1] A raised boundary or curb about a hatchway.

man's legs across his shoulders. Thus they were half jammed in the cramped exit. Just then the flare torch was lighted by a seaman. In the yellow glare "Old Pop" Markle saw the two pilots and two, only two, of the crew wrestling with the one skiff left at the davits. One of them stopped to beckon wildly to the old man and started to go to his aid.

In this moment the schooner lurched under with a heavy, lifeless roll, and a black sea stamped across her sodden hull. It licked up the boat and the handful of toiling men, it leaped forward and pulled down the black figure with the torch. The two men still jammed in the hatchway were cruelly battered, but they could not be wrenched away. And when the towering comber had passed, there was darkness and silence, and no more shouting voices on the schooner's deck.

The old pilot wriggled free and got his hands on a life-buoy that hung within his reach at the after end of the cabin hatch. Wilson dragged himself after him, and pitched against a splintered mass of planking up-ended against the wheel. They listened and heard a steamer's imploring whistle, and one faint cry off to leeward. "Pop" Markle groaned as he fumbled in the darkness and laboriously passed a tangle of line around the wreck of the skylight cover to which Wilson was clinging.

"Hang on, sonny," he gasped. "I've made the

buoy fast to the loose timber. We'll go off together with the next sea, sure. My God! here it comes."

The dying schooner seemed to sink from beneath them, and clinging to their frail bit of a raft, they were spun off to leeward in the arms of the sea that swamped the rock-ballasted *Albatross*. Turned over and over, the two men fought for breath until the skylight cover righted, and they came to the surface. They slid swiftly into a murky hollow, and were borne to the tattered crest whose froth was strangling.

But the wind was falling fast. Such seas as those which had broken over the helpless *Albatross* were running in swollen billows when they met no barrier to check them. Therefore the castaways could cling and breathe, and even made shift to pass the loose ends of the line around their waists while they waited for the end. Now their spray-blinded eyes dimly saw the lights of the steamer that had bitten half-way through the pilot-schooner. She was blundering far to windward, and her signal rockets cut red gashes in the night. They could watch her swing in a useless circle as she sought to find the craft she had struck. Drifting away to leeward, the old pilot and the young reporter tried to shout, but their little rasping cries were pitifully futile. They coughed the racking brine from their throats, and saw the last rocket soar, saw the

steamer's lights fade in the rain, become twinkling points, and vanish.

There were no words between them until the day began to break. Now and then one sought the other's hand and found a feebly responsive grip. Thus they knew that death had not come to the little raft. With the gray light, the wind veered round to the south'ard, and except for the swinging swell, the sea was smoothed to summer gentleness. The eternal miracle of dawn had never come to more grateful hearts than these two. Youth had survived the battering ordeal with mind still alert, but old age was near passing with hurts and exhaustion. Now that he could see to help, the boy so managed it that the pilot could lie half across the life-buoy, which floated high with the supporting planking beneath it.

"Them as wasn't drowned and smashed in their bunks, couldn't swim, or none to speak of," sighed the old man. "I knew 'em all from boys. Two left. — And we're the most wuthless of the lot, sonny. But you may learn how to make an honest livin' some day . . . Don't bother with me . . . I'm due to go. . . . The old lady has the cottage, and there's the pension from the Pilot's Fund. . . . And two more pilots in the family. . . . Ain't you sorry you didn't let 'Doc' Wilson come?"

The boy sputtered:

"No, we aren't dead yet, and if we're picked up

it's the story of a lifetime. I don't believe the Lord saved us from the wreck to die on a summer morning like this. And, my, but you were good to me, Mr. Markle."

They floated in silence while the June sun rose higher and heat and thirst piled up their wretchedness. The seasoned fiber of the old man had been toughened for such a stress as this. He hung on grimly because he had always hung on grimly to whatever life set him to endure. Although they were out on the edge of traffic bound in and out of the Delaware Capes, he still hoped, but mostly for the boy.

Six hours after the *Albatross* had gone to the bottom, a boat from a crippled brig, laden with salt from Turk's Island, picked up a bit of wreckage to which were lashed a white-haired man and a beardless lad. Both were too weak to talk, and the British skipper had them put into bunks, and poured raw Jamaica rum down their throats. Wilson was the first to revive, but he could not rise, and had to content himself with tidings that the pilot was alive and conscious. Night had come before the reporter could totter as far as the mate's cabin and see his comrade.

The pilot's leathery face was strangely bleached, and he could not more than whisper with a faltering huskiness:

"God bless their poor souls. They was all

neighbors of mine. Hello, Jimmy Arbutus, have you begun to write that piece for the paper? There's something wrong with my insides. I think I busted some of 'em when we was jammed in that hatch. Well, we're going home, my son. Are you all taut again?"

Wilson tried to hide his anxiety and set himself to nursing the old man as best he could. His clumsy attentions were received with a sweet resignation, but the old man showed signs of impatience. At length, unable to restrain his desire, he asked:

"Why don't you begin to write your piece instead of wastin' time on my old hulk? I want to see it's done all ship-shape. We ain't goin' to have no 'Doc' Wilson nor a lot of fresh young pilots laughin' at our blunders. I'll overhaul the writin' for you."

Wilson was eager to begin. The skipper found a half-filled log-book, and the butt of a pencil, and the reporter sat by the pilot's bunk, and wrote with frowning effort. His labor was so evident that at length the interested pilot asked:

"You seem to be making heavy weather of it, Jimmy. Mind my lookin' over the nigh end of it?"

Wilson passed the log-book over with a flutter of expectancy. He was proud of his opening paragraphs. He flattered himself that he had caught the spirit of the tragedy of the last and lost pilot

schooner. The old man read them with puckered brow, and laid the book down without comment. Wilson waited and had to break the awkward silence:

"Anything the matter with that?"

"Well, I had only a common school education, and I've been at sea fifty years. I'm no judge, I guess. It's too high-falutin' for me. Those dictionary words are mighty imposin', and the opening verse of poetry looks gilt-edged. But, well, every man to his trade."

The very young reporter looked hurt, and the pilot tried to soothe him by flatly denying the truth of everything he had said. Wilson put the book away and went on deck. In his mind there was a glimmering notion that his literary method might be open to criticism. The old fear and lack of self-confidence came back. He would rest another day and try again.

Next morning the brig was beating against a baffling wind, and the Delaware Capes were two hundred and fifty miles away. A mattress was brought on deck, and the old man was laid on it beneath an awning. He was growing weaker, and began to fret when he found the brig was making so little headway toward her port and his home. Wilson was moody and worried about his comrade. He had no heart for his "story."

After a while the British skipper sat down beside

the old man, and began to ask him about the loss of the *Albatross*. The pilot began with the start of the last cruise, and with crisp and homely detail, and with many breaks in his voice, he carried the tale down to the loss of the vessel the loss of his comrades, and the escape of the oldest and the youngest of those that had sailed in her. And because he felt it all so deeply, the story did not once wander from its charted course.

Wilson pulled himself together and picked up his log-book. He felt that it was his duty to write what he heard. When "Pop" had finished, the scales fell from his eyes, for at a great price he had been taught to discern that virtue of simplicity which most of his craft must spend years to learn. When the pilot fell into a doze, he stole below and began to write his "story." It was not all as the pilot had told it, but its backbone and its vitals belonged to the simple and untutored old man. Next day when he read it to "Pop" Markle the pilot brightened and observed:

"Any sailor could understand that, my lad. It sounds as dodgasted ordinary as if I had wrote it myself. The pilots will think a heap of that piece. I want you to hold your job, sonny."

The third day passed, and then the fourth, and the booming head wind was holding the lubberly brig out of sight of the Delaware Capes. The pilot insisted that he be carried on deck whenever

the sun shone. He was looking for the Henlopen light. When he was not drowsy, he would talk of home to his young comrade, for all his thoughts were flocking thither.

"I don't think I'm going to fetch it, sonny," he murmured when the fifth day broke with no land in sight. "It looks like you're going to be the sole survivor of the *Albatross*. That will make your piece a heap stronger, won't it? My own boy couldn't have done more for me than you have. If we don't pick up the Capes by noon, I want you to write a letter for me to Mary, that's my wife. You can take it ashore at Lewes. You'll find the cottage easy enough. And you must go around and look at my vegetubbles. One of my boys will be home, and he'll see that they get my hulk to the buryin' ground. The skipper here has promised to anchor long enough to send me ashore."

Wilson choked, and tried to cheer the old man. But the faded blue eyes were serene with the foreknowledge of his end. The letter was written at his dictation, and Wilson sobbed while he went below to find an envelope in the skipper's desk. Then the pilot tried to sign it, and his knotted brown fingers held the pencil while Wilson helped him trace the wavering:

"Your loving Seth."

Late in the afternoon of this, the fifth day, a tiny shaft, like a beckoning finger, cut the cloudless

western skyline. Seth Markle heard the shouts of the men clustered forward who were eager to bring him the longed-news. Wilson and the skipper came to him, and propped him up in his pillows on the poopdeck.[1]

"Henlopen light," he whispered. "Henlopen light, and Lewes just around the Point."

The dim light of life burned brighter in this draught of hope, but soon waned lower than before. After a long silence, the old man tried to speak. Wilson put his ear close to the resolute mouth, and could barely hear:

"Tell her how good you've been to me. I — I hope the piece is all right. The last cruise — Oh, Mary, you're waiting around the point of the Cape."

He was alive until sunset, but he did not speak, except once when Wilson thought he heard a fluttering whisper of "Mary," and after that the rough-hewn face became very peaceful.

The brig crept into the lee of the Breakwater soon after daylight next morning. Wilson went ashore and found the cottage with the marvelous vegetable garden, and a sweet-faced woman who read her letter while the bearer walked slowly among the cabbage rows, and noted, with a quick pang, how lovingly they had been tended. Presently Mary Markle came to him, and put her motherly arms around his neck and kissed him through her

[1] In the stern of the vessel.

tears. They went to a nearby cottage where dwelt the eldest son. There Wilson left them. Before he went away he said:

"He was the best friend I ever had. I'm coming down day after to-morrow. May I go to the church with you?"

He had to tarry in the streets, for the news had spread, and other weeping wives of pilots and seamen pressed around him. When, as tenderly as possible, he was able to leave them, he went to the telegraph office and sent this message to the managing editor of the *Standard:*

"Just landed. Am sole survivor of pilot schooner *Albatross* run down and foundered a week ago. Will report with my story at noon."

On the train Wilson added to his "story" in the old log-book the facts of the last days of Pilot Seth Markle. His pencil quivered and balked when he recalled the words and face of his gentle old critic, and somehow, through his tears, he brought the narrative of the last cruise to its unadorned conclusion. Then he closed the book and leaned back with a great weariness. Now he was passing that bright vista of shore through which he had first seen the Bay, where he had chosen to advance rather than to retreat. Those intervening days seemed like years of life. He had gone away a boy, he was coming back a man.

When the young reporter walked into the

Standard office, the first man to greet him was a bald and bulky stranger with an impressive manner, who said:

"Ah, the young hero, I presume. You had a great streak of luck, didn't you? Glad to see you pulled through. My name is Wilson. I'm to take your notes at once and work up the story from them. We're going to play it as the leading feature in to-morrow's paper, and follow it up with a page for Sunday."

Young Wilson looked at "Doc" Wilson with a new assertiveness and threw back his slight shoulders as he replied:

"No, thank you. Nothing doing. My story is written, and it's going to be turned into the boss as it stands. I'm going to see him now."

"Oh, nonsense," snapped "Doc" Wilson. "I can understand your wanting to do the story, and your head being swelled a bit and all that. But if you want to hold your job you'd better fork over your notes without any more fuss about it. The old man passed it out that he was going to fire you, anyhow. I'll say a good word for you if you can produce the goods."

Young Wilson brushed past his elder, who stood dumbfounded at the insolence of the "pup." Then the managing editor was confronted by an unabashed intruder, who announced:

"Here's my story, sir. There's about six columns

of it. And it's all ready to be edited. And no 'Doc' Wilson nor anybody else is going to rewrite it until you've passed on it."

The managing editor saw a bedraggled figure with a firm-set jaw and a level glance which looked him squarely in the eyes. He took in the sea-stained clothes, and the burned and grimy face, and smiled as he said: "I'll read it, Mr. Wilson. Go home and come back at six o'clock. Then we'll talk it over. You've been through a tremendous experience, haven't you? It's your story. Don't fret about that."

When James Arbuthnot Wilson next entered the managing editor's office, that dignified personage grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"My son, why haven't I known you could write a story like this? It's the real thing. It's a masterpiece. Where did you learn how?"

The boy's face twitched as he said very slowly:

"The man who taught me how died in sight of home. It's his story. It isn't mine at all. I want a day off, if you please, to go down to Lewes again. I'm — I'm the last of the *Albatross*."

GULLIVER THE GREAT[1]

By Walter A. Dyer

It was a mild evening in early spring, and the magnolias were in bloom. We motored around the park, turned up a side street, and finally came to a throbbing standstill before the Churchwarden Club. There was nothing about its exterior to indicate that it was a clubhouse at all, but within there was an indefinable atmosphere of early Victorian comfort. There was something about it that suggested Mr. Pickwick.[2] Old prints of horses and ships and battles hung upon the walls, and the oak was dark and old. There seemed to be no decorative scheme or keynote, and yet the atmosphere was utterly distinctive. It was my first visit to the Churchwarden Club, of which my quaint, old-fashioned Uncle Ford had long been a member, and I was charmed.

We dined in the rathskeller, the walls of which were completely covered with long churchwarden pipes, arranged in the most intricate and marvelous

[1] Copyright 1916 by The Century Co.

[2] The famous hero of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* and founder of the Pickwick Club.

patterns; and after our mutton-chop and ale and plum pudding, we filled with the choicest of tobaccos the pipes which the old major-domo brought us.

Then came Jacob R. Enderby to smoke with us.

Tall and spare he was, with long, straight, black hair, large, aquiline nose, and piercing eyes. I disgraced myself by staring at him. I didn't know that such a man existed in New York, and yet I couldn't decide whether his habitat should be Arizona or Cape Cod.

Enderby and Uncle Ford were deep in a discussion of the statesmanship of James G. Blaine, when a waiter summoned my uncle to the telephone.

I neglected to state that my uncle, in his prosaic hours, is a physician; and this was a call. I knew it the moment I saw the waiter approaching. I was disappointed and disgusted.

Uncle Ford saw this and laughed.

"Cheer up!" said he. "You needn't come with me to visit the sick. I'll be back in an hour, and meanwhile Mr. Enderby will take care of you; won't you, Jake?"

For answer Enderby arose, and refilling his pipe took me by the arm, while my uncle got into his overcoat. As he passed us on the way out he whispered in my ear:

"Talk about dogs."

I heard and nodded.

Enderby led me to the lounge or loafing-room,

an oak-paneled apartment in the rear of the floor above, with huge leather chairs and a seat by the bay window. Save for a gray-haired old chap dozing over a copy of a comic paper, the room was deserted.

But no sooner had Enderby seated himself on the window-seat than there was a rush and a commotion, and a short, glad bark, and Nubbins, the steward's bull-terrier, bounded in and landed at Enderby's side with canine expressions of great joy.

I reached forward to pat him, but he paid absolutely no attention to me.

At last his wriggling subsided, and he settled down with his head on Enderby's knee, the picture of content. Then I recalled my uncle's parting injunction.

"Friend of yours?" I suggested.

Enderby smiled. "Yes," he said, "we're friends, I guess. And the funny part of it is that he doesn't pay any attention to any one else except his master. They all act that way with me, dogs do." And he pulled Nubbins's stubby ears.

"Natural attraction, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, it is," he answered, with the modest frankness of a big man. "It's a thing hard to explain, though there's a sort of reason for it in my case."

I pushed toward him a little tobacco-laden teakwood stand hopefully. He refilled and lighted.

"It's an extraordinary thing, even so," he said, puffing. "Every dog nowadays seems to look upon me as his long-lost master, but it wasn't always so. I hated dogs and they hated me."

Not wishing to say "Really" or "Indeed" to this big, outdoor man, I simply grunted my surprise.

"Yes, we were born enemies. More than that, I was afraid of dogs. A little fuzzy toy dog, ambling up to me in a room full of company, with his tail wagging, gave me the shudders. I couldn't touch the beast. And as for big dogs outdoors, I feared them like the plague. I would go blocks out of my way to avoid one.

"I don't remember being particularly cowardly about other things, but I just couldn't help this. It was in my blood, for some reason or other. It was the bane of my existence. I couldn't see what the brutes were put into the world for, or how any one could have anything to do with them.

"And the dogs reciprocated. They disliked and distrusted me. The most docile old Brunos would growl and show their teeth when I came near.

"Did the change come suddenly?" I asked.

"Quite. It was in 1901. I accepted a commission from an importing and trading company to go to the Philippines to do a little quiet exploring, and spent four months in the sickly place. Then I got the fever, and when I recovered I couldn't get out of there too soon.

"I reached Manila just in time to see the mail steamer disappearing around the point, and I was mad. There would be another in six days, but I couldn't wait. I was just crazy to get back home.

"I made inquiries and learned of an old tramp steamer, named the *Old Squaw*, making ready to leave for Honolulu on the following day with a cargo of hemp and stuff, and a bunch of Moros for some show in the States, and I booked passage on that.

"She was the worst old tub you ever saw. I didn't learn much about her, but I verily believe her to have been a condemned excursion boat. She wouldn't have been allowed to run to Coney Island.

"She was battered and unpainted, and she wallowed horribly. I don't believe she could have reached Honolulu much before the next regular boat, but I couldn't wait, and I took her.

"I made myself as comfortable as possible, bribed the cook to insure myself against starvation, and swung a hammock on the forward deck as far as possible from the worst of the vile smells.

"But we hadn't lost sight of Manila Bay when I discovered that there was a dog aboard — and such a dog! I had never seen one that sent me into such a panic as this one, and he had free range of the ship. A Great Dane he was, named Gulliver,

and he was the pride of the captain's rum-soaked heart.

"With all my fear, I realized he was a magnificent animal, but I looked on him as a gigantic devil. Without exception, he was the biggest dog I ever saw, and as muscular as a lion. He lacked some points that show judges set store by, but he had the size and build.

"I have seen Vohl's Vulcan and the Wurtemburg breed, but they were fox-terriers compared with Gulliver. His tail was as big around as my arm, and the cook lived in terror of his getting into the galley and wagging it; and he had a mouth that looked to me like the crater of Mauna Loa,[1] and a voice that shook the planking when he spoke.

"I first caught sight of him appearing from behind a huge coil of cordage in the stern. He stretched and yawned, and I nearly died of fright.

"I caught up a belaying-pin, though little good that would have done me. I think he saw me do it, and doubtless he set me down for an enemy then and there.

"We were well out of the harbor, and there was no turning back, but I would have given my right hand to be off that boat. I fully expected him to eat me up, and I slept with that belaying-pin sticking into my ribs in the hammock, and with my revolver loaded and handy.

[1] A volcano in Hawaii.

"Fortunately, Gulliver's dislike for me took the form of sublime contempt. He knew I was afraid of him, and he despised me for it. He was a great pet with the captain and crew, and even the Moros treated him with admiring respect when they were allowed on deck. I couldn't understand it. I would as soon have made a pet of a hungry boa constrictor.

"On the third day out the poor old boiler burst and the *Old Squaw* caught fire. She was dry and rotten inside and she burned like tinder. No attempt was made to extinguish the flames, which got into the hemp in the hold in short order.

"The smoke was stifling, and in a jiffy all hands were struggling with the boats. The Moros came tumbling up from below and added to the confusion with their terrified yells.

"The davits were old and rusty, and the men were soon fighting among themselves. One boat dropped stern foremost, filled, and sank immediately, and the *Old Squaw* herself was visibly settling.

"I saw there was no chance of getting away in the boats, and I recalled a life-raft on the deck forward near my hammock. It was a sort of catamaran — a double platform on a pair of hollow, watertight, cylindrical buoys. It wasn't twenty feet long and about half as broad, but it would have to do. I fancy it was a forgotten relic of the old excursion-boat days.

ONE OF THE NOBLE BREED OF GREAT DANES

These dogs are taller though lighter than the mastiff. They are very powerful and fast. Their colors vary; some are spotted, some brindled. The breed is said to be a development of the boarhound.

"There was no time to lose, for the *Old Squaw* was bound to sink presently. Besides, I was aft with the rest, and the flames were licking up the deck and running-gear in the waist of the boat.

"The galley, which was amidships near the engine-room, had received the full force of the explosion, and the cook lay moaning in the lee scuppers with a small water-cask thumping against his chest. I couldn't stop to help the man, but I did kick the cask away.

"It seemed to be nearly full, and it occurred to me that I should need it. I glanced quickly around, and luckily found a tin of biscuits that had also been blown out of the galley. I picked this up, and rolling the cask of water ahead of me as rapidly as I could, I made my way through the hot, stifling smoke to the bow of the boat.

"I kicked at the life-raft; it seemed to be sound, and I lashed the biscuits and water to it. I also threw on a coil of rope and a piece of sail-cloth. I saw nothing else about that could possibly be of any value to me. I abandoned my trunk for fear it would only prove troublesome.

"Then I hacked the raft loose with my knife and shoved it over to the bulwark. Apparently no one had seen me, for there was no one else forward of the sheet of flame that now cut the boat in two.

"The raft was a mighty heavy affair, but I managed to raise one end to the rail. I don't be-

lieve I would ever have been able to heave it over under any circumstances, but I didn't have to.

"I felt a great upheaval, and the prow of the *Old Squaw* went up into the air. I grabbed the ropes that I had lashed the food on with and clung to the raft. The deck became almost perpendicular, and it was a miracle that the raft didn't slide down with me into the flames. Somehow it stuck where it was.

"Then the boat sank with a great roar, and for about a thousand years, it seemed to me, I was under water. I didn't do anything. I couldn't think.

"I was only conscious of a tremendous weight of water and a feeling that I would burst open. Instinct alone made me cling to the raft.

"When it finally brought me to the surface I was as nearly dead as I care to be. I lay there on the thing in a half-conscious condition for an endless time. If my life had depended on my doing something, I would have been lost.

"Then gradually I came to, and began to spit out salt water and gasp for breath. I gathered my wits together and sat up. My hands were absolutely numb, and I had to loosen the grip of my fingers with the help of my toes. Odd sensation.

"Then I looked about me. My biscuits and water and rope were safe, but the sail-cloth had vanished. I remember that this annoyed me

hugely at the time, though I don't know what earthly good it would have been.

"The sea was fairly calm, and I could see all about. Not a human being was visible, only a few floating bits of wreckage. Every man on board must have gone down with the ship and drowned, except myself.

"Then I caught sight of something that made my heart stand still. The huge head of Gulliver was coming rapidly toward me through the water!

"The dog was swimming strongly, and must have leaped from the *Old Squaw* before she sank. My raft was the only thing afloat large enough to hold him, and he knew it.

"I drew my revolver, but it was soaking wet and useless. Then I sat down on the cracker tin and gritted my teeth and waited. I had been alarmed, I must admit, when the boiler blew up and the panic began, but that was nothing to the terror that seized me now.

"Here I was all alone on the top of the Pacific Ocean with a horrible demon making for me as fast as he could swim. My mind was benumbed, and I could think of nothing to do. I trembled and my teeth rattled. I prayed for a shark, but no shark came.

"Soon Gulliver reached the raft and placed one of his forepaws on it and then the other. The top of it stood six or eight inches above the water, and

it took a great effort for the dog to raise himself. I wanted to kick him back, but I didn't dare to move.

"Gulliver struggled mightily. Again and again he reared his great shoulders above the sea, only to be cast back, scratching and kicking, at a lurch of the raft.

"Finally a wave favored him, and he caught the edge of the under platform with one of his hind feet. With a stupendous effort he heaved his huge bulk over the edge and lay sprawling at my feet, panting and trembling."

Enderby paused and gazed out of the window with a big sigh, as though the recital of his story had brought back some of the horror of his remarkable experience.

Nubbins looked up inquiringly, and then snuggled closer to his friend, while Enderby smoothed the white head.

"Well," he continued, "there we were. You can't possibly imagine how I felt unless you, too, have been afflicted with dog-fear. It was awful. And I hated the brute so. I could have torn him limb from limb if I had had the strength. But he was vastly more powerful than I. I could only fear him.

"By and by he got up and shook himself. I cowered on my cracker-tin, but he only looked at me contemptuously, went to the other end of the raft, and lay down to wait patiently for deliverance.

"We remained this way until nightfall. The sea was comparatively calm, and we seemed to be drifting but slowly. We were in the path of ships likely to be passing one way or the other, and I would have been hopeful of the outcome if it had not been for my feared and hated companion.

"I began to feel faint, and opened the cracker tin. The biscuits were wet with salt water, but I ate a couple, and left the cover of the tin open to dry them. Gulliver looked around, and I shut the tin hastily. But the dog never moved. He was not disposed to ask any favors. By kicking the sides of the cask and prying with my knife, I managed to get the bung out and took a drink. Then I settled myself on the raft with my back against the cask, and longed for a smoke.

"The gentle motion of the raft produced a lulling effect on my exhausted nerves, and I began to nod, only to awake with a start, with fear gripping at my heart. I dared not sleep. I don't know what I thought Gulliver would do to me, for I did not understand dogs, but I felt that I must watch him constantly. In the starlight I could see that his eyes were open. Gulliver was watchful too.

"All night long I kept up a running fight with drowsiness. I dozed at intervals, but never for long at a time. It was a horrible night, and I cannot tell you how I longed for day and welcomed it when it came.

"I must have slept toward dawn, for I suddenly became conscious of broad daylight. I roused myself, stood up, and swung my arms and legs to stir up circulation, for the night had been chilly. Gulliver arose, too, and stood silently watching me until I ceased for fear. When he had settled down again I got my breakfast out of the cracker-tin. Gulliver was restless, and was evidently interested.

"'He must be hungry,' I thought, and then a new fear caught me. I had only to wait until he became very hungry and then he would surely attack me. I concluded that it would be wiser to feed him, and I tossed him a biscuit.

"I expected to see him grab it ravenously, and wondered as soon as I had thrown it if the taste of food would only serve to make him more ferocious. But at first he would not touch it. He only lay there with his great head on his paws and glowered at me. Distrust was plainly visible in his face. I had never realized before that a dog's face could express the subtler emotions.

"His gaze fascinated me, and I could not take my eyes from his. The bulk of him was tremendous as he lay there, and I noticed the big, swelling muscles of his jaw. At last he arose, sniffed suspiciously at the biscuit, and looked up at me again.

"'It's all right; eat it!' I cried.

"The sound of my own voice frightened me. I

had not intended to speak to him. But in spite of my strained tone he seemed somewhat reassured.

"He took a little nibble, and then swallowed the biscuit after one or two crunches, and looked up expectantly. I threw him another and he ate that.

"'That's all,' said I. 'We must be sparing of them.'

"I was amazed to discover how perfectly he understood. He lay down again and licked his chops.

"Late in the forenoon I saw a line of smoke on the horizon, and soon a steamer hove into view. I stood up and waved my coat frantically, but to no purpose. Gulliver stood up and looked from me to the steamer, apparently much interested.

"'Too far off,' I said to Gulliver. 'I hope the next one will come nearer.'

"At midday I dined, and fed Gulliver. This time he took the two biscuits quite without reserve and whacked his great tail against the raft. It seemed to me that his attitude was less hostile, and I wondered at it.

"When I took my drink from the cask, Gulliver showed signs of interest.

"'I suppose dogs get thirsty, too,' I said aloud.

"Gulliver rapped with his tail. I looked about for some sort of receptacle, and finally pulled off my shoe, filled it with water, and shoved it toward him with my foot. He drank gratefully.

"During the afternoon I sighted another ship, but it was too distant to notice me. However, the sea remained calm, and I did not despair.

"After we had had supper, I settled back against my cask, resolved to keep awake, for still I did not trust Gulliver. The sun set suddenly and the stars came out, and I found myself strangely lonesome. It seemed as though I had been alone out there on the Pacific for weeks. The miles and miles of heaving waters, almost on a level with my eye, were beginning to get on my nerves. I longed for some one to talk to, and wished I had dragged the half-breed cook along with me for company. I sighed loudly, and Gulliver raised his head.

"'Lonesome out here, isn't it?' I said, simply to hear the sound of my own voice.

"Then for the first time Gulliver spoke. He made a deep sound in his throat, but it wasn't a growl, and with all my ignorance of dog language I knew it.

"Then I began to talk. I talked about everything — the people back home and all that — and Gulliver listened. I know more about dogs now, and I know that the best way to make friends with a dog is to talk to him. He can't talk back, but he can understand a heap more than you think he can.

"Finally Gulliver, who had kept his distance all this time, arose and came toward me. My words

died in my throat. What was he going to do? To my immense relief he did nothing but sink down at my feet with a grunt and curl his huge body into a semicircle. He had dignity, Gulliver had. He wanted to be friendly, but he would not presume. However, I had lost interest in conversation, and sat watching him and wondering.

"In spite of my firm resolution, I fell asleep at length from sheer exhaustion, and never woke until daybreak. The sky was clouded and our craft was pitching. Gulliver was standing in the middle of the raft, looking at me in evident alarm. I glanced over my shoulder, and the blackness of the horizon told me that a storm was coming, and coming soon.

"I made fast our slender provender,[1] tied the end of a line about my own waist for safety, and waited.

"In a short time the storm struck us in all its tropical fury. The raft pitched and tossed, now high up at one end, and now at the other, and sometimes almost engulfed in the waves.

"Gulliver was having a desperate time to keep aboard. His blunt claws slipped on the wet deck of the raft, and he fell and slid about dangerously. The thought flashed across my mind that the storm might prove to be a blessing in disguise, and that I might soon be rid of the brute.

"As I clung there to the lashings, I saw him slip

[1] Food supply.

down to the further end of the raft, his hind quarters actually over the edge. A wave swept over him, but still he clung, panting madly. Then the raft righted itself for a moment, and as he hung there he gave me a look I shall never forget — a look of fear, of pleading, of reproach, and yet of silent courage. And with all my stupidity I read that look. Somehow it told me that I was the master, after all, and he the dog. I could not resist it. Cautiously I raised myself and loosened the spare rope I had saved. As the raft tipped the other way Gulliver regained his footing and came sliding toward me.

"Quickly I passed the rope around his body, and as the raft dived again I hung on to the rope with one hand, retaining my hold with the other. Gulliver's great weight nearly pulled my arm from its socket, but he helped mightily, and during the next moment of equilibrium [1] I took another turn about his body and made the end of the rope fast.

"The storm passed as swiftly as it had come, and though it left us drenched and exhausted, we were both safe.

"That evening Gulliver crept close to me as I talked, and I let him. Loneliness will make a man do strange things.

"On the fifth day, when our provisions were nearly gone, and I had begun to feel the sinking dullness of despair, I sighted a steamer apparently

[1] A state of balance.

coming directly toward us. Instantly I felt new life in my limbs and around my heart, and while the boat was yet miles away I began to shout and to wave my coat.

"'I believe she's coming, old man!' I cried to Gulliver; 'I believe she's coming!'

"I soon wearied of this foolishness and sat down to wait. Gulliver came close and sat beside me, and for the first time I put my hand on him. He looked up at me and rapped furiously with his tail. I patted his head — a little gingerly, I must confess.

"It was a big, smooth head, and it felt solid and strong. I passed my hand down his neck, his back, his flanks. He seemed to quiver with joy. He leaned his huge body against me. Then he bowed his head and licked my shoe.

"A feeling of intense shame and unworthiness came over me, with the realization of how completely I had misunderstood him. Why should this great, powerful creature lick my shoe? It was incredible.

"Then, somehow, everything changed. Fear and distrust left me, and a feeling of comradeship and understanding took their place. We two had been through so much together. A dog was no longer a frightful beast to me; he was a dog! I cannot think of a nobler word. And Gulliver had licked my shoe! Doubtless it was only the fineness

of his perception that had prevented him from licking my hand. I might have resented that. I put my arms suddenly around Gulliver's neck and hugged him. I loved that dog!

"Slowly, slowly, the steamer crawled along, but still she kept to her course. When she was about a mile away, however, I saw that she would not pass as near to us as I had hoped; so I began once more my waving and yelling. She came nearer, nearer, but still showed no sign of observing us.

"She was abreast of us, and passing. I was in a frenzy!

"She was so near that I could make out the figure of the captain on the bridge, and other figures on the deck below. It seemed as though they must see us, though I realized how low in the water we stood, and how pitifully weak and hoarse my voice was. I had been a fool to waste it. Then an idea struck me.

"'Speak!' I cried to Gulliver, who stood watching beside me. 'Speak, old man!'

"Gulliver needed no second bidding. A roar like that of all the bulls of Bashan [1] rolled out over the blue Pacific. Again and again Gulliver gave voice, deep, full, powerful. His great sides heaved with the mighty effort, his red, cavernous mouth open, and his head raised high.

[1] Bashan, mentioned in the Bible, was noted for its breed of cattle.

"'Good, old man!' I cried. 'Good!' And again that magnificent voice boomed forth.

"Then something happened on board the steamer. The figures came to the side. I waved my coat and danced. Then they saw us.

"I was pretty well done up when they took us aboard, and I slept for twenty-four hours straight. When I awoke there sat Gulliver by my bunk, and when I turned to look at him he lifted a great paw and put it on my arm."

Enderby ceased, and there was silence in the room save for the light snoring of Nubbins.

"You took him home with you, I suppose?" I asked.

Enderby nodded.

"And you have him still?" I certainly wanted to have a look at that dog.

But he did not answer. I saw an expression of great sadness come into his eyes as he gazed out of the window, and I knew that Jacob Enderby had finished his story.

BILLY TOPSAIL CAPTURES A DEVIL-FISH [1]

By Norman Duncan

I

When the Minister of Justice for the colony of Newfoundland went away from Ruddy Cove by the bay steamer, he chanced to leave an American magazine at the home of Billy Topsail's father, where he had passed the night. The magazine contained an illustrated article on the gigantic species of cephalopods [2] popularly known as devil-fish.

Billy Topsail did not know what a cephalopod was; but he did know a squid when he saw its picture, for Ruddy Cove is a fishing harbor, and he had caught many a thousand for bait. So when he found that to the lay mind a squid and a cephalopod were one and the same, save in size, he read the long article from beginning to end, doing the best he could with the strange, long words.

[1] Copyright 1906 by Fleming H. Revell Co.

[2] The highest class of mollusca, with muscular arms and highly developed heads.

So interested was he that he read it again; and by that time he had learned enough to surprise him, even to terrify him, notwithstanding the writer's assurance that the power and ferocity of the creatures had generally been exaggerated.

He was a lad of sound common sense. He had never wholly doubted the tales of desperate encounters with devil-fish, told in the harbor these many years; for the various descriptions of how the long, slimy arms had curled about the punts had rung too true to be quite disbelieved; but he had considered them somewhat less credible than certain wild yarns of shipwreck, and somewhat more credible than the bedtime stories of mermaids which the grandmothers told the children of the place.

Here, however, in plain print, was described the capture of a giant squid in a bay which lay beyond a point of land that Billy could see from the window.

That afternoon Billy put out in his leaky old punt to "jig" squid for bait. He was so disgusted with the punt — so ashamed of the squat, weather-worn, rotten cast-off-vessel — that he wished heartily for a new one all the way to the grounds.

But when he had once joined the little fleet of boats, he cheerfully threw his grapnel into Bobby Lot's punt and beckoned Bobby aboard. Then, as together they drew the writhing-armed, squirt-

ing little squids from the water, he told of the "big squids" which lurked in the deep water beyond the harbor; and all the time Bobby opened his eyes wider and wider.

"Are they just like squids?" Bobby asked.

"But bigger," answered Billy. "Their bodies is so big as hogsheads. Their arms is thirty-five feet long."

Bobby picked a squid from the heap in the bottom of the boat. It had instinctively turned from a reddish-brown to a livid green, the color of sea-water; indeed, had it been in the water, its enemy would have had hard work to see it.

He handled it gingerly; but the ugly little creature managed somehow to twine its slender arms about his hand, and swiftly to take hold with a dozen cup-like suckers. The boy uttered an exclamation of disgust, and shook it off. Then he shuddered, laughed at himself, shuddered again. A moment later he chose a dead squid for examination.

"Leave us look at it close," said he. "Then we'll know what a real devil-fish is like. Sure, I've been wantin' to know that for a long, long time."

They observed the long, cylindrical body, flabby and cold, with the broad, flap-like tail attached. The head was repulsively ugly — perhaps because of the eyes, which were disproportionately large, brilliant, and, in the live squid, ferocious.

An Octopus, or Devil-Fish

A group of arms — two long, slender, tentacular [1] arms, and eight shorter ones — projected from the region of the mouth, which, indeed, was set in the center of the ring they formed at the roots. They were equipped with innumerable little suckers, were flexible and active, and as long as the head, body, and tail put together.

Closer examination revealed that there was a horny beak, like a parrot's, in the mouth, and that on the under side of the head was a curious tube-like structure.

"Oh, that's his squirter," Billy explained. "When he wants to back up he points that forward, and squirts out water so hard as he can; and when he wants to go ahead he points it backward, and does the same thing. That's where his ink comes from, too, when he wants to make the water dirty so nobody can see him."

"What does he do with his beak?"

"When he gets his food in his arms he bites out pieces with his beak. He hasn't any teeth; but he's got something just as good — a tongue like a rasp."

"I wouldn't like to be cotched by a squid as big as a hogshead," Bobby remarked, timidly.

"Huh!" said Billy, grimly. "He'd make short work o' *you*. Why, b'y, they weighs half a ton apiece. I isn't much afraid, though," he added.

[1] Like a tentacle — able to feel and to grasp.

"They're only squid. Afore I read about them in the book I used to think they was worse than they is — terrible ghostlike things. But they're no worse than squids, only bigger, and —"

"They're bad enough for *me*," Bobby interrupted.

"And," Billy concluded, "they only comes up in the night or when they're sore wounded and dyin'."

"I'm not goin' out at night, if I can help it," said Bobby, with a canny shake of the head.

"If they was a big squid come up the harbor to your house," said Billy, after a pause, "and got close to the rock, he could put one o' they two long arms in your bedroom window, and —"

"'Tis in the attic."

"Never mind that. He could put it in the window and feel around for your bed, and twist that arm around you, and —"

"I'd cut it off."

"Anyhow, that's how long they is. And if he knowed you was there, and wanted you, he could get you. But I'm not so sure that he *would* want you. He couldn't see you, anyhow; and if he could, he'd rather have a good fat salmon."

Bobby shuddered as he looked at the tiny squid in his hand, and thought of the dreadful possibilities in one a thousand times as big.

"You leave them alone, and they'll leave you along," Billy went on. "But if you once make

them mad, they can dart their arms out like lightning. 'Tis time to get, then."

"I'm goin' to keep an axe in my punt after this," said Bobby, "and if I sees an arm slippin' out of the water —"

" 'Tis as big as your thigh," cried Billy.

"Never mind. If I sees it I'll be able to cut it off."

"If I sees one," said Billy, "I'm goin' to cotch it. It said in the book that they was worth a lot to some people. And if I can sell mine I'm goin' to have a new punt."

But although Bobby Lot and Billy Topsail kept a sharp lookout for giant squids wherever they went, they were not rewarded. There was not so much as a sign of one. By and by, so bold did they become, they hunted for one in the twilight of summer days, even daring to pry into the deepest coves and holes in the Ruddy Cove rocks.

Notwithstanding the ridicule he had to meet, Bobby never ventured out in the punt without a sharp axe. He could not tell what time he would need it, he said; and thus he formed the habit of making sure that it was in its place before casting off from the wharf.

As autumn drew near they found other things to think of; the big squids passed out of mind altogether.

"Wonderful queer," Billy said, long afterwards,

"how things happen when you isn't expectin' them."

II

One day late in September — it was near evening of a gray day — Billy Topsail and Bobby Lot were returning in Bobby's punt from Birds' Nest Islands, whither they had gone to hunt a group of seals, reported to have taken up a temporary residence there. They had a mighty, muzzle-loading, flintlock gun; and they were so delighted with the noise it made that they had exhausted their scanty provision of powder and lead long before the seals were in sight.

They had taken the shortest way home. It lay past Chain Hole, a small, landlocked basin, very deep, with a narrow entrance, which was shallow at low tide. The entrance opened into a broad bay, and was called Chain Tickle.

"What's that in the tickle?" Billy exclaimed, as they were rowing past.

It was a black object, apparently floating quietly on the surface of the water. The boys gazed at it for a long time, but could make nothing of it. They were completely puzzled.

"'Tis a small bit o' wreck, I'm thinkin'," said Bobby. "Leave us row close and see."

"Maybe 'tis a capsized punt."

When they were within about thirty yards of

the object, they lay on their oars. For some unaccountable reason they did not care to venture nearer. Twilight was then fast approaching. The light was already beginning to fail.

"'Tis a wonderful queer thing." Billy muttered, his curiosity getting the better of him. "Row ahead, Bobby. We'll go alongside."

"They's something movin' on it," Bobby whispered, as he let his oars fall in the water. "Look. They's two queer, big, round spots on it — big as plates."

Billy thought he saw the whole object move. He watched it closely. It *did* stir. It was some living thing, then. But what? A whale?

A long, snakelike arm was lifted out of the water. It swayed this way and that, darted here and there, and fell back with a spash. The moving spots, now plainly gigantic eyes, glittered.

"'Tis the devil-fish," screamed Bobby.

Another arm was lifted up, then a third and a fourth and a fifth. The monster began to lash the water — faster and yet more furiously — until the tickle was heaving and frothy, and the whole neighborhood was in an uproar.

"Pull! Pull!" cried Bobby.

Billy, too, was in a panic. They turned the head of the punt and pulled with all their might. The water swirled in the wake of the boat. Perceiving, however, that the squid made no effort to follow,

they got the better of their fright. Then they lay on their oars to watch the monster.

They wondered why it still lay in the tickle, why it so furiously lashed the water with its arms and great tail. It was Bobby who solved the mystery.

"'Tis aground," said he.

That was evidently the situation. The squid had been caught in the shallow tickle when the tide, which ran swiftly at that point, was on the ebb. The boys took courage. Their curiosity still further emboldened them. So once more they turned the punt about and pulled cautiously towards the tickle.

There was less light than before, but still sufficient to disclose the baleful eyes and writhing arms of the squid when the boat was yet a safe distance away. One by one the arms fell back into the water, as if from exhaustion; slowly the beating of the tail subsided. After a time all sound and motion ceased. The boys waited for some further sign of life, but none came. The squid was still, as if dead.

"Sure, he's dead now," said Billy. "Leave us pull close up."

"Oh, no, b'y. He's but makin' believe."

But Billy thought otherwise. "I wants that squid," he said, in a dogged way, "and I'm goin' to have him. I'll sell him and get a new punt."

Bobby protested in vain. Nothing would content

Billy Topsail but the possession of the big squid's body. Bobby pointed out that if the long, powerful arms were once laid on the boat there would be no escape. He recalled to Billy the harbor story of the horrible death of Sachariah North, who, as report said, had been pursued, captured, and pulled under water by a devil-fish in Gander Bay.

It was all to no purpose, however, for Billy obstinately declared that he would make sure of the squid before the tide turned. He admitted a slight risk, but he wanted a new punt, and he was willing to risk something to obtain it.

He proposed to put Bobby ashore, and approach the squid alone; but Bobby would not listen. Two hands might be needed in the boat, he said. What if the squid were alive, after all? What if it laid hold of the punt? In that event, two hands would surely be needed.

"I'll go," he said. "But leave us pull slow. And if we sees so much as a wink of his eye we'll pull away."

They rowed nearer, with great caution. Billy was in the bow of the boat. It was he who had the axe. Bobby, seated amidships, faced the bow. It was he who did the rowing.

The squid was quiet. There was not a sign of life about it. Billy estimated the length of its body, from the beak to the point of the tail, as twenty feet, the circumference as "the size of a

hogshead." Its tentacular arms, he determined, must be at least thirty-five feet long; and when the boat came within that distance he shuddered.

"Is you sure he's dead?" Bobby whispered, weakly.

"I don't know," Billy answered, in a gasp. "I thinks so."

Bobby dropped the oars and stepped to the bow of the punt. The boat lost way and came to a stop within twenty feet of the squid. Still there was no sign of life.

The boys stared at the great, still body, lying quiet in the gathering dusk and haze. Neither seemed to feel the slight trembling of the boat that might have warned them. Not a word was spoken until Billy, in a whisper, directed Bobby to pull the boat a few feet nearer.

"But we're movin' already," he added, in a puzzled way.

The boat was very slowly approaching the squid. The motion was hardly perceptible, but it was real.

"'Tis queer!" said Bobby.

He turned to take up the oars. What he saw lying over the port gunwale of the boat made him gasp, grip Billy's wrist and utter a scream of terror!

"We're cotched!"

The squid had fastened one of its tentacles to the punt. The other was poised above the stern,

ready to fall and fix its suckers. The onward movement of the punt was explained.

Billy knew the danger, but he was not so terrified as to be incapable of action. He was about to spring to the stern to strike off the tentacle that already lay over the gunwale; but as he looked down to choose his step he saw that one of the eight powerful arms was slowly creeping over the starboard bow.

He struck at that arm with all his might, missed, wrenched the axe from the gunwale, and struck true. The mutilated arm was withdrawn. Billy leaped to the stern, vaguely conscious in passing that another arm was creeping from the water. He severed the first tentacle with one blow. When he turned to strike the second it had disappeared; so, too, had the second arm. The boat seemed to be free, but it was still within grasp.

In the meantime the squid had awakened to furious activity. It was lashing the water with arms and tail, angrily snapping its great beak and ejecting streams of black water from its siphon-tube. The water was violently agitated and covered with a black froth.

In this the creature manifested fear and distress. Had it not been aground it would have backed swiftly into the deep water of the basin. But, as if finding itself at bay, it lifted its uninjured tentacle high above the boat. Billy made ready to strike.

By this time Bobby had mastered his terror. While Billy stood with uplifted axe, his eyes fixed on the waving tentacle over head, Billy heaved mightily on the oars. The boat slowly drew away from that highly dangerous neighborhood. In a moment it was beyond reach of the arms, but still, apparently, within reach of the tentacle. The tentacle was withdrawn a short distance; then like a flash it shot towards the boat, writhing as it came.

Billy struck blindly — and struck nothing. The tentacle had fallen short. The boat was out of danger.

But still Billy Topsail was determined to have the body of the squid. Notwithstanding Bobby's pleading and protestations, he would not abandon his purpose. He was only the more grimly bent on achieving it. Bobby would not hear of again approaching nearer than the boat then floated, nor did Billy think it advisable. But it occurred to Bobby that they might land, and approach the squid from behind. If they could draw near enough, he said, they could cast the grapnel on the squid's back, and moor it to a tree ashore.

"Sure," he said, excitedly, "you can pick up a squid from behind, and it can't touch you with its arms! It won't be able to see us, and it won't be able to reach us."

So they landed. Billy carried the grapnel, which

was attached to twelve fathoms of line. It had six prongs, and each prong was barbed.

A low cliff at the edge of the tickle favored the plan. The squid lay below, and some twenty feet out from the rock. It was merely a question of whether or not Billy was strong enough to throw the grapnel so far. They tied the end of the line to a stout shrub. Billy cast the grapnel, and it was a strong, true cast. The iron fell fair on the squid's back. It was a capture.

"That means a new punt for me," said Billy, quietly. "The tide'll not carry *that* devil-fish away."

"And now," Bobby pleaded, "leave us make haste home, for 'tis growin' wonderful dark — and — and there might be another somewhere."

So that is how one of the largest specimens of *Architeuthis princeps* — enumerated in Prof. John Adam Wright's latest monograph on the cephalopods of North America as the "Chain Tickle specimen" — was captured. And that is how Billy Topsail fairly won a new punt; for when Doctor Marvey, the curator of the Public Museum at St. John's — who is deeply interested in the study of the giant squids — came to Ruddy Cove to make photographs and take measurements, in response to a message from Billy's father, he rewarded the lad.

THE BAMBOO TRAP[1]

By Robert S. Lemmon

"A letter, *patron*." [2]

One corner of the mosquito bar that made of the tent fly an airy, four-walled room was lifted and a brown hand thrust in the envelope with its array of foreign postmarks and smudgy thumb-prints, all but concealing the familiar American stamp. Outside, the steady roar of the Chanchan River, softened by distance as it charged down the last pitches of the Andes on its way to the Gulf of Guayaquil and the Pacific, blended into a musical background for the messenger's guttural voice.

John Mather laid down the birdskin on which he was working and reached eagerly for the missive. Any word from the outside world was a godsend here in the jungle — doubly so when it came in the form of a letter whose bulk proclaimed several pages of home news. He ripped open the flap with dexterous, capable fingers and flattened the folded sheets on the camp table before him among the litter of skinning tools, cotton, and specimen labels.

[1] Copyright 1922 by *Short Stories*.

[2] Master.

For a space he read absorbedly, sensing behind the cold impersonality of the typewritten words the analytical mind of the man who had dictated them. Not until he came to the last page did his expression change and a half frown pucker the corners of his eyes.

"Isn't that the way of things?" he growled. "Just when I'm finishing up my collections here, too, and planning to catch the next steamer north. No Christmas at home this year! Let's see — how many of the confounded things does he say he wants?" He re-read the final paragraphs of the letter, mumbling them half aloud in the manner of one in whom many years of living alone in the back of the world's beyond have bred the habit of self-conversation:

The Department of Entomology [1] is extremely desirous of securing several specimens of the Cuabandan spider, to complete their habitat group [2] of insects from the high Andes. It seems that the ones they intended to use proved to be rather poorly prepared and could not be mounted satisfactorily.

Also, I am in receipt of a letter from the International Museum in Chicago offering to exchange a valuable collection of humming-birds' skins from Guatemala for a complete series of these same spiders. You know how incomplete our Guatemalan material is, and therefore how anxious I am to secure these specimens from Dr. Huston. He asks that

[1] The science of insects.

[2] A group of animals or plants originating in a certain locality.

we furnish him with at least a dozen Cuabandans of both sexes, and perhaps twice that number of immature ones.

You will find the spiders inhabiting the slopes of the mountain Chuquipata, probably between the 9,000- and 12,000-foot levels, although reliable data on this point is impossible for me to secure. The species is decidedly rare, and I can give you little information to help you in your search. Beyond their appearance and great size, with which you are perhaps familiar, and the fact that they are carnivorous,[1] and often prey upon small birds, nothing is really known of them. I shall depend upon you to remain in the region long enough to gain at least an outline of their life habits.

I am sorry to have to give you this new assignment, Mather, because I judge from your last letter that you have about finished your field work on the west side of the mountains and are looking forward to your return to New York. But I know that you will appreciate my position and postpone sailing for the few additional weeks which the Chuquipata expedition will entail.

All good wishes to you from myself and the Staff.

Sincerely yours,
Eliot A. Rodgers.
Curator of Ornithology.[2]

Mather folded the letter thoughtfully and thrust it into the pocket of his flannel shirt. With the buttoning down of the flap he seemed to dismiss his irritation and become again the seasoned

[1] Flesh-eating.

[2] A person in charge of a museum exhibiting the science of birds.

museum collector, taking each task as it comes and subjugating all personal desires to the duties of his calling. As he turned again to the half-skinned bird before him he summoned his Indian guide and general assistant in the terse Spanish fashion, "Pedro — *ven aqui!?*" [1]

"*Ahora si, patron,*" [2] sing-songed the Quichua from the cooking lean-to near by. In a moment he stood before the white man, a squat, stolid figure with the humble eyes of a whipped dog.

Mather snipped the wing bones of the bird close to the body and stripped the skin down the neck and over the skull to the eyes, turning it inside out skilfully. A few crunching clips with his scissors separated head from neck and exposed the base of the brain. He set the raw body aside and commenced scooping out the clotted, grayish matter from the interior of the skull.

As he worked he spoke pointedly. "You know Chuquipata, Pedro?"

A grunt and nod signified the Indian's assent. In the presence of the American his words were customarily few, a reticence inspired not so much by awe of his employer as by inherited fear of the whites handed down from the days of the first enslaving of his race by the Spanish conquistadores four centuries ago.

[1] Dialectal for "Come here." [2] "I'm coming, master."

"Rough country, isn't it? *Muchas quebradas* [1] — no?"

Another affirmative, more vehement this time. Then, "You not go there, *patron?*"

Mather finished cleaning the birdskin, dusted the inner surface with arsenic and alum powder to cure and preserve it, and turned it right side out again.

"Yes, we go to Chuquipata in three days," he answered as he shook the ruffled feathers into place and began filling out the skin with cotton. You will go to the village to-morrow and get *cargadores* [2] to carry the outfit. Four good men I will need, Pedro. Or, if you can find them, two mules instead; pack animals are better than men, but there are not many to be had. See what you can do."

He dismissed the man with a wave of the hand, and tied an identifying label to the crossed feet of his specimen. As carefully as if it were of the most fragile and costly porcelain he wrapped the tiny green effigy [3] of the bird in cotton to hold it in shape until feathers and skin should dry, and added it to the rows of similar mummies in the tray of his collector's trunk.

"That makes eight hundred from this region," he commented as he made the entry in a record book. "Not bad for three months' work, considering the weather I've had. It brings the total up to

[1] Many rough spots. [2] Porters. [3] Figure.

nearly two thousand for the whole trip, and several of the species are new to science, too. Well, I suppose I'll have to let it go at that and begin to get ready for this Chuquipata hike. It'll take nearly a day just to pick up my small mammal traps in the jungle around here."

Toward the southward end of that semi-arid plateau which stretches for three hundred rolling miles between the East and West Cordilleras of the Ecuadorian Andes lies a land that God forgot. High in the air it is, as men measure such things — a matter of two vertical miles above the slow lift of the Pacific out beyond the sunset. Tumbled and stark too, a dumping ground of the Titans, a scrap heap from the furnaces in which the world was made. For in ages far beyond the memory of man volcanic peaks whose summits have long been smoothed by the erosion of the centuries belched forth their hot lava and ash and laid a blight upon the land. Ravine, hillock, mountain, wind-swept, gaunt, and all but uninhabited, magnificent in the splendor of their distances — such is the setting of Chuquipata to-day, and such will it remain until Vulcan [1] kindles his forge anew.

Up into this sky-top world John Mather rode on a day as glittering and telescopically clear overhead as it was harsh and dusty underfoot — up out of the green rankness of the coast jungles into a land

[1] God of fire and volcanoes.

of illimitable space. To the condor [1] swinging a thousand feet in air his pack train seemed like ants crawling in single file across a rugged boulder.

Where a ravine gashed the side of Chuquipata he pitched camp on a little grassy flat protected on three sides by the crumbly walls of the cut, and braced his tent pegs with rocks against the tugging of a wind that pounced down in unexpected gusts. Scrubby brush and the stunted, gnarly trees of the high altitudes straggled here and there, promising firewood in limited and smoky quantities. A score of feet from the tent door a brooklet tinkled under overhanging wire grass, ice-cold and diamond-clear. And above it all, stupendous in miles of waving, yellowish *paramo*,[2] dwarfing men and camp to pigmy size, the mountain swept up and up into a cap of clouds.

When the equipment was unloaded, Mather dismissed his packers and their mules, for he had no way of telling how long his search for the giant spiders might last, and there was no point in feeding idle mouths week after week. Only Pedro he retained, to do the camp chores and leave him entirely free for his collecting work. Besides, the Indian would be useful when, at the end of the stay, new carriers would have to be secured from one of the villages a day's march away.

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[1] A large bird of the vulture family.

[2] A treeless plain.

INDIANS OF THE ANDES MOUNTAINS

It was mid-afternoon before the camp was fully arranged and Mather set out for his first survey of the area he might have to cover as with a fine tooth comb. Hopeless enough it seemed, as he looked up at it from the ravine head, an appallingly vast and rugged haystack in which to search for one small needle. Were his quarry a bird that flew or an animal that ran, the task would not have looked so hopeless. But a spider, a crawling creature of the grass and brush probably never coming into fair view — that was different.

He set to work methodically, covering every type of ground that lay between the points which his aneroid [1] told him were eight and twelve thousand feet above the sea. Bunch grass, scrub, rocks, volcanic ash — he went over them all with keen and patient thoroughness but no success. Inquiries of Pedro and the occasional mountain Quichuas whom he met elicited no information of value; either his attempts to describe the creatures he sought were not understood, or the spiders were so rare that even the natives were unfamiliar with them. Evening after evening he returned wearily to camp, empty-handed save for a brace of mountain partridges or a few wild pigeons which he had shot for food, or the half-dozen smaller birds of which his collection stood in need.

[1] An instrument for measuring atmospheric pressure and hence height.

"If I had only had some line on the habits of the beasts it would be easier," he mused as he ate his cornbread lunch one day beside a stream that plunged down the mountain far to the north of where his camp lay. "As a matter of fact, I don't know even whether they're day or night feeders. About the only thing I'm sure of is that they're not to be found on the south slope where I've been working. Pedro and I will have to move the outfit around to this side, I guess; the vegetation is quite different here — thicker and not so dried, as though it got more rain. I'll take a look down this spur and then work back around the base. There may be a good camp site down this way."

He picked up his gun and started to descend the ridge that dropped sharply toward a valley so far below that its brush and trees blended to a uniform sage-green carpet of marvelous softness. Rocks and beds of loose pumice that broke and slid treacherously as he crossed them covered the slope. He edged his way down cautiously, grasping the rare handholds of bush or tough grass, above him the blue spaces of the sky, the patchwork quilt of the world far-flung below.

A half-hour of this, and then the knife edge fanned out into a broader, easier descent across which trailing bamboo had spread an unbroken mat. As far as Mather could see on either side, and forward to the last steep pitch that dropped to

the valley floor, that tangle of interlacing stems and offshoots extended, three feet or so above the ground and in some places strong enough to support a man's full weight. Had a leafy cloth been woven to cover the mountain's bareness it could not have more perfectly concealed what lay beneath.

"I'm not very keen to tackle that," Mather muttered, halting at the edge of the tangle. "Too tough to smash through, and not quite tough enough to walk on — I've tried ground cane before."

He looked back at the pitch he had just descended and shook his head.

"About six of one and half a dozen of the other, I guess. Darned if I'll shin up that ridge again. Can't work around the edge of this bamboo, either — those cliffs block me off. Well, here goes for a bad two hours' work."

He took the shells out of his gun, slung the weapon on his back so as to leave both hands free, and started down, choosing what appeared to be the least rugged part of the slope.

It was rough going. On hands and knees he would crawl along for a few yards over the bamboo, then strike a weak spot and smash through to the ground in a smother of leaves and hampering tendrils, scramble out and go on. By the time he was half way to the bottom of the valley he was soaked with perspiration and nearly fagged out.

Only his indomitable [1] will and the knowledge that to turn back now would be doubly impossible kept him going.

It was nearly sunset when he reached a comparatively level stretch beyond which the mountain dropped away suddenly as though to make up for lost time. Across the place the cane was usually thick, and he was getting along quite well, when, a few yards short of the steep slope the supporting mat broke with a ripping, tearing noise and he slithered down sickeningly into hot, pitchy darkness. Then a crunching jar, red lights flickering before his eyes, and unconsciousness.

How long he lay insensible he could not tell. It must have been many hours, for when he came to he was stiff and sore and the blood from a long scratch across his wrist had dried. A thousand tiny hammers seemed beating on his brain, each stroke an ache that quivered through a nerve. Dazedly he tried to sit up, failed, and lay flat on his back, hands clutching at the ground as he fought for control of his twitching eyes.

Gradually things steadied, and he saw that he was in a sort of pear-shaped cave perhaps a dozen yards in diameter and half as high. Daylight filtered through a ragged hole at its apex, pitifully weak, but enough to disclose the mingled rocks and earth that formed the walls of the enclosure

[1] Unconquerable.

and the whitish, diseased-looking vines that twined up them to the opening.

"That's where I fell through — that hole," Mather croaked. "Yes — that hole — fell through — yes, *fell through*. I've got to — get out — up there."

He wavered to his knees and waited grimly for the whirling in his head to abate.

"Now, let's see," he whispered hoarsely, creeping toward the wall.

Twice he made the circuit of the cave, groping his way over boulders and loose débris that gave out a dank, nauseous odor. His hands pawed uncertainly at the walls, seeking firm holds, but finding nothing except the mass of vine stems, clammy and breaking at the first hard pull.

"Fool!" he growled at last. "I couldn't get up there anyway. It slopes in. A man can't climb on a ceiling. God!"

He slumped back and tried to think rationally.

"Let's see, now. I was coming down the mountain, headed west. The steepest part was just ahead of me when I fell — forty-five-degree slope, about. Not more than twenty feet or so away. This hole, now — yes, it's close to forty feet wide at the bottom — maybe five feet through to the face of the slant —"

He started up eagerly, the realization that he could burrow his way out clearing his brain and

putting new life in his racked body. He reached for the sheath knife at his belt, the only digging tool he had. As he stood there with it in his hand a thought flashed over him that drove all the zest from his face.

"I don't know where to begin," he muttered. "*Which is the west side?*"

He looked about helplessly at the prison that hemmed him in. Somewhere, to right or left, ahead or behind, that mass of earth and rock must be comparatively thin, hardly more than a shell separating him from freedom and the broad reaches of the sky. If he could find that spot, strike that downhill side, he might be able to dig through to the outer world in a few hours. If he missed it, started work on the wrong side, his burrowing would only lead him deeper into the mountain, wasting his strength and the precious element of time. And between those extremes, the heart-warming right and the hopelessly wrong, was no faintest clue to guide him to a decision. Yes, there was one — his compass, of course! Stupid not to have thought of that before; the surest possible proof. Everything was all right now.

He fumbled in the side pocket of his coat and drew out the instrument, a watchlike affair in a heavy nickel case. His first glance showed the needle bent crazily beneath the shattered glass, twisted and utterly ruined by the crash of his fall.

Mather's face went hard as he tilted the broken thing in his hand, testing its uselessness with a sort of grim irony.

"So-o," he said bitterly. "You're about as much good to me as a piece of cheese, aren't you? Or a chunk of lead — because I could eat the cheese. Well, I guess I'll have to depend on old Lady Luck to help me out. I may as well pick out a place that looks like easy digging, anyhow."

He stumbled across the cave and began to pick away at the wall where the earth was crumbly and yielded readily to knife and hands. A few inches in he struck rock. Working along it, he came finally to loose rubble, but the mass was too large for him to dislodge without starting a disastrous cave-in from above. He would have to try another place. And an hour had been wasted.

A second location was even less promising, but the third gave him hope. He burrowed on stubbornly, his fingers torn and bleeding from the sharp fragments of rock embedded in the soil like chips of glass, his muscles aching from their exertions in the cramped space which his progress created. Two feet, a yard — at this rate he ought to break through in a few more hours, unless he were working in the wrong direction. At the thought of that contingency he redoubled his efforts, determined to end the uncertainty as soon as possible. And a few inches farther on he came squarely up

against another boulder that defied every attempt to move it.

Exhausted and reeking with perspiration, he backed out of the hole, and stretched full length on the floor of the cave. In a little while, when the cramps had left his back and shoulders, he would start in again. Yes, just a few minutes' rest, and then — then he was roused from uneasy half-sleep by a slow, insistent rustling like a snake crawling through grass. He listened tensely, eyes closed in concentration, striving to locate its direction. The sound came closer, louder on all sides of him, filling the cave with eerie whispers. Then suddenly it seemed to reach a focus close by, and a creeping hairy body brushed against his neck. With a leap he gained his feet, his eyes wide with horror.

The light in the cave had dimmed, but he could see that the walls were alive with huge spiders, thick-legged and hideous, their bodies as large as a sparrow's and covered with straggly fuzz. Some were blackish in color, others were a sort of cherry red. They were crawling sluggishly, as though gorged with food, down the vines that reached the opening above his head. A dozen had gained the floor; others were nearly there. Hundreds more were creeping in at the hole and groping for convenient stems down which to clamber.

With a shudder Mather knew — knew that here, in this dark prison, was the night shelter, the uni-

versal rendezvous [1] of the beasts he had come so far to catch. By day they hunted through the cane tangle that covered the mountainside, perfectly concealed and safe from all detection, and as night approached they convened here from all directions to take refuge from the rains which each night spilled across the land. They were gathering now, crawling, crawling with that infernal rustling sound —

"God!" he muttered. "And he said they were rare!" Full darkness came, bringing to John Mather the torture of eternal nightmare. With hands, coat, hat he beat and crushed the furry hordes that swarmed over him. But for every one killed two more were ready to take its place; there seemed no end to their numbers. Their curved jaws clipped into him wherever his skin was exposed. Though he could see nothing in the pitchy darkness, an odor of decay told him that shreds of flesh from their victims of days before still clung to them, and the dread of blood-poisoning obsessed him. In a quiver of loathing and fear he fought on bitterly hour after hour, dropping into snatches of exhausted sleep only to struggle up again when the writhing burden on his face threatened to choke off his breath.

At last the blackness began to gray. Dawn was coming up over the mountains, and as the light strengthened, the spiders scattered, climbing the

[1] Meeting-place.

vines again to the open air and the sunshine. Singly and in battalions they went rank after rank up the stems of their living ladders. And as the last stragglers disappeared through the opening above him Mather sat with head sunk between his hands, fighting to retain a sanity that hung on the very edge of destruction.

It must have been midday before he pulled himself together enough to eat some of the emergency rations which were as much a part of his collecting outfit as his gun or butterfly net. The food helped to steady him, and presently he began moving about under the hole at the cave's peak, trying to determine the points of the compass by the appearance of the scraps of sky he could see through the openings in the bamboo. A few minutes' study convinced him of the hopelessness of this, for leaden clouds had blotted out the sun. So uniform was their mass that he could not even detect their own direction of movement, which, if he could have ascertained it, would have served as a fairly accurate indication here in this land where the prevailing wind at the higher levels blows from the east.

"I'd better get back to my digging," he told himself finally. "It's the only chance, for Pedro would never find me among all those acres of cane, even if he knew enough to come this way to look. I didn't tell him which way I was going, when I left camp."

He groped his way into the tunnel he had started the day before and renewed his struggle with the rocks that blocked its end. He felt stronger now, and the physical work helped to shove into the background of his mind the horror that he knew the night would bring again. Perhaps he could break his way through before dark — a mere chance, but enough to add incentive to his labor.

By superhuman effort he worked out the largest rock at last, backed into the cave with it, and wriggled in again to the attack. Prying and digging with his knife, he burrowed on through earth that gave way more readily as he progressed. Sweat streamed from him unheeded; with each foot that he advanced the air in the tunnel grew warmer. A nauseating, steamy odour crept into it, so faint at first as to defy analysis, but increasing momentarily.

Presently Mather drew his hand back with an exclamation of surprise. His fingers had touched a rock so hot that it almost burned them.

"What the deuce," he growled, then lay still, thinking, his chest heaving as he gasped for breath.

Crushingly the explanation came to him: The burrow was leading into the mountain, straight forward toward those infernal caverns of molten lava and steam which underlie that whole mighty continental backbone from Cape Horn to Panama. Already he had dug far enough through the moun-

tain's outer shell to reach the heat that radiated from them.

Mather's heart sank with the realization that all his work had gone for nothing. Then a great wave of hope swept over him as the thought came that out of this very failure sprang success, for since he had been digging toward the mountain's center, the opposite way must lead to light and life and freedom.

He wormed his way backward, gulping with relief as he reached the cooler air near the tunnel's mouth. A few more wriggles, and his knee struck something that crushed flabbily under the pressure. Across one hand dragged a fat, rough body, paused and sent a tingle of pain up his forearm as he shook it off with a jerk. The spider army had returned. Through the endless hours of that second night of horror John Mather clung to two things with the desperation of a wave-buffeted man whose arm is crooked across a slippery, floating spar; the knowledge that daylight would bring relief from his tormentors, and the hope that before another evening drove them scurrying back to shelter he would have won his way through the cave wall. Every atom of will power, every drop of that fine essence of determination which some men call upon to carry them against impossible odds he threw into the mental struggle, knowing that to lose sight of his goal would mean gibbering madness.

And in the end he won. Taut and quivering as a plucked string, he sensed rather than saw that the crawling hosts were gone.

"Now!" he rasped, the sound of his own voice grating across his nerves. "Now you dig."

He hurled himself savagely into the work, slashing and tugging at the hard-packed earth and stone opposite the mass of débris he had scooped out the day before. His knife wedged between two rocks and the blade snapped short off as he tried to extricate it. He cursed chokingly and hacked away with the haft, pitifully futile by comparison.

"Got to make it!" he muttered. "Got to make it to-day! I'll go crazy, I tell you!"

Inch by inch, a foot, two feet, three, he won ahead through the darkness, driving his battered hands without mercy. Out there somewhere beyond that stubborn, unseen barrier against which he pressed were fresh air and the sane, unhampered sweep of God's world. Behind, unspeakable gloom and torture more horrible than death. He must, he must keep going!

It was nearly noon when he stopped from sheer inability to do more and slithered back into the cave for a few minutes' rest. For a moment he thought night was coming on, so dark was it as he emerged from the tunnel, but as he glanced up at the opening above his head he saw that the shadows

came from masses of blue-black clouds that swirled together ominously and dropped lower even as he watched. A dull pulsing shook the air, as of huge drums thudding afar off. Lightning ripped across the clouds, so close that Mather heard its white-hot crackle an instant before the smash of the thunder beat against his brain. He threw an arm across his face to shut out the flash and what it revealed — thousands of noisome, hairy beasts that came scuttling on fat legs through the opening to take refuge from the storm.

Then it rained. The heavens opened and crashed down. A torrent of mud and water poured through the cave roof, ripping the opening to twice its former size. Like a huge bucket the cave caught and held the flood. Momentarily the water rose — to Mather's ankles, his knees, his waist. The spiders struggled in it, dropping from walls and roof by dozens. They swarmed over him horribly as they fought with each other for safety on his body and head. He tried to brush them off, to drown them by sousing himself under the cascade that spilled down from above, but they clung to him like leeches.

The water was up to his chest, now. Presently he was swimming, his head a mass of spiders that thickened by the minute and nearly suffocated him. For an age he struggled, growing weaker and weaker, knowing that in the end he must sink under

that chaotic mass. The thought of it nerved him to a few more feeble strokes, a final effort to rid his head of the clammy bodies. Then, miraculously, a clatter and splash of falling rocks and earth, a sucking sound as from a giant sluice pipe suddenly cleared, and his feet touched bottom.

He staggered blindly, trying to gain his balance on the uneven rocks. With arms arched he crushed and rubbed his head free of its loathsome blanket and saw that the water was but waist deep and falling rapidly. Through the lightening darkness he could make out the whirlpool which told where, at the end of the tunnel he had been digging, the wall had given way before the pressure from within. Even as he looked the last of the water swashed out, and stooping down, he caught a glimpse of daylight. On hands and knees he crept through the opening and emerged to the free sweep of the hills, soft and dripping and peaceful against the background of the retreating storm.

For minutes he lay there, a sodden, shaken figure, looking out across that far-flung view with hollow eyes from which the stare of horror slowly faded. Then he got to his knees, his feet, and drew a great, shuddering breath. His eyes dropped to the slope immediately before him, strewn with scores of drowned spiders.

"Well," he said shakily, "it looks as though there are enough here for all the museums in the

world. I'll make a good haul while I'm about it."

With swollen, bruised hands, he began gathering up the draggled bodies and piling them beside a rock.

"He looked about him awfully."

MARKHEIM

By Robert Louis Stevenson

"Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas Day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am

the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir!"

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot;[1] even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

[1] The wooden lining of a wall.

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer, after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady, now," he went on, "this hand glass[1] — fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not."

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

[1] Mirror.

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here — look in it — look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I — nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled.

"Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this — this reminder of years and sins and follies — this hand-conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous;[1] unloving; unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

[1] Conscientious, careful in conduct.

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I!" cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure — no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it — a cliff a mile high — high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?"

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim

moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his greatcoat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face — terror, horror, and resolve, fascination, and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind on his victim. The long skewer-like dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age, others garrulous [1] and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate [2] chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable [3] movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with

[1] Talkative. [2] Complicated, involved.
[3] Unimportant, trivial.

respiration,[1] the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer [2] of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion — there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," [3] he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished — time which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous [4] for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one

[1] Breathing.
[2] Encampment.
[3] See *Macbeth*, III, iv, 78.
[4] Important.

and then another, with every variety of pace and voice — one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz — the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered [1] by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration,[2] of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant [3] regrets, weary, incessant [4] toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the archi-

[1] Besieged.
[2] Repetition.
[3] Keen.
[4] Unceasing.

tect of the irrevocable[1] past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile,[2] the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin. Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear — solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger; every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and

[1] That which cannot be recalled. [2] In line, like soldiers.

a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado,[1] the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination[2] in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement — these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house about him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing — he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious, of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image

[1] A swaggering display of courage.

[2] Delusion.

of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries [1] in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence — his bed.

[1] Good-humored pleasantries.

One visitor had come; at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fishers' village: a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad-singer; and a boy, going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place

of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist,[1] with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies[2] of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity

[1] Clock-maker. [2] Images, pictures.

for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor. With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced toward the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated [1] loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert [2] in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood carvings and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the clink of money in the counting,

[1] Throbbed. [2] An ancient weapon.

and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured[1] and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bed-clothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he

[1] Walled in.

wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable [1] procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission [2] in the continuity of man's experience, some wilful illegality [3] of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chessboard, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was

[1] Unchangeable. [2] Cut, interruption.
[3] Breaking of the law.

at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he got safe into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite [1] from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous [2] furniture; several great pier glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures framed and unframed, standing, with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door — even glanced at it from time to time directly like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defences. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently

[1] Relief. [2] Unsuitable, mixed up.

on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-flyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence [1] of summer Sundays, and the high, genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall), and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened. Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But

[1] Sleepiness.

when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candlelight of the shop: and at times he thought he knew him; and always like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking at Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty [1] and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos [2] have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control — if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer.

[1] Parody, mockery. [2] Bandits, hired assassins.

"I supposed you were intelligent. I thought — since you exist — you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother — the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any wilful sophistry[1] although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity — the unwilling sinner?"

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings,[2] but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself were striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you — I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

[1] Plausible but false reasoning.

[2] Billboards.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death-bed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" [1] Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion or to sow tares in the wheat field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service — to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous [2] of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtain to be drawn, I tell you, for

[1] Value, effectiveness. [2] Timid, cowardly.

your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a death-bed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words; and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you then suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding of each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thick-

ness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bondslave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches — both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered

a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil? — five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer I shall read to you your moral horoscope.[1] You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

[1] A forecast of the future.

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance — no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity

that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening — the whole night, if needful — to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales: up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open — I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned.[1] But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-

[1] Lost their outlines.

medley [1] — a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the farther side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

[1] A haphazard combination.

PETER RONCO[1]

By Charles Boardman Hawes

In the days of my grandfather, when they were stripping the country of the great pines that would give you in a board nearly the wall of a room, there was a woodsman named Peter Ronco, who worked in the lumber camps. He was a mysterious man, well known thereabouts, and he came from the Mirimachi, where he had a name for strength and a fierce temper. It was said that he went to California in '49, and made a fortune and spent it wantonly and for a time dropped clean out of sight. No one can be sure what happened to him. My grandfather thought that he went from bad company to worse, and that there was foul play of one sort of another.

However that may be, years later he came back to the North with a limp in his leg and a scar over his eye and appeared one day at the old lumber camp on Cossiquitso.

Now Peter Ronco was a great fiddler, and a dancer as well. All the long Saturday evenings the

[1] Copyright 1921 by *The Open Road*.

camp would ring with music and would shake with the thump and jar of heavy men in moccasins and hobnailed shoes, who would dance strathspeys [1] and flings and jigs and hornpipes, while Peter Ronco would play for the dancing with a swing of his body and a stamp of his foot. But when the last dance was over, and the men were good and ready to crawl into their bunks, then all would cry for Peter Ronco himself to dance, and Peter would come down from the platform and give the fiddle to Oscar the Swede, who was a good player but not so good as Peter.

When Oscar had tuned the fiddle, presto! Away they would go! Ah, but that Peter Ronco could dance! Whether it was hornpipe or fling or clog or strathspey, there was not a part of him but moved to the music. His feet would fly high above his shoulders — it's truth I'm telling you — till it seemed almost that he was dancing from the rafters instead of from the floor. His hands would dart in and out, his head would twinkle back and forth, and every joint would be as supple as a bit of wet string, for Peter Ronco danced like a cedar log when it goes through white water. The men of the camp, in their pride of his great skill, made no bones about saying that he was a man who could play for the Devil himself to dance, and dance to the Devil's playing.

[1] A lively Scotch dance resembling the reel.

In all the games of hazard, in all the feats of strength, in all the work of the camps he was first. On a Saturday night it was always he who won the plug of tobacco given the man who had cut the most logs for the week. He was a master hand with the axe, — it was before the days of cross-cut saw, — and he could turn a wagon-sled in the ruts without help; so he was cock of the yard, heavy-handed and bitter-tongued; and though many a grown and bearded woodsman writhed beneath his words, none would cross him, for the dark mystery that was about him.

And a harsh, profane man he was, too, who made no secret of saying that neither the good Lord nor the Devil was his master. Some said the good Lord would never bother with the likes of Peter Ronco; as for the Devil, you may judge for yourself.

On a certain Saturday night Peter Ronco had played and danced and bragged, and had turned in with the rest. The camp was quiet and all the men were nearly asleep, when in his bunk he laughed a great rough-throated laugh. The sound of it was so strange that the men started up in their blankets and a young fellow, gathering his courage tight, made bold to ask the trouble.

"Trouble?" roared Peter Ronco, "there is no trouble. I was thinkin' of times gone — no, sir, Old Nick himself makes me no trouble." Then he

laughed again. "Trouble?" he cried, with a world of scorn in his voice. "If Old Nick himself were to come to-morrow with his horns and his tail and his split hoof, I'd dance him a fling and play him a tune, but I'd not stir myself to-night, not if he crept beggin' to my knees."

As for what I'll tell you now, you can believe it or not, as suits you; but take it as you will or won't, I myself believe that it's the white gospel truth. No sooner did he say those words, than, as my grandfather was an honest man, a strange noise came from the forest. And no sooner did that noise make itself heard than Peter Ronco, brave though he was, sat up in his bunk and grasped the man next him by the arm, who said afterwards that Peter Ronco was trembling with a terrible chill, which last I'll confess is not easy to believe of so bold a spirit as he.

In any case it was an uncommonly strange noise and there were as many opinions of what it was as there were men who heard it. One said a horse neighed in the hovel; another said an owl screeched in the valley; another said it was the howl of a timber wolf, one of the last left in the country. Of all that, of course, I myself know nothing at first hand, for it happened nearly seventy years ago in the time of my grandfather; but it seems to me that the strange noise might well have been the echo of Peter Ronco's laugh.

Now the next day, the Sabbath, was as bright a day as one could wish, and the men had eaten breakfast and were smoking about the camp, or playing cards, or mending their clothes, when some one called out sharply: —

"Who comes on the road?"

At that every one crowded to the windows and the door, for sure enough there was a body coming up the road quite near the camp. It was a small dark man with one ear-ring, which he wore in his left ear. He was dressed in a red shirt, with new moccasins on his feet and high stockings on his legs. He wore a fur cap and had a pointed moustache.

"I'm thinkin' him to be French," said Oscar the Swede.

"No!" said Peter Ronco. "He's I-talian."

Nothing more was said on the subject, for Peter Ronco was allowed the last word as a matter of course, until Peter Ronco himself asked, "Why does he have a fiddle? We don't need any more fiddlers in camp."

For the first time the men noticed that the stranger carried a fiddle under one arm, as he came stumping up the road, following the rut of the sleds through the snow. He glanced to neither side, but held his eyes on the ground before him and loosened his dark, thick eyebrows into a queer, uncomfortable-looking smile. When he came op-

posite the door he looked up as if surprised to see all the men watching him, and bowed to them. No one spoke, for the men were a little shy, having been a long time in the woods; but the dark man, not at all taken aback, asked in a stout voice if he might stay to dinner, and at that the cook, who was proud of the table he set, cried yes, and bade him welcome. So he stepped into the cook room and sat by the stove, and told no one whence he came or whither he was going, which is very rude indeed when you stop at a camp for dinner.

Now Peter Ronco felt ugly to see a stranger with a fiddle make himself at home like that, and he went off in a corner and swore in an undertone. And pretty soon the men, seeing Peter Ronco was vexed, thought there was a chance for fun at his expense, though, to be sure, they would not have minded seeing him put the uncivil stranger to shame — so they all crowded round him and asked that he challenge the dark man to a competition of fiddling and dancing.

"For," said one of the men, with just a hint of a smile, "If you can't play for the Old Nick, sure you'll take chances against a wee black runt like that, and thus you'll hold the honor of the camp, and teach the dark man a lesson, to come 'round with a fiddle."

Peter Ronco scratched his head and smiled, and his smile grew broader, and he scratched his head

again, for, as he well knew, there was not another man in the North Woods could dance and fiddle like himself. So he called the cook and framed a speech by way of challenge, which the cook was to make the stranger. Then he took out his fiddle and began putting on a new string, all the time smiling to himself to think how he was to shame the fellow.

The cook went back to the cook room, where he took the biscuits from the oven and tried them with a splinter of cedar and emptied the pan on the table. Then he walked to where the dark man was sitting.

"Stranger," he said in a bold voice, "as perhaps you don't know, we have in camp a ver' great fiddler and dancer, Peter Ronco his name."

"I know him," said the stranger, and smiled at the cook so that, as the cook said afterward, his breath went all out from him and his sides caved. "I know him very well."

The cook was so taken back by the words and the smile that he forgot clean all the speech that was prepared for him, and stammered and gawked and felt of his weasand. But at last he managed to say something of a contest.

"I know him," the stranger repeated. "I have heard often of him — and he of me. Ah, I'm ready for that contest when I've had my snatch of a lunch."

The cook gasped and swallowed, and went and

set food on the table, — for, as he said long after, there was something about the stranger that took near all his breath away, — and called the men to come and get it.

The men came crowding into the room with many a curious glance at the stranger and his fiddle, and last of all came Peter Ronco, who was nervous and ate less than his wont, although he could not for the world have told why. But the stranger looking to neither right nor left bent his eyes on his plate and made a huge meal.

When they had eaten dinner, the men crowded back into the bunkroom, the stranger and Peter Ronco each with his fiddle, and the cookee left the dishes standing and came to watch. Peter Ronco was to play first and the dark man to dance; so Peter climbed to the platform and tuned his fiddle. When one of the strings snapped, Peter swore fiercely. The men thought it might be Peter was a little nervous, but soon a new gut was in place, the bow was rosined, and the dance was on.

Now Peter played slowly at first, and the stranger was slow in his dancing; but it was not long till the bow moved faster and faster, and as it leaped from string to string and back again, so the stranger danced on the floor. He was small and dark, and he smiled a little ugly smile. His feet in yellow moccasins twinkled like sunlight on the rips; his hands were as aspen leaves would be, in the light

of a late afternoon, if their flicker and flutter could be kept in time with music; his red shirt swayed like a red branch of maple against a windy autumn dawn. The men leaning from the double tier of bunks opened their eyes wide to see him, and Peter Ronco, as he looked down into the dim room at the dark man dancing, knew that he must put the best he had into his playing. So he bent to his task till he jerked back and forth to the snap of the tune; but the faster he played, the faster did the stranger dance.

It was not long before Peter Ronco had ceased trying to lead the stranger and was striving in vain to follow the glimmer of his heels. And still the dark man tripped faster and faster. There was something in his black, loose grin that made a man's heart go faint within him. Never was such dancing seen in the length and breadth of the North Woods. Smiling all the time, the fellow twinkled away so fast that the eye could scarcely follow him; till all that the men could see was the blur of his red shirt and the gleam of his yellow moccasins, and poor Peter Ronco was left quite behind in his playing.

Peter Ronco's face grew red, and then purple, and then white. He skipped his fingers over the strings till they moved like the wings of a hummingbird, but it was no use. He dropped his fiddle on the floor and it broke at the neck.

The stranger stopped and smiled and scratched his nose.

"You can dance," said Peter Ronco with a red face and a great oath. "We shall see if you can play."

At that the stranger smiled again, and twirled his black moustache, and took his fiddle from the case.

"Don't you tune your fiddle?" asked Peter Ronco.

"No," said the stranger. "It never needs it." And with that he climbed on the platform and began.

It would be tiresome to tell you the tale of Peter Ronco's dancing; I'm thinking mortal man has never danced better. But there was never such playing as the stranger's. The men in the camp swayed to the sound, as if they were bewitched. The bigness of it filled the whole cabin and carried to the woods beyond.

The very horses in the hovel swayed their heads in time to the rhythm, and trampled with the swing of the music. It sounded now like the wind of a winter storm and now like the first pipings of the spring. Now it was like the morning chorus of the birds, and now it was like the clanging of the anvil in the smithy. In that music it seemed as if the owl hooted and the loon laughed; as if the river rippled far away, and then as if the spring floods poured

down the gorge. No man before or since has heard that tune, and of all the men who heard it that day, it is said that not one can recall it. Faint snatches they may remember and set their minds groping after the rest, but it is no use. The tune is gone forever save perhaps when there comes a time of great storm, and the winds roar in the forest, and the brooks tumble on the stones, and the loon laughs on the slaty lake. Peter Ronco danced like a brave, strong man, but the dance that would have matched that tune would have drawn a man's life out between his lips. The wild music leaped away and away, and faster and faster they sped, till it seemed as if Peter Ronco stood still and the sound of the stranger's fiddle went pouring past him. Then he threw himself down, dripping sweat and gulping for breath, and hid his face and swore for shame.

The stranger dashed off a few droll flourishes, put his fiddle into the case, and scratched his eyebrows. The men never said a word, but the stranger stepped down from the platform and pulled at Peter Ronco's sleeve.

Peter lay still and moaned. "Go 'way. Go 'way!" he cried. "I'm disgraced forever and ever."

"No," said the stranger. "'Tis not the first time you have met me nor the last. What you have done to-day is no disgrace. Few men dare do as much."

Then Peter Ronco looked up and his eyes were those of a frightened man, for the face of the stranger changed while Peter Ronco looked at it, and grew young and hard and reckless.

"I know your voice!" Peter cried. "I heard it on the Isthmus in '49. Is it you, Darby? You that were with me when we robbed the muletrains of their gold and the men going home to families?"

"Are you sure?" asked the dark man suddenly, and while Peter looked at him his face changed again and grew older and slyer and more evil.

Peter Ronco drew himself together in a heap on the roughhewn floor.

"No, by the Holy!" he cried in a voice that shook. "I forget your name, but I know *you!* You it was that put me up to the worst work of all — the evil deed that will stay by me always and go with me to the very jaws of the Black Valley. I've not forgot you."

"Are you sure, Peter Ronco?" asked the dark man again, and again his face changed, but in such a way that no two of the men, when they talked about it afterward, could agree on just what came over it.

"No! I don't know you. *You* are different."

"I'll be near at hand when you want me, Pete Ronco, it may be too near for your best comfort, but at your service for all that." The stranger chuckled down deep in his throat. "You've done

what few dare, though you were unwitting, and you've quitted yourself like the brave man you are, so it is little enough that I should come when you call for me."

With that the stranger took his fiddle under his arm and bowed to each and all, and stepped out of the door.

The men were so dazed by the strange happenings that not one had the wit to ask him to stay longer, or to inquire where he would stop at night. So he went off down the sled rut with his eyes fixed on the ground in front of him.

Some say that before he left the clearing his shirt turned to brown fur, and that he ran like a timber wolf to cover of brush; some say that he hooted like an owl, and rose into the air on wide, soft wings. I myself think that the men were confused and imaginative and that he just walked down the road like any decent body, mayhap laughing at the disturbance behind him, though I would not dispute the cook when he says that the bats, which were asleep for the winter, came to life and fluttered out around the stranger's head.

It was a long day before Peter Ronco was himself again, and all that winter he did not play any more on his fiddle, for it was broken at the neck. No one dared taunt him with his disgrace, for he was a dour [1] man and there was a mystery behind

[1] Hard, sullen.

his black looks that no one would venture to fathom. So he went his way darkly and sourly, and there was no more dancing of a Saturday night.

The winter was slow to end that year, and spring wore on with dreary weeks of rain, and with the slush knee-deep in the hollows. After the March storms the brooks grew large and the buds swelled against the gray sky. The logs were yarded [1] at the landings, and the men waited for the drive, which was to start when the ice should be carried away and the muddy water from the mountains should swell the streams till the largest logs could be floated.

At last Peter Ronco became quite himself again. But although he was once more a power in the North Woods, he was master more by his dark glances and the quiet mystery of his voice than by dint of fighting hand to hand. There were few who would not flinch to meet his gaze, and many who swore he had a black soul. He was a bad man to the horses, and the dogs in camp had no manner of use for him.

In May the great drive was on, and the crews rode the river with pike pole and cant-dog. From Cossiquitso they ran the logs into the brook and guarded them down the long swift water among the hills, through rip and bog, into the West Branch where there were many logs and many men before

[1] Collected in an enclosure or yard.

them. With cheering and with crackling oaths the crews came down the river to the long deadwater. They turned in at dusk and turned out at dawn. They ate four square meals a day, cooked by the huge fires that blazed on the riverbank. While the light lasted they drove the logs; in the first darkness they crawled under the blankets, face to back and knee to knee, like so many teaspoons wrapped in a napkin, with the sound and smell of the great river always about them.

As the drive bore into Seboomock deadwater a mighty wind arose and tore over the basin of the river. The waves grew until the spring freshet was capped with white foam.

The boom held well. All day and all night it was buffeted by high seas; all day and all night the drive swept down and down past it; all day and all night the great logs crashed into it, caromed off, crashed again, and then, guided by pick-pole and cant-dog, swept down and away and away. But on the second day of the storm a chafed rope yielded, a log splintered and the boom broke. By good fortune the break was well down toward shore and was soon mended; but in the mending four men tumbled into the icy water and were drenched from top to toe and were like to get their death chill.

The others yanked them out and carried them to the bank and warmed them by a rousing fire,

In the Land of Lumber

Down the rivers of lands still in a primeval condition come the rafts of logs.

but the cooks were far off at the head of the drive or the rear, and no one had whisky. There they lay, with their teeth rattling and their lives oozing out of them, in a bad way as any one could see; so the boss looked around, and picking out two drivers at a chance, ordered them to go for whisky to the carry, which was not more than four miles away and was nearer than the camp supplies. Bidding them be quick about it and hurry back after getting the whisky, he gave them an empty flask and a written order, and went about his business.

Of the two men, one was Peter Ronco, who was glad of a chance to knock off work for a time, and yet had no liking for the tramp; and the other was an insignificant snipe of a file-nosed "Pea-Eye."

Peter Ronco grumbled a little, and swore a little, and cast a dark glance at his comrade; but had it not been for the little Pea-Eye, neither my grandfather nor I nor any one else would have known what came to pass on the road to the carry.

The two set off at a round gait. First they went through a cedar swamp, where the going was wet and nasty, and there Peter Ronco fell into the slush to his waist, and cursed dreadfully. Then they came to a black spruce growth, and there Peter Ronco shuddered, for it was a gloomy place, wet under foot, gray over head, and a sparse moss-draped green all around. Then they climbed

through the snow under the spruces and came out on a high beech ridge, whence between the silver-gray tree trunks they could see far down to where the tote-road ran in the valley on the other side.

Peter Ronco stopped there and blew his nose vigorously, and slapped the little Pea-Eye on the back, a resounding slap which stung and burned. The little Pea-Eye trembled with fear, for Peter Ronco laughed very dreadfully indeed, and swore fearfully.

"By the blue wings of Jehovah," Peter Ronco cried, "and by the red hinges of the fiery furnace, I'd take a jug of whisky from Old Nick himself to save the walk to the carry."

Then he laughed again, a hoarse bellow of a laugh.

Thereupon, strange though it sounds, I am telling you nothing but the truth as it was told to me by my grandfather, thereupon, the little Pea-Eye heard a strange noise off in the dark hollow of the swamp which frightened him almost as much as Peter Ronco had frightened him by his great oaths. At first he thought the sound was a horse neighing, then he thought it was a dog howling, then he thought it was just the echo of Peter Ronco's laugh. But Peter Ronco's face changed. He lost his dark look, and he glanced hither and thither, like a muskrat cornered under the roots of an old tree beside a brook.

"Did you hear that?" he gasped, seizing the little Pea-Eye by the arm almost as if he were a friend. "Did you hear that?"

"It was nothing — only the echo," said the little Pea-Eye.

"Only the echo!" repeated Peter Ronco with a white face and a voice that shook. "Only the echo! It was the sound! Not all the winds on Katahdin, not all the waves from Moosehead to Allegash could drown out the sound. I heard it once on a dark night, and I'll have you know there's nothing else like it."

With that he caught the little Pea-Eye by his sleeve and glanced round at the bushes.

"Let's go back — no, no! We'd have to pass through the swamp! Was it before or behind? Speak up, man, where was it? Where did the sound come from?"

Now the little Pea-Eye, when he came to think of it, feared no sound in all the wide world so much as he feared Peter Ronco, and when he saw that Peter Ronco was afraid of a mere noise in the woods, he took good courage and stiffened up his backbone.

"You are off your head!" he cried stoutly. "Come, come!"

And with that he struck down the hill to the road.

Peter Ronco, much as he feared to go ahead, feared still more to be left behind; so, all the time

watching the blowdowns and the shadows on the snow lest any danger lurk in their cover, he came to the open going. The two made good time, and leaving the ridge were about to enter the swamp again, when Peter Ronco stopped in his tracks.

"Now who is that?" he gasped, and shook like a poplar leaf.

The little Pea-Eye, seeing only a short dark man in a red shirt, new moccasins, and a fur cap, was in no way frightened. "Good afternoon, sir," he said, and was about to pass the stranger, when Peter Ronco spoke.

"What do you want now? You have no fiddle."

"No," replied the stranger with a low ripple of a laugh and a scratch at his eyebrows. "No, but I've that as is more to your liking."

The little Pea-Eye, who was looking the dark man over, now noticed under his arm a wicker-covered jug, and being able to scent whisky as far as any one, he surmised what was in it.

"You've whisky, I'm thinkin'," he snickered. "If you'll give us the flask's fillin' it'll save us a trip to the carry. What do you say?"

The stranger paid no attention to the little Pea-Eye, but the little Pea-Eye was used to that and it didn't bother him.

"Peter Ronco," the dark man cried boldly, "here is a jug of good whisky — take it and welcome." With that, he turned and started off;

but when he came to the bend in the road, he stopped and cried out, "Always at your service!" Then he laughed loud and long and was gone before they knew it.

Peter Ronco stood looking at the jug in his hands, which was a large, round, brown jug, well covered with wicker-work. At last, turning without a word, he struck back up the road.

The little Pea-Eye followed him in silence, for he was sorely puzzled by the turn that affairs had taken. They climbed the ridge and went down through the spruce, and down through the black spruce and down into the swamp. Soon they were near the river bank. There Peter Ronco stopped and put his finger on his nose, and looked at the little Pea-Eye and winked. It had been a very long time since Peter Ronco had had a drink of whisky, and the good liquor was heavy in his hands. He drew the cork, raised the jug to his lips, and took a great bubbling swallow. It warmed Peter Ronco from his gullet to his belly, and when the little Pea-Eye came close, silent and fawning like a hungry dog, Peter Ronco put the jug to his mouth too.

The little Pea-Eye rubbed his sides and smacked his lips till he sounded like a flock of blackbirds.

Peter Ronco was himself again. All his fear was gone. He took the flask from his pocket and filled it with liquor; then he corked the jug, and

hid it in the brush at the base of an old tree that had been struck by lightning and was easy to find again, and stepped out with the little Pea-Eye to the shore where the men were warming by the fire; and though by this time the men were dry and warm, they soon made way with the flask of whisky.

In one of the old bateaux [1] that trailed the drive Peter Ronco had a bundle of clothes, and that night he found means to hide the jug of whisky in his bag. In the morning the drive swept on down the river; the logs rolled and sucked along; the men shouted and splashed and cursed; and in the rear a few bateaux carried the blankets and grub and clothes.

That day the little Pea-Eye told the cook about everything except where Peter Ronco had hidden the jug.

Many crews met at the head of Ripogenus Gorge, and there was hoarse calling and bawling on the river. The bateaux came down to the shore and the men changed to dry clothes and that night slept in dry blankets.

Night comes creeping and crawling in the woods and the men are glad when it is upon them, for in the dark no man can work in the river. They build great fires, and eat, and lie in their blankets with the river off a little way in the darkness.

[1] River boats.

Sometimes the river moans and sucks at the logs and sometimes it roars angrily and rushes the logs along, jostling and crashing and banging all night, down through the miles of white foam and sharp rocks, as if the logs themselves were eager to pass the rocky jaws of the gorge and float away to the still boom at Pea Cove, where the crews swarm over them like monkeys, picking out each man's log by its mark.

The bateaux were roped to the bank that night; the fires were built on the shore and the pipes glowed in the dusk. Many tales were told, of bear, otter, and lucivee, and of the ghost that walks by the three wooden crosses where the Frenchmen lie buried. There was laughing and singing and good fellowship by the fires. But down on the rocks, with the roar of Ripogenus in their ears, Peter Ronco and the little Pea-Eye drank whisky.

Peter Ronco was an ugly man in the best of times; but in drink he was three times worse than you would think a man could be. For days he had been dreaming about the round, brown wickered jug that lay in his bag in the bateau. For days he had feared and longed by fits and starts.

At first he had trembled when he thought of the stranger in the red shirt who had appeared so unexpectedly. No other in the North Woods had ever fiddled as had he, and there had been in his face a suggestion of black, unhappy times. Peter

Ronco had pondered much on his comings and goings, and had wondered about him time and again, for many things were heavy on Peter's conscience and he feared the day of reckoning. But, all things considered, he was the toughest-hearted old sinner one could find in a long journey, so he took good courage and decided that he didn't care a rap who or what the dark man might be, so long as the whisky was good.

That evening, in a lull in the talk by the fires, an inquisitive cookee thought he heard a sound of voices below in the dark. So he left the rest, and with his curiosity sticking out all over him like quills on a quillpig, he went creeping over the rocks, and crawled down close to the gorge, always listening and watching, and there, although it was so dim and indistinct that he could hardly be sure of his eyes, he found a strange sight.

The jug stood between Peter Ronco and the little Pea-Eye, who clinked their cups together and drank one another's health. As the cookee lay and watched them in a dumb wonder, the little Pea-Eye grew merry and sang about Pat Malone, and *The Wreck of the Glena Loon*, and many another good ballad. But Peter Ronco's face grew darker and darker, for as he watched the little Pea-Eye suck in sip after sip of the whisky, he could not help thinking what a pity it was, to his mind, that strong drink should be wasted on such a snivelling

little beast. Peter Ronco's brows knit, and his fingers itched. He leaned forward and began to talk.

"Listen to me," he said when his face was very close to the little Pea-Eye's, "did you see the man on the tote-road, the runt in the red shirt?"

"I did that. Here's to him." The little Pea-Eye clinked his cup.

"He's a ver' bad man," Peter Ronco said with a black scowl.

The little Pea-Eye laughed scornfully. "I drink to him, the man in the red shirt — may he soon be with us again."

Peter Ronco's eyes were small and narrow. He peered over the jug at the little Pea-Eye's throat.

The little Pea-Eye was no longer afraid of Peter Ronco. The gorge howled and thundered, and boomed with pounding logs. The fires, where the men sat telling many a good tale, flamed and smoked. The little Pea-Eye leaned back very comfortably and smiled to think he was such a good friend to the great Peter Ronco. But Peter Ronco was counting the sips of whisky the little Pea-Eye drank.

Up the river the men who sat by the fires heard the little Pea-Eye howl, then the cookee came back from the darkness. Then they heard only the rumble of the gorge, and snatched brands from the fire and sheets of flaming bark, and ran to the

rocks on the shore, where Peter Ronco stood by the jug of whisky, with a fierce white face. They ringed him round with their torches and shut him in a circle of keen dark faces and gleaming eyes; but they were like wolves round a moose, circling, watching, waiting, while they sought a chance to catch him from behind. Smiling under dark brows Peter Ronco stood with the axe in his hand, as quiet as a fawn, while they edged each other on, waiting, watching, circling, all in a great silence, now darting forward, now leaping back from the range of his axe. Then either from liquor or a craze in his blood Peter Ronco went quite mad.

"You fools," he shrieked with a terrible oath, "you fools! Oh! you fools! I've killed one already. I swear I'll kill you all or else may Old Nick take my soul!"

At that very moment, they say, there came a wild, strange, laughing noise from somewhere in the dark woods, which sounded higher and louder than the roaring of the gorge, and many a man besides Peter Ronco heard it.

Of course I was not there, for it all happened in the days of my grandfather; so I cannot speak with the sure tongue of an eye-witness, and men tell the tale differently. Some say Peter Ronco was set upon by all and fled for his life; some say he acted from sheer madness because the craze was in his blood; some say a small dark man in a red

shirt appeared on the river bank, and beckoned to him and laughed till he was like to split his sides, and beckoned again. However that may be, of one thing all are agreed: no sooner did Peter Ronco shriek, "May Old Nick take my soul!" than his face was twisted as if in great pain, and covering his eyes with his hands he muttered unfamiliar names, and cried out about a sound, and then turned, and ran to the river, and leaped on a log, and laughed high and long like a loon, and rode down into the white foam of the gorge.

They tell of strange things that happened that night. Some say that a high shrill laugh came back from the jaws of Ripogenus, and some that it was only the roar of wind and river, and some that there was a strange wild tune in the air, to which no man could dance, unless, like Peter Ronco, he danced a last mad fling to his death down into the great white water.

All that was left of him they found three miles below, and buried beside the little Pea-Eye in the yard of the old camp on the bluff. And there, if you climb to the tumbled ruins of the camp, you will find, nearly hidden by thistles and the tall rank grass, two wooden crosses beaten by wind and weather to a mossy silver gray.

I do not know what came over Peter Ronco. Many a man has killed another in the woods and never given account for it, and for my part I think

the tale of the man in the red shirt is not all true. A story will grow in strange ways as it is handed from mouth to mouth in the camps and on the drive, and some have gone so far as to hint that the dark man in the red shirt may have been the Master Fiend himself, to whom Peter Ronco's soul was long since forfeit, on account of his evil deeds. It is more likely, to my mind, that the devil that got Peter Ronco's soul, and the souls of better men than Peter Ronco, for that matter, lay in wait for him in the wickered jug that some stranger gave him that day in the woods — and in many another jug before it. Be that as it may, one thing I do believe, which they have told from that day to this: when the shadows crawl out of the woods and the sun goes down behind the mountains, the black bats come forth from the nooks and tumbled gables of old camp and hovel, and circle through the still evening air, and wheel and play above the two wooden crosses. And Abalexis, the Indian, says that the black bats are creatures of the devil.

BANDY-LEGS [1]

By Joseph Anthony

"I've got two dimes, I have. Come to the movies with me, Hester?" asked bandy-legged Davy Hartenstein, his big eyes looking up wistfully to where Hester Seidman sat primly atop the front steps of a tenement house "on the block."

Fifteen-year-old Hester was not unattractive to behold, despite the fact that her round little face was flushed and her black hair in a jumble after half an hour's strenuous exercise at skip-the-rope; and, if social position as well as beauty is to be desired in a lady, be it understood that Hester was the daughter of Julius Seidman's Bijou Candy Store. It must not be inferred from this that "Bandy's" passion for Hester was a selfish one; for weeks at a time he had hoarded pennies that would have bought countless candy, pickles, and licorice buttons over her father's sticky glass counter, that he might buy a seat at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Palace.

[1] Copyright 1925 by *Farm and Fireside.*

But Hester knew her own beauty, and knew her position; worst of all, she knew the full intensity of the passion that blazed in the breast of Bandy and, being a woman, made him suffer for it. "Go 'way, Bandy!" she replied. "I don't want to go to the movies with *you!*"

The mournfulness in Bandy's eyes grew deeper as he pushed his cap back, displaying a mop of wiry yellow hair, and pleaded with his love: "Aw, come on, Hester. I've got the dimes. Honest, I have. Here — I'll show you!"

Unavailing was the display of wealth. Hester's heart was hard against him.

"Aw, go 'way!" she repeated. "Go 'way, an' — an' — *get your medal!*"

At once whatever strength of purpose still remained in the bow-legged boy seemed to ooze out of him like the air from a squeezed balloon, until he stood dejected and silent, his blond head hanging low and the arch of his legs growing wider, then slunk away to nurse his grief in solitude. The medal, his gold medal! One mention of it was enough to bring a twitch to Bandy's lips and a suspiciously watery look to his big, dreamy eyes. The medal! It was Bandy's medal that had first made him eligible in the proud estimation of Hester; it was the medal that had made him a person to be tolerated, in spite of his lack of the military virtues, in the society of the "Twennies," the gang that

ruled the boy life of Harlem Street; and it was his medal — or, rather, the loss of it — that was his undoing now.

There was just one activity in all the world in which bandy-legged Davy excelled. In a quarrel he would withdraw if the other boy put up his hands, and cry if he was hit; he had not even the despised merit of being good in his studies at school, for he was spending his second year in the eighth grade. Yet in Bandy's one specialty — the art of public speaking — he was supreme, acknowledged, and unbeatable master of the field. He could deliver the speech of Spartacus [1] to the gladiators in a voice so cunningly blended of pathos and warlike ardor — alas, the ardor that the Bandy of real life did not possess — that on more than one occasion it had brought a thunder of handclapping from teachers, admiring parents, and pupils alike, in the assembly hall of the neighborhood school; and he spoke with real gestures too — waving his hands in ecstasy, for agony running them through his yellow hair, folding them in defiance, pounding fist upon palm to drive home the subtleties of his logic. Yes, and he could shed real tears — tears that, however much to be condemned in the ordinary circumstances of life, were marveled and roundly applauded in the paneled auditorium. It was those

[1] Leader of the revolt of the gladiators and slaves against Rome, 73–71 B.C.

real gestures and real tears, combined with the broken accents of ineluctable sorrow as he recited Poe's "Annabel Lee" that had won Bandy his gold medal, inscribed simply with the words "For Merit" as the prize orator of his school, and so, indirectly, the fleeting approbation [1] of Hester and the noble privilege of associating with the gang.

But if all the glories of this world are empty and transient,[2] Bandy's was especially so. For two weeks he appeared on the block with his gold medal gleaming from the lapel of his coat, blazoning proudly those mystic words, "For Merit," and for two weeks he was looked on with envy by even Gus Mayer, the pugnacious [3] youth who led the gang to battle. Then over-ostentation [4] proved the downfall of Bandy. The gold medal glinted a little too brightly in the covetous eye of Gus Mayer one day, and Gus "borrowed" it, leaving Bandy sprawling on the sidewalk at the end of that process, wailing and protesting to unhearing ears.

On the block the acts of Gus Mayer needed confirmation from no man; as for his conscience, it was made easy by the fact that he had plundered Bandy for strictly official and patriotic purposes. On the morrow he was leading the gang to war against its neighbor and enemy, the "Park Avenues," or "Parkies" — a real battle, with ash-can

[1] Approval.
[2] Likely to pass.
[3] Addicted to fighting.
[4] Boastful display.

covers to be used as shields, and sticks and pebbles as the weapons. Was it not right that he have some emblem to wear in the fray, in keeping with his own dignity and that of the Twennies? Public opinion said yes, though Bandy cried his injustice to high heaven.

It came to pass that on the morrow, when the Twennies met the Parkies in combat, Gus came to hand-to-hand fighting with "Red" McCarthy, far-famed leader of the Parkies. Perhaps in punishment for his misdeed Gus was badly worsted; he came out of the encounter with a beautifully luminous black eye and, saddest of all, without the medal. So ended Bandy's brief time of rejoicing, and so came the sad look in his eyes. What little comfort there was for him came from the fact that Gus too was sorrowful, mourning his great disgrace.

But the final injury, put upon Bandy by the haughty words of Hester Seidman, was too great to be borne. Go an' get his medal, hey? She told him to go an' get his medal? . . . Well, Bandy would show her; and, yes, he'd show the whole block too! He *would* get the medal! It was the one thing in all the bleak world that Bandy could be proud of, the only thing that could make life worth living now, and Bandy was going to get it. How, he did not know, save that it would be by desperate measures; but secure it he would

or — visions of the dying gladiator, perishing with gestures — die in the attempt.

"I'm goin' to get my medal back! I'm goin' to make the Parkies give it back!" Bandy informed Hester after school the next day; whereat abandoning a doll she had been dressing she ran across the street to carry the humorous tidings to the gang. From mouth to mouth the wild words of Bandy spread, and for the first time in days the lanky Gus Mayer was seen to smile. The stocky Phil Diamond, stern with the weight of his seventeen years, smiled too, and "Goggles" and "Bosco" and Aloysius, better known as "Izzy," McMinahan; and from them the laugh traveled down the line until it had reached the lowliest of their satellites.[1]

"Hey Bandy, what're goin' to do — lick Red McCarthy?" Bosco called tauntingly.

"Attaboy, Bandy! Hit 'im one for me!" added Izzy.

And Hester Seidman, resuming the dressing of her doll, giggled again.

But the next day Bandy, having slept on his tremendous idea, was unmoved from it yet. How he was to carry out the "do or die" mission was still nebulous; that he should not accomplish it was unthinkable. The gold medal, since it had come into his life, was as fixed and unalterable a part of that existence as the daily returning sun;

[1] Followers.

and Bandy told himself, and told all the world too, that he was going to have it. "Just you wait an' see!" said Bandy to his critics as he fought back an unwilling tear.

There was just one person in all the street who believed that Bandy was in earnest, and that person was "Peewee" McNulty, the tiny eight-year-old lad, freckled as the measles and fresh as a Jersey mosquito, who ran messages for the captains of the gang. Peewee discerned in the broken-hearted utterances of Bandy an uncommon sincerity and, always eager to be on hand when great events were brewing, followed the bow-legged boy around in his aimless wanderings each day after school, from time to time venturing, "Hey, Bandy, when're you goin' to go to Park Avenya?"

"Not yet," Bandy would reply nervously, or: "It won't be long. Just you wait an' see!"

At last, late one afternoon, as the sun was dipping low over the ragged smoky roofs, the patience of Peewee McNulty was rewarded. Bandy tilted his cap back, stuck a thumb in his mouth and, deep in secret thoughts, walked across the street. Unobtrusively[1] Peewee followed. Bandy, changing his mind suddenly, crossed the street again. Again the wee form of young McNulty followed, like a dwindling shadow. Electric resolution vibrated through Bandy's bony frame, stiffening it from the

[1] Without attracting attention.

patched soles of his shoes to his protruding yellow hair as he paused for a moment, then went precipitously east; and Peewee also paused with a jerk, hesitated, and followed with quick, silent steps. Bandy reached the middle of the street, the normal limit of safety from sporadic [1] raids of the Parkies, and still he went on. Closer and closer he came to the dead line marked by the ominous lamp-post sign, "Park Avenue," and still he did not pause. Under the sinister shadow of the Park Avenue trestle he proceeded, turning left. His eyes looked out furtively now from side to side, his pace slackening ever so little as he thought of grim legends of the ferocity of Red McCarthy; of the Parkies' custom of "measuring noses" of their captives, a process that consisted in tweaking the victim's nose until he was able to estimate its length to their entire satisfaction; of the rumor even that the tough Red McCarthy carried a revolver, though there were those who maintained that it was only an extra large cap pistol. . . .

Within the precincts of the enemy all was strangely quiet as twilight fell — only an ice wagon clattered by on the cobblestones, its driver blind to the drama for which Bandy was setting the stage, and a train rumbled overhead on its unconcerned way to Grand Central. And now, at the end of the next

[1] At irregular intervals.

street, Bandy saw a lone figure framed against a background of worn stone steps. He crossed to that spot, his arms waving and his curved legs wallowing as though complaining of the peril to which they were being put by the unconquerable will that commanded them. Not even Bandy's shadow was with him now, for Peewee had paused discreetly on the corner diagonally opposite to observe and mark developments.

Perhaps not to the great disappointment of bandy-legged Davy the blurred figure turned out to be that of a girl. He approached it, putting his thumb in his mouth again, his face assuming the defensive armor of his most ferocious look, as in the climax of the "Ye call me chief, and well ye may!" speech of Spartacus.

The girl, however, was unimpressed. With one hand resting on her hip, the other drooping over the iron banister rail, she waited calmly for him to speak. But as Bandy said nothing, continuing his stare of practiced savagery, she remarked:

"Say, Bandy-legs, *you* don't belong on this block, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Bandy.

"Well, what do you want?"

Something of the mettle of the soul of Spartacus himself must have entered the spirit of Bandy Hartenstein now, for it was surely no everyday

and uninspired Bandy who stood erect and said to her: "Where's your gang? I don't tell my business to girls, I don't!"

The girl's interest quickened and she looked at him with frank, inquisitive eyes.

"Oh, *all* right!" she replied. "Only you needn't get fresh about it!"

She raised two fingers to her freckle-rimmed mouth and sent out a terrific whistle, the screeching note of which communicated down the spine of Bandy who had thought that he knew all earthly terrors, a new and delicious one; and she followed the final note of the blast with the call, "Red! Oh, Re-ed!"

Magically Parkies began to appear in all directions: up from cellar steps and down from front stoops, from the opposite side of the street and from just around the corner; long-trousered Parkies all — one wearing a broken-crowned derby rakishly tilted on the back of his head, one carrying a stick and one of them the living image of all bad dreams that visited members of the Twennies in their sleep — the efficient-looking, dangerously mild-mannered Red McCarthy himself. Suggestively they had formed a circle, with Red McCarthy inside it, in less time than it took to recite a line from a sentimental poem.

"What's the matter, Agnes?" Red demanded.

"Nothin'," said the girl calmly, "only this feller

said he wanted to talk to the gang. I think he's a Twenny."

"Aw, go 'way, I don't believe it!" remarked one of the Parkies.

"Knock his block off! Measure his nose!" cried another, less skeptical. And: "Yes, he is, he *is* a Twenny, I tell you!" called still another one.

"Shut up, all of you!" commanded Red McCarthy, and the hubbub died down. "Hey, you!" he addressed the quaking Bandy. "What do *you* want?"

"I want my gold medal, that's what I want! My gold medal, that you stole from Gus Mayer!"

In a moment the indignation and wrath of the assembled Parkies had swollen to the bursting point, and the commanding voice of Red was drowned in an anarchy of noises, prominent among them the pleading cries of "Lemme at 'im!" and "Measure 'is nose! Measure 'is nose!" A rough hand reached out for the collar of Bandy's coat, only to be jerked away rudely by Red, and the circle widened. Now he addressed Bandy harshly, his sharp, familiar features transfixing the captive with unnamable fears, "Say, you're lookin' for trouble, ain't you?"

All his fright to the contrary notwithstanding, in the face of all menaces and of the shaking of his knees and the quivering of his lips, bandy-legged Davy Hartenstein was of one fixed idea, one pur-

pose. "I want my gold metal!" he shrieked. "An' I ain't goin' away until I get it!"

"Shut up!" repeated Red McCarthy to his clamorous following. Red McCarthy was frankly puzzled. He came closer and scrutinized Bandy's trembling face. "I didn't take any medal from *you!*" he said. "I did take one from a tall, lanky guy, though."

"Well, it's mine an' I won it for makin' a recitation, an' I want it!"

"You want it, hey? Well, how're you goin' to *get* it?"

Bandy hesitated — then came his answer as he made a wild crazy leap, both hands outstretched, straight for Red McCarthy's throat. But Red only stepped aside deftly, flinging out one elbow as he did, and Bandy's attack was over, the wind knocked out of him.

"You would, wouldja?" cried the leader wrathfully, and laid a heavy hand on Bandy's neck. "What'll we do with him, fellers?"

"Measure his nose!" answered the eager chorus.

"Naw, go on! That's old stuff! He says he makes recitations — well, we'll make him recite for *us*, an' if we don't like his recitin' we'll knock his head off. Do you hear that, Twenny?" replied Red. The novelty of the suggestion brought instant approval, especially since it seemed to supplement rather than displace the others.

"Come on, Twenny, recite for us! . . . What pieces do you know? . . . Come on there, no stalling, or I'll poke you one!" were some of the strains in the medley of voices.

"Naw, wait a minute! We'll take him in the empty cellar an' he can recite for us there!" Red announced.

Before the breath had fairly returned to Bandy's lungs it was being hustled out again as his progress to the selected auditorium was assisted with a push and another prod in the ribs. Shrieking and squawking his protest but miraculously still dry-eyed and struggling, he was jostled on in the dark until his feet stumbled over stone steps and, recovering his balance, he found himself entering a deep and cavernous blackness. After much scuffling of feet and the scratching of matches a light appeared on a flaring gas jet, and he saw the cob-webbed walls of an untenanted cellar. One disciple of old-fashioned methods tweaked his nose long and hard before Red had had time to take charge of him again.

"Come on now, Twenny, recite!" they chorused.

"Get back there, fellers, an' give 'im a chance to recite!" Red ordered. "This is your platform, Twenny — here, under the gas jet. Stand back fellers! An' remember, Twenny — every time we don't like your recitin' we're goin' to swat you."

Once, twice the captive Bandy breathed in

deeply as the space around him widened, and his confused head began to clear a little. The sting where the last Parky elbow had caught his ribs and, again, where the Parky fingers had pinched his nose seemed to act as a stimulant. Recite to them? Yes — now they were talking a language that Bandy could understand. For just a moment he paused to take stock of the well-remembered lines, then, without so much as pausing to clear his throat, he began, on a high strident key, Spartacus's speech of defiance to the Gladiators —

"You call me chief, and well you may!"

But scarcely had Bandy got beyond the first line than a rude hand laid hold of his nose again. The Parkies were apparently determined to be a displeased audience. "Rotten!" and "Hit 'im one!" sounded the voices.

Again Red came to the fore. "Didja hear that, Twenny?" he demanded. "You gotta do better than that — or —"

Another voice was heard now — that of the girl whom Bandy had commanded to produce her gang, and who was standing on the fringe of the crowd. The only girl in the gathering, she was evidently a privileged person from the absolute unconcern of her manner — the younger sister of Red McCarthy himself, Bandy judged.

"Aw, come on, Red," she reasoned. "Give 'im

a chance! How're ya gonna know how he recites anyway, if you don't let 'im?"

"All right, Twenny," said Red, "we'll let you finish this time — only recite somethin' else, an' somethin' that's not so fresh."

A difficult audience. Bandy found it hard to remember his repertoire,[1] though it consisted of only four pieces. Which should it be? And now he recalled that it was Poe's "Annabel Lee" that had won him his medal. Yes, he would give them "Annabel Lee." He stood back farther, tightening himself for the test, looking away from his critics, proudly away from the figure in the doorway too. In a low and husky and reverent voice, speaking into the blackness of the back of the cellar, he began:

"It was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee."

He went deeper and deeper into the melodious mystery of the poem, with tenderness first indicated with the gesture of his hand over his heart, then despair — a despair that Bandy felt all too genuinely — in the running of his fingers through his already tousled yellow hair; and now, with the magnetic consciousness of the public speaker, he

[1] Stock of pieces.

became aware without looking in her direction that Red's sister was held in rapt attention.

"And this maiden she lived with no other thought,"

quoth Bandy —

"Than to love and be loved by me."

Still no interruption! Bandy gathered new strength, and continued:

"I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee."

Still the tweaking fingers of doom were withheld from his nose. Bandy was imagining himself at the movies now, wearing his medal of gold and seated beside Hester:

"With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me."

It was a woeful shame that there was no Peewee McNulty present to hear, see, and preserve forever the records of Bandy's spell-binding of the Parkies. But the legend was not destined to be lost entirely, and certainly the business that Peewee was gone on at the moment was far more urgent. From the time when violent hands had first been laid upon Bandy, Peewee had been the busiest youth in all Harlem. To begin with, he had galloped at

a breakneck pace back to the home street and the outskirts of Mt. Morris Park, where the Twennies held their evening rendezvous. Then there had been the story, told breathlessly, of Bandy's crazy valor and his capture by the foe; and later, as the air rang again with the happy sound of Gus Mayer's commanding voice, there had been many messages for Peewee to run, marshaling absentees.

Even as the rescue party approached, without shields, weapons, or panoply of war but grim for action, bandy-legged Davy, after three complete changes of voice and gestures, was coming slowly to his climax, to the final sorrowful stanza where he was wont to complete and seal the spell already cast with the final and clinching display of those genuine tears. Already he had chanted softly, leading up to his concluding effect:

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annæbel Lee."

But those real tears of Bandy's were destined not to be shed to-night. Instead, there sounded the cries of confusion and war as the battle call of his own gang rang out in his ears:

"A-twenny! A-twenny! Yo-o-ho-o, yo-o-ho-o, a-twenny!"

Simultaneously sounded the voices of alarm:

"The Twennies are coming!"

"Quick — we're done for if they get us here!"

And Red McCarthy's voice of leadership: "Come on, fellers, keep cool! We've got to get out of here — quick!"

And as Bandy paused, watching his audience dash out in headlong disarray, there was actually a gleam of regret in his blurred eyes. Just one of his hearers had stayed to keep guard over him — Red McCarthy's sister. Having kept calm in the midst of all the confusion, she addressed him with friendly words when they were quite alone:

"Come on, Bandy-legs, we better get out of here before they come back."

Out on the avenue it was a noble battle while it lasted, though it would have been difficult to say which side came off the victors. There was no lack of valor on either side, and after twenty minutes of hand-to-hand scuffles, of quick sallies and withdrawals and returns to the fray, the honors and the black eyes, an impartial historian must chronicle, were fairly even. Though perhaps the final meed of victory must be given to the Park Avenues, since the Twennies after their last vigorous charge were unable to find any sign anywhere on the lamp-lit block of the captive Bandy, and were forced at last to retreat as the adult citizenry of the neighborhood began to gather and the fearsome cry of "Cheese it, the cop!" was heard.

Back they went in regular array, while the Parkies too retreated before the menace of the law. They recrossed the border and paused in the middle of the home block to form a new council. And now the shrill voice of Peewee McNulty piped insistently, "Hey, fellers!"

Peewee, in line with his policy of being always where things were most interesting had left the side lines early in the fray, for his discerning eyes had seen things that were much more momentous to them than a mere battle. What Peewee had seen was the sight of Bandy and the sister of Red McCarthy slipping quietly out of the cellar while the warfare was at its height, and proceeding, in earnest conversation to Twenny territory. Peewee followed, and his eyes grew big with awe as they saw Agnes McCarthy's hand reach into her jersey, unclasping from inside it Bandy's gold medal.

"Here!" she said to Bandy. "My big brother gave it to me, but it's yours."

Strangest of all, Peewee saw Bandy reach out eager hands for it, then suddenly withdraw them.

"No, I won't take it — from *you!*" replied Bandy.

At the present moment Bandy and Agnes were sitting in the full lamplight on the steps of the tenement where the Hartenstein family resided. They had been engaged in an argument for some time, but it must have been a friendly one judging

from their low voices; and it had just come to its conclusion when the excited Peewee lifted his voice.

Answering Peewee's summons the van-guard of the gang were just in time to see Agnes McCarthy fastening the clasp of the medal in its old position on the front lapel of Bandy's coat.

Later that evening Hester Seidman was seen to approach Bandy coyly, with the companionly suggestion, "Goin' to the movies to-night, Bandy?"

"No, I don't wanna go to the movies," said Bandy. There was a far-away look in his eyes.

THE ROUT[1] OF THE WHITE HUSSARS

By Rudyard Kipling

It was not in the open fight
We threw away the sword,
But in the lonely watching
In the darkness by the ford.
The waters lapped, the night-wind blew,
Full-armed the Fear was born and grew,
And we were flying ere we knew
From panic in the night.

— Beoni Bar.

Some people hold that an English Cavalry regiment cannot run. This is a mistake. I have seen four hundred and thirty-seven sabres flying over the face of the country in abject terror — have seen the best Regiment that ever drew bridle wiped off the Army List for the space of two hours. If you repeat this tale to the White Hussars[2] they will, in all probability, treat you severely. They are not proud of the incident.

As the White Hussars say, it was all the Colonel's fault. He was a new man, and he ought never to

[1] Overwhelming defeat, disorderly flight.

[2] Light horse troops, brilliantly uniformed.

have taken the Command. He said that the Regiment was not smart enough. This to the White Hussars, who knew that they could walk around any Horse and through any Guns, and over any Foot on the face of the earth! That insult was the first cause of offence.

Then the Colonel cast[1] the Drum-Horse — the Drum-Horse of the White Hussars! Perhaps you do not see what an unspeakable crime he had committed. I will try to make it clear. The soul of the Regiment lives in the Drum-Horse who carries the silver kettle-drums. He is nearly always a big pie-bald. He is beyond the ordinary laws of casting. His work is very light, and he only maneuvers at a footpace. Wherefore, so long as he can step out and look handsome, his well-being is assured. He knows more about the Regiment than the Adjutant, and could not make a mistake if he tried.

The Drum-Horse of the White Hussars was only eighteen years old, and perfectly equal to his duties. He had at least six years' more work in him, and carried himself with all the pomp and dignity of a Drum-Major of the Guards. The Regiment had paid Rs.[2] 1200 for him.

But the Colonel said he must go, and he was cast in due form and replaced by a washy, bay beast, as ugly as a mule, with an ewe-neck, rat-tail, and cow-

[1] Discarded. [2] Rupees, silver coins of varying value.

The White Hussars

hocks. The Drummer detested that animal, and the best of the Bandhorses put back their ears and showed the whites of their eyes at the very sight of him. They knew him for an upstart and no gentleman. I fancy that the Colonel's ideas of smartness extended to the Band, and that he wanted to make it take part in the regular parade movements. A Cavalry Band is a sacred thing. It only turns out for Commanding Officers' parades, and the Band Master is one degree more important than the Colonel. He is a High Priest and the "Keel Row" is his holy song. The "Keel Row" is the Cavalry Trot; and the man who has never heard that tune rising, high and shrill, above the rattle of the Regiment going past the saluting-base, has something yet to hear and understand.

When the Colonel cast the Drum-Horse of the White Hussars, there was nearly a mutiny.

The officers were angry, the Regiment were furious, and the Bandsmen swore — like troopers. The Drum-Horse was going to be put up to auction — public auction — to be bought, perhaps, by a Parsee [1] and put into a cart! It was worse than exposing the inner life of the Regiment to the whole world.

The Colonel was a mean man and a bully. He knew what the Regiment thought about his ac-

[1] A follower of Zoroaster in India.

tion; and, when the troopers offered to buy the Drum-Horse, he said that their offer was mutinous and forbidden by the Regulations.

But one of the Subalterns — Hogan-Yale, an Irishman — bought the Drum-Horse for Rs. 160 at the sale, and the Colonel was wroth. Yale professed repentance — he was unnaturally submissive — and said that, as he had only made the purchase to save the horse from possible ill-treatment and starvation, he would now shoot him and end the business. This appeared to soothe the colonel, for he wanted the Drum-Horse disposed of. He felt that he had made a mistake, and could not of course acknowledge it. Meantime, the presence of the Drum-Horse was an annoyance to him.

Yale took to himself a glass of old brandy, three cheroots, and his friend Martyn; and they all left the Mess together. Yale and Martyn conferred for two hours in Yale's quarters; but only the bull-terrier who keeps watch over Yale's boot-trees knows what they said. A horse, hooded and sheeted to his ears, left Yale's stables and was taken, very unwillingly, into the Civil Lines.[1] Yales' groom went with him. Two men broke into the Regimental Theatre and took several paint-pots and some large scenery-brushes. Then night fell over the Cantonments, and there was a noise as of a horse kicking his loose-box to pieces in Yale's

[1] Outside the encampment.

stables. Yale had a big, old, white Waler trap-horse.

The next day was a Thursday, and the men, hearing that Yale was going to shoot the Drum-Horse in the evening, determined to give the beast a regular regimental funeral — a finer one than they would have given the Colonel had he died just then. They got a bullock-cart and some sacking, and mounds and mounds of roses, and the body, under sacking, was carried out to the place where the anthrax cases were cremated; two-thirds of the Regiment following. There was no Band, but they all sang "The Place Where the Old Horse Died" as something respectful and appropriate to the occasion. When the corpse was dumped into the grave and the men began throwing down armfuls of roses to cover it, the Farrier-Sergeant [1] ripped out an oath and said aloud, "Why, it ain't the Drum-Horse any more than it's me!" The Troop Sergeant-Majors asked him whether he had left his head in the Canteen. The Farrier-Sergeant said that he knew the Drum-Horse's feet as well as he knew his own; but he was silenced when he saw the regimental number burned in on the poor stiff, upturned near-fore.

Thus was the Drum-Horse of the White Hussars buried; the Farrier-Sergeant grumbling. The sacking that covered the corpse was smeared in places

[1] Blacksmith and veterinarian.

with black paint; and the Farrier-Sergeant drew attention to this fact. But the Troop-Sergeant-Major of E Troop kicked him severely on the shin, and told him that he was undoubtedly drunk.

On the Monday following the burial, the Colonel sought revenge on the White Hussars. Unfortunately, being at that time temporarily in command of the Station, he ordered a Brigade field-day. He said that he wished to make the Regiment "sweat for their insolence," and he carried out his notion thoroughly. That Monday was one of the hardest days in the memory of the White Hussars. They were thrown against a skeleton-enemy, and pushed forward, and withdrawn, and dismounted, and "scientifically handled" in every possible fashion over dusty country, till they sweated profusely. Their only amusement came late in the day when they fell upon the battery of Horse Artillery and chased it for two miles. This was a personal question, and most of the troopers had money on the event; the Gunners saying openly that they had the legs of the White Hussars. They were wrong. A march-past concluded the campaign, and when the Regiment got back to their Lines, the men were coated with dirt from spur to chin-strap.

The White Hussars have one great and peculiar privilege. They won it at Fontenoy,[1] I think.

[1] Battle of Fontenoy in Belgium, in 1745.

Many Regiments possess special rights such as wearing collars with undress uniform, or a bow of riband between the shoulders, or red and white roses in their helmets on certain days of the year. Some rights are connected with regimental saints, and some with regimental successes. All are valued highly; but none so highly as the right of the White Hussars to have the Band playing when their horses are being watered in the Lines. Only one tune is played, and that tune never varies. I don't know its real name, but the White Hussars call it, "Take Me to London Again." It sounds very pretty. The Regiment would sooner be struck off the roster than forego their distinction.

After the "dismiss" was sounded, the officers rode off home to prepare for stables; and the men filed into the lines riding easy. That is to say, they opened their tight buttons, shifted their helmets, and began to joke or to swear as the humor took them; the more careful slipping off and easing girths and curbs. A good trooper values his mount exactly as much as he values himself, and believes, or should believe, that the two together are irresistible where women or men, girls or guns, are concerned.

Then the Orderly-Officer gave the order, "Water horses," and the Regiment loafed off to the squadron-troughs which were in the rear of the stables and between these and the Barracks. There were

four huge troughs, one for each squadron, arranged *en échelon*,[1] so that the whole Regiment could water in ten minutes if it liked. But it lingered for seventeen, as a rule, while the band played.

The band struck up as the squadrons filed off to the troughs, and the men slipped their feet out of the stirrups and chaffed each other. The sun was just setting in a big, hot bed of red cloud, and the road to the Civil Lines seemed to run straight into the sun's eye. There was a little dot on the road. It grew and grew till it showed as a horse, with a sort of gridiron-thing on his back. The red cloud glared through the bars of the gridiron. Some of the troopers shaded their eyes with their hands and said — "What the mischief 'as that there 'orse got on 'im?"

In another minute they heard a neigh that every soul — horse and man — in the Regiment knew, and saw, heading straight toward the Band, the Dead Drum-Horse of the White Hussars!

On his withers banged and bumped the kettle-drums draped in crape, and on his back, stiff and soldierly, sat a bareheaded skeleton.

The Band stopped playing, and, for a moment, there was a hush.

Then some one in E Troop — men said it was the Troop Sergeant-Major — swung his horse round and yelled. No one can account exactly for what

[1] In the form of steps.

happened afterward; but it seems that, at least, one man in each troop set an example of panic, and the rest followed like sheep. The horses that had barely put their muzzles into the troughs reared and capered; but as soon as the band broke, which it did when the ghost of the Drum-Horse was about a furlong[1] distant, all hooves followed suit, and the clatter of the stampede — quite different from the orderly throb and roar of a movement on parade, or the rough horse-play of watering in camp — made them only more terrified. They felt that the men on their backs were afraid of something. When horses once know that, all is over except the butchery.

Troop after troop turned from the troughs and ran — anywhere and everywhere — like spilled quicksilver. It was a most extraordinary spectacle, for men and horses were in all stages of easiness, and the carbine-buckets flopping against their sides urged the horses on. Men were shouting and cursing, and trying to pull clear of the Band which was being chased by the Drum-Horse, whose rider had fallen forward and seemed to be spurring for a wager.

The Colonel had gone over to the Mess for a drink. Most of the officers were with him, and the Subaltern of the Day was preparing to go down to the lines, and receive the watering reports from

[1] An eighth of a mile.

the Troop Sergeant-Majors. When "Take Me to London Again" stopped, after twenty bars, every one in the Mess said, "What on earth has happened?" A minute later, they heard unmilitary noises, and saw, far across the plain, the White Hussars scattered, and broken, and flying.

The Colonel was speechless with rage, for he thought that the Regiment had risen against him or was unanimously drunk. The Band, a disorganized mob, tore past, and at its heels labored the Drum-Horse — the dead and buried Drum-Horse — with the jolting, clattering skeleton. Hogan-Yale whispered to Martyn — "No wire will stand that treatment," and the Band, which had doubled like a hare, came back again. But the rest of the Regiment was gone, was rioting all over the Province, for the dusk had shut in and each man was howling to his neighbor that the Drum-Horse was on his flank. Troop-horses are far too tenderly treated as a rule. They can, on emergencies, do a great deal, even with seventeen stone on their backs. As the troopers found out.

How long this panic lasted I cannot say. I believe that when the moon rose the men saw they had nothing to fear, and, by twos and threes and half-troops, crept back into Cantonments very much ashamed of themselves. Meantime, the Drum-Horse, disgusted at his treatment by old friends, pulled up, wheeled round, and trotted up

to the Mess veranda-steps for bread. No one liked to run; but no one cared to go forward till the Colonel made a movement and laid hold of the skeleton's foot. The Band had halted some distance away, and now came back slowly. The Colonel called it, individually and collectively, every evil name that occurred to him at the time; for he had set his hand on the bosom of the Drum-Horse and found flesh and blood. Then he beat the kettle-drums with his clenched fist, and discovered that they were but made of silvered paper and bamboo. Next, still swearing, he tried to drag the skeleton out of the saddle, but found that it had been wired into the cantle.[1] The sight of the Colonel, with his arms round the skeleton's pelvis and his knee in the old Drum-Horse's stomach, was striking. Not to say amusing. He worried the thing off in a minute or two, and threw it down on the ground, saying to the Band — "Here, you curs, that's what you're afraid of." The skeleton did not look pretty in the twilight. The Band-Sergeant seemed to recognize it, for he began to chuckle and choke. "Shall I take it away?" said the Band-Sergeant. "Yes," said the Colonel, "take it to the deuce, and ride there yourselves!"

The Band-Sergeant saluted, hoisted the skeleton across his saddle-bow, and led off to the stables.

[1] The hind bow of the saddle.

Then the Colonel began to make inquiries for the rest of the Regiment, and the language he used was wonderful. He would disband the Regiment — he would court-martial every soul in it — he would not command such a set of rabble, and so on, and so on. As the men dropped in, his language grew wilder, until at last it exceeded the utmost limits of free speech allowed even to a Colonel of Horse.

Martyn took Hogan-Yale aside and suggested compulsory retirement from the Service as a necessity when all was discovered. Martyn was the weaker man of the two. Hogan-Yale put up his eyebrows and remarked, firstly, that he was the son of a Lord, and, secondly, that he was as innocent as the babe unborn of the theatrical resurrection of the Drum-Horse.

"My instructions," said Yale, with a singularly sweet smile, "were that the Drum-Horse should be sent back as impressively as possible. I ask you, *am* I responsible if a mule-headed friend sends him back in such a manner as to disturb the peace of mind of a Regiment of Her Majesty's Cavalry?"

Martyn said, "You are a great man, and will in time become a General; but I'd give my chance of a troop to be safe out of this affair."

Providence saved Martyn and Hogan-Yale. The Second-in-Command led the Colonel away to the little curtained alcove wherein the subalterns [1]

[1] Officers below the rank of captain.

of the White Hussars were accustomed to play poker of night; and there, after many oaths on the Colonel's part, they talked together in low tones. I fancy that the Second-in-Command must have represented the scare as the work of some trooper whom it would be hopeless to detect; and I know that he dwelt upon the sin and the shame of making a public laughing-stock of the scare.

"They will call us," said the Second-in-Command, who had really a fine imagination — "they will call us the 'fly-by-nights'; they will call us the 'Ghost Hunters'; they will nickname us from one end of the Army List to the other. All the explanation in the world won't make outsiders understand that the officers were away when the panic began. For the honor of the Regiment and for your own sake keep this thing quiet."

The Colonel was so exhausted with anger that soothing him down was not so difficult as might be imagined. He was made to see, gently and by degrees, that it was obviously impossible to court-martial the whole Regiment and equally impossible to proceed against any subaltern who, in his belief, had any concern in the hoax.

"But the beast's alive! He's never been shot at all!" shouted the Colonel. "It's flat flagrant disobedience! I've known a man broke[1] for less.

[1] Dismissed, disgraced.

They're mocking me, I tell you, Mutman! They're mocking me!"

Once more, the Second-in-Command set himself to soothe the Colonel, and wrestled with him for half an hour. At the end of that time, the Regimental Sergeant-Major reported himself. The situation was rather novel to him; but he was not a man to be put out by circumstances. He saluted and said, "Regiment all come back, Sir." Then, to propitiate the Colonel — "An' none of the 'orses any the worse, Sir."

The Colonel only snorted and answered — "You'd better tuck the men into their cots, then, and see that they don't wake up and cry in the night." The Sergeant withdrew.

His little stroke of humor pleased the Colonel, and, further, he felt slightly ashamed of the language he had been using. The Second-in-Command worried him again, and the two sat talking far into the night.

Next day but one, there was a Commanding Officer's parade, and the Colonel harangued[1] the White Hussars vigorously. The pith of his speech was that, since the Drum-Horse in his old age had proved himself capable of cutting up the whole Regiment, he should return to his post of pride at the head of the Band, but the Regiment were a set of ruffians with bad consciences.

[1] Addressed in forcible language.

The White Hussars shouted, and threw everything movable about them into the air, and when the parade was over, they cheered the Colonel till they couldn't speak. No cheers were put up for Lieutenant Hogan-Yale, who smiled very sweetly in the background.

Said the Second-in-Command to the Colonel, unofficially —

"These little things ensure popularity, and do not the least affect discipline."

"But I went back on my word," said the Colonel.

"Never mind," said the Second-in-Command. "The White Hussars will follow you anywhere from to-day. Regiments are just like women. They will do anything for trinketry."

A week later, Hogan-Yale received an extraordinary letter from some one who signed himself "Secretary, Charity and Zeal, 3709, E.C.," and asked for "the return of our skeleton which we have reason to believe is in your possession."

"Who the deuce is this lunatic who trades in bones?" said Hogan-Yale.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said the Band-Sergeant, "but the skeleton is with me, an' I'll return it if you'll pay the carriage into the Civil Lines. There's a coffin with it, Sir."

Hogan-Yale smiled and handed two rupees to the Band-Sergeant, saying "Write the date on the skull, will you?"

If you doubt this story, and know where to go, you can see the date on the skeleton. But don't mention the matter to the White Hussars.

I happened to know something about it, because I prepared the Drum-Horse for his resurrection. He did not take kindly to the skeleton at all.

and as each man turned a certain sharp corner, soldiers stabbed him."

THE CAPTURE OF JULIUS CAESAR BY PIRATES [1]

By Henry Gilbert

It was a brilliant day in summer, and the blue of the Mediterranean was answered by the fleckless blue of the sky, out of which the sun shone with all the fierceness of noon. In a rocky creek of the island of Pharmacusa, which lay a few miles off the coast of Caria, in Asia Minor, lay a long black galley, its nose of burnished copper just showing outside the entrance of the creek. With its benches of rowers who sat quietly chatting, their black oars not placed inboard, but ready to their hands, the raking mast and the huge half-furled sail, the galley had all the appearance of a vicious scorpion waiting in a cleft of the rocks for some unwary prey. Every man had a keen knife at his girdle, and in the box under his seat were stores of javelins, bows and arrows, slings, and stones. These rowers were not slaves: each took part and lot in the enterprise on which they were engaged; each was a seaman and a fighter, as apt at the oar or the sail as at the set-to

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with knife or short throwing-spear. Indeed, this was the galley *Milvus*, "The Kite," one of the scouting vessels of the pirate chief Spartaco, leader of a band of sea rovers whose name was a name of terror up and down the coasts of Asia Minor, from the Hellespont to Tyre, in Syria.

Three men sat in the little cabin on the high-curving poop, from which they had a wide view over the deck of the vessel and away to where the shores of Caria shimmered in the heat haze. They were waiting for any merchant-vessels beating up in the southwest wind from Greece or Italy, and making for Miletus or Ephesus. To pass the time away they were throwing dice, but the day was hot and the game dragged.

"*Zeus!*"[1] said one, named Micio, yawning. "As well be lizards baking on a stone as wait here for ships that never come! The sea is as empty as the treasury at Samos!"

This referred to one of the most daring recent exploits of Spartaco, in violating a temple to Venus in the island of Samos, which lay some thirty miles to the north of where they were seated. The beautiful building had been ruined by fire, after the pirates had put the priests and priestesses to the sword and had rifled the treasury and temple of all the wealth given to it by generations of devout

[1] Chief of the Greek gods, corresponding to the Roman Jupiter or Jove.

worshipers. The speaker had suggested this exploit to his chief, who sat beside him, and he rather prided himself upon his initiative.

"*Me Hercule!*" [1] sneered the third man, a truculent,[2] black-browed rascal named Syrus. "You talk as if you had scaled the walls of Olympus and robbed Jove of his thunderbolts! There is a greater prize than any you would have the courage for, if Spartaco here will let us do it."

"And what is that?" asked Spartaco, a little fierce-faced man with gold rings in his ears, gold chains round his neck, and flashing jewels on his dirty fingers.

"The Temple of Diana at Ephesus!" replied Syrus.

"There is booty enough there, 'tis true," said Spartaco; "but the town is a strong one and Archelaus, the governor there, is a hard man, who would not be bought over to our side except for a very large sum. And even if he agreed to take his soldiers away while we plundered, the Ephesians would fight like wild cats for their Diana."

"I like it not," said Micio. "The goddess has been good to me. I sacrificed to her when I sacked Agrigentum, and she saved me from death and capture that day, for the Sicilians fought too well."

"Pshaw!" returned Spartaco. "These gods and

[1] An oath — By Hercules!

[2] Ferocious, savage.

goddesses cannot help themselves. Until my old chief Storax of Cyprus took it into his head to sack Apollo's temple at Claros, because the god refused him the ship of the rich merchant Crassus at Chios, no captain of the sea had dared to think of trying the strength of a god. Did any ill befall Storax by reason of that? Did he not afterward sack the temple of Ceres at Hermione and that of the healing-god, Aesculapius, at Epidauras? What he could do others have done. Sannio the Negro took much treasure from the temple of Neptune in the Isthmus, and because the god sank two of his best galleys at Taenarus he sacked his temple there too, and at Calauria."

"But mark you, captain," said Micio, "I think these things pass not without note, though the old gods be fallen now on careless days since the Bull-God Mithras[1] is so widely worshiped. What happened to Storax? you ask. Was he not slain by an unseen hand as he feasted in his mountain-hold at Aspera, in the midst of his faithful men? It was an arrow of the god that slew him, of a surety, for all such deaths are from the hand of Apollo. And Sannio — what befell him at Messina? As he rode in the midst of his galleys in a calm sea, waiting for his men to bring off the senators Sextus and Glabrio, to hold for ransom, a great wave rolled in from the Narrow Strait and

[1] The Persian god of light.

swamped and drowned five galleys and some four hundred men — Sannio among them."

"Old women's tales, all such!" returned Spartaco; but his words did not ring with sincerity. As a matter of fact, superstition moved him as much as it moved the wisest and basest of men in those times, when the old gods were dying and new and untried gods were taking their places. Men's minds were still affected more strongly by the old beliefs than by the new, and Spartaco could not keep down the feeling that there might be some truth in the words of his lieutenant Micio.

Syrus was quick to see the doubt in the mind of his captain and therefore laughed.

"We must look, then, for some act of vengeance upon us from the dainty hand of the goddess Venus!" he said. "Doubtless the next serving-maid from whom we would snatch a kiss will thump us heartily!"

Spartaco laughed harshly, but Micio looked gloomy. He had himself suggested the sacking of the temple of Venus at Samos, but it had been to make favor for himself with Spartaco, and he had no thought then of the possible wrath and vengeance of the goddess. Syrus sneered at him.

"Croaker!" he said. "I believe you've frightened yourself now. As for me, I fear none of the old gods while the young Mithras protects me."

He made the sign of the swastika in the air, invoking the protection of Mithras.

At that moment there came a faint, broken halloo from the look-out on the topmost rock on the shore. A quick movement ran through the men on the benches of the galley; they clutched at the handles of their long oars and looked up at their leaders for orders. Spartaco and his lieutenants gazed shoreward, and saw a man gesticulating toward the sea to the north, as if pointing to an advancing vessel.

"Jump ashore, Micio," said the captain of the galley, "and run to the northern point and see what you make of the stranger."

Micio did as he was ordered, and in the course of a few minutes returned to say that there were two merchant-galleys whose course showed that they were making for Miletus. They were heavily laden, and were therefore a likely prize.

"Give the call for the other galleys!" said Spartaco; and soon a trumpet-call, clear and high, rang out along the rocks and creeks of the island.

A few orders and the *Milvus* had been pushed out of the creek, and followed by two other galleys which had been hiding in the neighboring inlets, was on her way toward the merchant-ships. With their long oars rising and falling in regular beats, the pirate galleys looked like great sinister[1] sea-monsters skimming over the bright blue waves.

[1] Attended with disaster, unlucky.

The oars as they struck the waters churned them into foam; the sun shone brightly and turned the tossing water into jewels which flashed as they fell; the wind sang, carrying on it the salt smell of the sea. The pirates, however, saw little of the beauty of the sea and sky, sun and wind; like birds of prey, they had eyes only for their victims, and, urged by the sinewy arms of the rascals on the oar-banks, the three galleys quickly approached the merchantmen.

At the first sight of the black craft racing toward them the traders had increased their speed, had stretched another sail, and incited their rowers to greater efforts. But the vessels were too heavily laden, and the chief merchant, a fat, pursy [1] man, wrung his hands as he saw how swiftly the pirates were lessening the interval between the boats.

On the poop with the chief merchant was a spare young man, a Roman by his dress, with aristocratic features and bold, confident bearing. He was dressed in a white woolen tunic, with sleeves which reached to the wrists, where they were cut into a deep fringe. The garment was slackly girdled. The fringed tunic and the loose girdle were thought to be signs of effeminacy in those days. On his feet were shoes of scarlet leather. As the young man saw the pirate galleys coming nearer and nearer he laughed at the merchant's woeful cries.

[1] Short-breathed, asthmatic.

"It is no use your lamenting," he said with a sneer. "If you had waited for the other merchants you might have been able to beat these rascals off. As it is, they outnumber you by three to two."

"But I wished to get the market before the others," whined the greedy old merchant. "What a loss it is! These rogues will make me pay heavily for my ransom. Oh that I had waited!"

The foppish young man turned away with a yawn. Two servants stood near, and he ordered one to ask his physician to come to him; the other he told to bring his toga, and to bid the rest of his servants to come upon the poop. Then he leaned idly against the side of the vessel and looked at the rushing onset of the first galley.

The merchant, seeing escape was hopeless, had ordered his slaves to cease rowing, and his sailors were reefing the sails. Soon the merchant-galleys lost their way and sat motionless upon the water. Spartaco raced his galley to within a hundred yards; then, at a word, his men ceased rowing and the galley glided just within speaking distance.

"What ship is that?" came the question.

"The *Golden Fleece*, of Rhodes," was the reply, "owned by Vinius the Lydian."

"If Vinius the Lydian is there, let him come aboard," came back the order. "If he is not there, let the shipmaster come to me!"

Vinius, the old merchant, thereupon got into a

small boat with two of his men, and, taking his money and jewels with him, was rowed to the pirate galley. Meanwhile the young aristocrat, surrounded by his servants, sat with Cinna, his friend and physician, and, taking out a scroll from the breast-fold of his toga, began discussing its contents, as if the visit of some three hundred pirates, who thought nothing of sinking galleys and the people aboard them was an everyday occurrence.

In a little while a boat put off from each of the pirate ships, crammed with men. They boarded the big merchant-ship, and then, after quickly going through the cargo to note its value, turned their attention to the passengers on the poop.

It was Spartaco's quick eye who singled out the young Roman gentleman in the center of his retinue. As he went along the gangway to the poop he growled to Micio behind him:

"Here's some sprig from Athens or Rome who will pay for keeping for a while."

Gaining the poop, the pirates went toward the group. The servants closed about their master, at which movement Spartaco laughed.

"Out of the way, spaniels!" he said. "I want your lord's money, not his life."

"What is it, Phormio?" came the drawling voice of the young Roman.

The slaves made way for the pirates, who walked up to the young exquisite. The latter, wrapped

in his toga with its deep purple band, looked up with a slight air of annoyance at being disturbed.

"Who are you?" asked Spartaco harshly, disliking the haughty air of the aristocrat.

The other looked at his questioner with a patronizing smile for an instant. Then, with a gesture, he turned to his friend with the words:

"Tell the fellow, Cinna."

The physician, an elderly man, looked haughtily at the pirate and said:

"This gentleman is Caius Julius Caesar, of Rome."

"What will he pay for the lives of himself and his people?" came the harsh question.

Cinna shrugged his shoulders and looked at his master, who, however, had returned to his book. Spartaco waited for a reply, but as neither Caesar nor Cinna appeared to think the question concerned him, and did not attempt to break the chilly silence, Spartaco, with an angry malediction,[1] turned to Micio and said: "What are they worth, think you? From the pride of them the treasure of Midas[2] wouldn't be enough."

Micio looked at the crowd of slaves and freedmen as if estimating their market value, and then muttered advice to his captain.

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[1] Curse.

[2] A character in Greek myth who for a time had the gift of turning all he touched to gold.

"I'll double it — twenty talents is what I want," said Spartaco.

Caesar raised his head, and a look of real anger was in his eyes.

"Twenty talents!" he said icily. "My good fellow, I am afraid neither of you knows your business. Anyone who knows me will tell you that I am well worth fifty talents!"

For some moments Spartaco was speechless with surprise. As a rule people were anxious to get off with as low a ransom as their captors would accept, and for a prisoner to put up the price placed upon him was something unheard of. Moreover, Caesar's valuation [1] was a staggering amount. Spartaco hastened to get over his surpise and to accept the offer.

"Have it as you will," he said, with a harsh laugh. "Fifty talents you'll pay ere you see Rome again."

"I will send my people with letters to Rome," replied Caesar. "You will ship them there at once, and the money shall be in your hands by the kalends [2] of August."

Spartaco scowled; somehow this aristocrat seemed to be giving orders, and his captor had to obey them. The pirate growled assent and departed. In a little while the merchant-galleys

[1] Equal to about $25,000 in our money.

[2] The first day or days of the Roman month.

were turned and rowed toward the island, where in a small bay they were anchored, and the rich gear and goods were landed to add to the stores of the pirates. Caesar and the merchant and his people were housed in huts, which formed the village of the pirates, placed in a wide green field just below the high rock which formed the look-out of Spartaco and his band. There they would await the time when their ransoms were received. In a few hours Caesar had written his letters to friends and kinsmen at Rome, and next morning the smaller merchant-vessel was manned by pirates, the freedmen and slaves of Caesar, who were to take the letters, went on board, and, the wind being favorable, a course was set for Italy. The same day the pirates in one of their own galleys carried some of the merchant's slaves to Miletus, which was but a few miles away on the mainland. Caesar also sent letters by these to friends of his in Asia Minor, particularly to Nicomedes, the wealthy King of Bithynia.

Caesar remained with the pirates, accompanied only by Cinna, his friend and physician, and two body-servants, Milo, his barber, and Cotta, his cook. A hut was reserved for himself and Cinna, and every morning he bathed in a pool on the seashore, and on his return Milo shaved him and trimmed his nails, and then crimped and curled his hair with tongs. Then he partook of his

spare breakfast of pulse and bread, which had been prepared by Cotta, after which he would walk with Cinna, discussing some point of law, or the subject for a speech or poem. At the time of his capture Caesar had been traveling to Rhodes to study oratory under Molo, a famous orator who lived there. Caesar was at this time only twenty-three years of age, and had the ambition of becoming a senator. He had no inkling yet of the genius which he possessed for military leadership.

About midday he would take another spare meal — for Caesar, even as a young man, had the habit, so rare in his days, of eating and drinking little; after which, in the hottest time of the day, he would take his siesta, sleeping in his hut. At two o'clock he would take exercise by running, leaping, and throwing big stones, and at three he would bathe again, after which he rested and Cinna would read to him. His last meal would be taken at four o'clock, after which he would sit conversing or reading with Cinna, or declaiming a speech which he had thought out and noted down during the day. Soon after dark he would retire to his couch.

The pirates observing his manner of life, used to laugh and jest among themselves about him, calling him "the dandy," the man-woman," or "the lady." They kept strict watch upon him, but this was because of his value, not that they feared he might try to escape. As the days went on they

began to have a feeling of contempt for one whose amusements, interest, and manner of life were wholly different from theirs. They found pleasure in rough and brutal sports, or games of chance, at which they quarreled and fought, sometimes to the death, while this stranger passed his day in bathing, talking, reading, and exercising his limbs. So fearful was he of his precious health, indeed, that he kept a physician continually about him. Such a creature as this Caius Julius Caesar, this aristocrat, was only half a man!

When, therefore, one night, into their midst, as they sat roaring out songs over their cups, the physician entered, and, going boldly up to Spartaco, said that Caesar had sent him to tell them to keep silent, as he was about to sleep, looks of stupefied wonder gave way quickly to great guffaws of laughter at the insolence of the "man-woman."

"And why should we keep quiet?" growled Spartaco. "That little white man of yours would do well with a little hardship, and a night's sleeplessness will do him good. Tell him I shall make all the noise I wish."

"You are foolish, my friend," replied Cinna. "You wish to get the ransom for my friend and master, I suppose?" The pirate assented. "My friend is a man of delicate health; sleep and quiet life are necessary to him. If he were to die here you would get no ransom, for the money is to be

lodged with the Roman governor at Miletus, and will only be given to you when Caesar goes there in person."

Spartaco scowled; the logic of this stranger was unanswerable. "Tell your man-woman that I will keep my boys quiet," he said.

Afterward, whenever the pirates forgot their promise and were noisy at night, Caesar sent and ordered them to keep silent, and they instantly subsided, though with muttered curses. After the first few days Caesar spoke to several of them, getting them to talk of their exploits and leading them to reveal their true natures, in which craftiness, greed, and savagery mingled. Spartaco and Micio he particularly chose to talk to, and while he showed his contempt for their trade and their manners, and never let them forget the social gulf which lay between them, he entered into many of their games and diversions, got them to run and jump and throw balls with him, and to walk with him about the island.

The pirates could not understand him. He was frank in his manner, he laughed and jested with them, and when he chose to be so was excellent company. But they felt vaguely that he was not so soft a person as they had deemed him to be. He gave them orders as if he were their prince and they were merely his body-guard. They resented this manner, but he was so fearless and his bearing

was so lordly that they had to obey, willy-nilly. They felt that under his suavity [1] and condescension of manner there was a determination that nothing could break.

Once Spartaco and Micio and others with them were speaking of the cities they had taken, of the slaves they held in their strongholds in Cilicia, and of the many tributes they received from maritime cities and rich merchants as blackmail, so that they should not attack those cities or capture the vessels of the merchants.

"If there was any wit in your muddy minds," said Caesar, "one or other of you would use your powers to still greater ends."

"As how?" asked Spartaco.

"You would make yourself master of all the pirate bands within the waters of the Middle Sea, you would confederate many maritime [2] States under your power, and — who knows? — if you had brains enough to bend the quarrels of Rome and Italy to your own ends, you could take the place of Rome herself, who hates the sea, and be master over all the lands and oceans of the world."

He was half laughing as he spoke, in spite of the strange glow in his eyes, and they knew not whether he was speaking in jest or in earnest.

"But I fear you are men of too barbarous a taste to aim so high," he went on. "Tell me, is it true,

[1] Blandness, graciousness. [2] Situated near the sea.

as men say, that you reverence not even the temples of the gods?"

"We care a straw for nothing," said Spartaco savagely, incensed at the open contempt which this lord expressed for his captors, who usually experienced deference and fear in their prisoners. "And I think I would as soon slit your throat as have your money, my fine gentleman."

Caesar laughed easily and ignored the other's anger. "If you did that, doubt not that you would rue it in a little while. What would my poor corpse benefit you? Think how you would curse yourself for a fool when you were told that fifty talents — three hundred thousand denarii — were waiting for you at Miletus, and all that you could offer for them was my poor clay! I thought you were men of business!"

"Aye, aye!" said some of the others, laughing at his mockery of their chief. "Spartaco will spare you for your money's sake, but your tongue is too free."

"Free, my friends!" said Caesar, his eyes flashing and scorn curling his lips. "I am used to speaking my mind freely even in the Forum at Rome, before men whose shoe-latchets you are not fit to touch. Think you I should bridle my tongue for any one of your dirty knives?"

Most of the men laughed awkwardly; to take a man's life was nothing to these rough sea-robbers,

but against their wills they were cowed by the utter fearlessness and pride of this Roman lord. Some found a zest in his insolence, and at any rate none of them would permit his life to be taken, unless, of course, his rich ransom never came to their hands.

Caesar rose from the log on which he sat and, folding his toga about him, prepared to go to his own hut.

"What insolence!" he said jestingly. "Barbarians as you are, not to appreciate a gentleman's jests! Do you know that lord's slaves laugh or cry with him to save their backs from the ship? Not only do you threaten me with death, but you resent my jokes. For such insolence not one of you deserves less than the death of a common rogue, and, mark me, when I am free I will see to it that you all get your deserts on the cross!"

This sally excited the men to much laughter. The daring of the thought tickled their sense of the humorous. To think that this man, so much in their power, should threaten to crucify them like any other poor robber whom Roman justice thrust upon a cross along a roadside! After all, the lord could make a good jest.

Caesar's fearlessness among these cut-throats was a matter of wonder even to Cinna, his physician, who tried to dissuade him from trusting himself among them.

"My friend," Caesar replied, "have no fear for me. These men value me too much to injure me. They are sorry rogues, indeed, but at least they enjoy the edge of my tongue."

One day Caesar went to a party of the pirates as they sat after their evening meal and told them he would recite an oration which he had composed. It was a revised version of the final portion of the speech which he had given in the Forum when he had impeached Antonius Hybrida for corrupt government in Macedonia. With all solemnity, while the men gaped at him in wonder, he told them that this speech had always dissatisfied him, and, more than any of his other orations, had convinced him that a few sessions with the great orator Molo at Rhodes — whither he had been proceeding when their rascalities had seized his person — were necessary to perfect him in the art of rhetoric.

Then for some time he exerted all his gifts of eloquence upon the group of wretches before him. With every addition of fine phrasing, noble gesture, and telling intonation, he strove to make them realize the force of the arguments by which he sought to prove how utterly evil and injurious to the State had been the actions of the governor in taking bribes from suitors and from merchants and in robbing travelers of their goods. But all his efforts were in vain: the pirates were not impressed in the least, and even laughed at him, and half-way

through his oration many turned aside and began to play dice, or a game with small bones, called *mora*.

When he ended Caesar looked sourly at them as they lolled in their places. Some joked about the gestures he had made; Spartaco said it seemed a lot to say about a man who had taken a few goods and trifling sums of gold; while another ruffian, supposed to be a very comic fellow, began to create roars of laughter in one corner by imitating Caesar's motions and looks while he talked.

"Dolts and barbarians!" cried Caesar. "It is like throwing pearls to swine or giving gold to asses to lay before you the riches of oratory such as I possess!"

"You learned men seem to do little else but talk," growled Syrus. "As for us seamen, we may be rough men, but we do much more than we talk about. Give me a man who does things, not one who mouths about what other men have done!"

"Dunce!" said Caesar, with a scornful smile. "I suppose you will never learn that words can sway men much more than your brutal deeds with knife and javelin. Oh, I shall take the greatest pleasure in hanging you all when I am free again!"

Saying which, he walked away with great dignity, flinging his toga about him with a lordly gesture.

The pirates laughed as he left them.

"What a fool the man is!" said Spartaco scof-

fingly. "He is all words. Never hath he told us of anything he himself hath done."

"I told him as much," said Syrus. "I doubt not he would turn sick to see a man killed. To talk of crucifying us!"

On other occasions Caesar delivered orations to the pirates, and even recited some of his poems to them. He saw, indeed, that they had no appreciation for anything so strange to their way of life as oratory and poetry; but his masterful and imperious [1] character, which knew no fear of their brutal natures, caused him to impress himself upon them in this way. And so great a mixture of pleasantry and mastery was in his bearing to these men that some began to feel the charm which in later years he exercised so powerfully over his rough soldiers in Spain and Gaul. Micio in particular felt a kind of devotion for this fearless and wonderful stranger, and often went aside to speak to Caesar, who treated him with the haughty familiarity which a great man might show for a freedman or favorite slave.

Once Micio put to him the question which had been exercising his mind ever since the day on which the pirate leaders had talked about the sacking of temples.

"Do you think, Caesar," he said, "that the old gods still have power to avenge themselves upon

[1] Lordly, commanding.

those who insult or injure them? As for me," Micio went on truculently, "I fear them not. Mithras the Bull-God is strong enough for me."

"Why do you ask, then, my friend?" asked Caesar, with a little smile.

"Oh," was the answer, "some have said that men who have sacked temples have been slain by the gods whose fanes [1] they had destroyed.

"Have you sacked a temple?"

"I have," replied Micio, assuming a look of ferocity designed to impress his listener with a sense of his utter fearlessness of things both human and divine.

Caesar glanced at the man as he sat in his soiled and ragged tunic with bare legs and feet thrust into rough leather boots. Micio had a heavy gold chain about his red, hairy neck and bosom, and thick rings in his ears. A kerchief was tied round his unkempt locks, and his face, tanned a deep red by wind and sun, wore the look of mingled craft and brutality which was common to all the pirates.

"Whose temple have you polluted, barbarian?" asked the patrician.

"We sacked the temple of Venus at Samos," was the reply, "slit the throats of the priests and priestesses, and emptied the treasury. Then we sent up the temple in fire and smoke — all that would burn!"

[1] Altars.

"You destroyed the temple of Venus at Samos!" repeated Caesar, and his tone had something of the mercilessness of a judge giving sentence so that Micio was stirred in spite of his air of bravado. "Of a surety the goddess will avenge herself — rest assured that you shall not escape!"

Caesar rose from his seat and withdrew without another word. For a little while Micio sat silent, his superstitious mind chilled by the pronouncement of doom as from the lips of an oracle. He recovered himself in a little while and laughed awkwardly.

A few days later, in the early morning a galley was sighted coming from Miletus. The first man who jumped into the surf when the ship was pulled up the shore was Caesar's chief freedman Gallo, who running up to his master, bowed to him and said:

"*Domine*,[1] the tale of fifty talents is complete. It is in the hands of the lord Valerius Torquatus, the legate[2] at Miletus. Shall I prepare my lord for his immediate departure from here?"

"Tell the pirate, Spartaco, that my ransom waits for him," replied Caesar in an undisturbed manner, "and then come to me."

Within an hour the three galleys were under way to Miletus, crammed with men. The first contained Caesar and his friend Cinna, together with

[1] Master. [2] Assistant to the governor.

the freedman Gallo and the two slaves, Cotta and Milo. All except Caesar himself showed great joy in at length finding themselves on their way to liberty again. They had been thirty-eight days with the pirates, so hard a task had it been for Gallo and the other slaves of Caesar to collect the sum of fifty talents. The property both of Caesar and his wife Cornelia had been confiscated by Sulla, who was then tyrant at Rome; but Caesar had many rich kinsmen and friends.

Throughout the preparation for departure Caesar had sat silent on the poop of the galley gazing upon the line of shore, from which they were now receding, as if trying to fix the appearance of the creeks and the cliffs upon his memory.

Spartaco and his two lieutenants came upon the poop. They were in high glee at the prospect of receiving so large a sum for their captive, but though Spartaco did not anticipate any trick, it had ever been his habit in these cases to make every assurance. He had known of pirates who had been lured to a place at which a ransom was to be paid, only to be fallen upon and overwhelmed by forces in hiding. For this reason he had brought with him all of his men, well armed; and the money was to be handed to him on the governor's galley, at a point on the open sea outside the harbor of Miletus.

"You cannot say I have not treated you well,

ROMAN GALLEYS

In ships somewhat like these the Romans of old voyaged along the Mediterranean.

Caesar," said Spartaco, with a rough laugh. "Fifty talents in a lump do not often come the way of a poor corsair,[1] but I think I and my fellows have treated you like a king."

"I will see that your kind treatment of me does not benefit you if ever you come before the judge at Pergamum," was the smiling reply. "No word from me shall keep you from the cross."

"You will have your jest," said Spartaco, with a laugh. "Look you, if you ever happen to fall into my hands again I promise you I'll raise your ransom — 'twill be seventy-five talents next time, for the sharp tongue you give us!"

Syrus and Micio laughed heartily: this was paying the Roman lord back in his own coin.

"There's the legate's galley!" said Spartaco, and cast keen eyes about the sea and away to the white bar of the harbor, against which the sea tossed up its gleaming beak of bronze.

The formality was soon over: Spartaco, with a body-guard, went aboard the galley of the legate, or governor, and the gold coins were counted out and taken in bags to the little boat bobbing at the side. The governor, a stout old Roman with a rubicund[2] face, stood waiting impatiently while the money was being counted, and when this was finished Spartaco yelled through his hands to Micio on the first pirate galley to put Caesar and

[1] Pirate. [2] Red.

his people in a boat and row them across. This was done with alacrity, and in a little while Caesar stepped on board the governor's vessel.

Exiled from Rome in this outlandish province as he had been for some years, Valerius, the governor, knew little of affairs in the great city. He had never heard of Caesar, but had supposed he was one of the old rich senators who had more wealth than wide renown. His surprise was great, therefore, when a young man of about twenty-three came toward him, dressed in a foppish fashion. Valerius welcomed him heartily, however, for his respect was according to the enormous amount of ransom which had been paid. As Caesar stepped aboard Spartaco leaped into his own boat, and without further delay the beak of the governor's galley was turned shoreward, and the vessel was soon racing toward the meal for which the old governor had been impatiently waiting.

Valerius invited his guest to dine with him when they should reach his villa at Miletus in an hour.

"I thank you," replied Caesar, "but I shall not dine to-day. I will ask you to lend me four galleys and all the good fighting men you can command."

Valerius hesitated. "What do you want them for?"

"I will pay you three talents for the loan of them," replied Caesar, "And you shall have both the galleys and men back without much loss."

"If you think to take those pirates —" began Valerius.

"I do not think about it," replied Caesar in a polite but firm tone. "I am going to take those rascals, every one of them and string them up like crows along the coast to scare other dirty rascals away."

Valerius had long passed his fighting days: he was all for well-cooked meals and Greek wines now; but he knew a masterful man when he saw one, and without another word he submitted. Who was he to resist the will of this young patrician, with, so far as Valerius knew, powerful friends at Rome, and who, at any rate, was one for whom fifty talents had been paid? He agreed, therefore, to place under Caesar the command of four galleys and five hundred soldiers, two hundred of whom were tried fighting men of his own guard, the others being native auxiliaries.

"And suppose you succeed in taking those desperate rascals," said Valerius, "— but I don't promise that you will find it an easy task — what do you propose to do with them?"

"I will bring them here and ask you to put every one to death," was the reply.

"And do you think that will do me any good?" asked Valerius angrily. "I shall have all my merchants railing at me. As it is, they pay their tribute to this Spartaco and their galleys go free. If you

crucify him as big a rogue will come and take his place, and my merchants will have to pay more blackmail."

"I am sorry to threaten these pleasing commercial arrangements," said Caesar, with a cynical smile. "Then I will save you the trouble of punishing these friends of your merchants and I will take them to Pergamum."

"Do that, and I shall be well pleased," replied Valerius, his good-humor returning. "Let Junius the praetor [1] have the bother. Besides, he alone has rightly the power of life and death."

After a few more words Caesar parted from the governor, the latter being glad to see the back of this young man who wished to disturb the comfortable relations existing between the merchants of Miletus and the pirates who patrolled that part of the coast.

Meanwhile the pirates, having returned to the island, were deep in a great carouse to celebrate the rich haul which they had so easily made. Much heady wine was drunk, boastful speeches were made, and song and jest sped the pleasant time. Even the look-out men on the highest point of the rocks had joined in the festivity and no watch was kept upon the sea. When, therefore, with the suddenness of a tempest out of the summer sky men rushed upon them from behind the rocks the

[1] A high magistrate.

half-drunken pirates were able to make but little resistance against what were found to be overwhelming numbers. Those who attempted to fight were cut down; the others were surrounded and ordered to throw down their arms.

"Who commands you?" yelled Spartaco, rocking as he stood, impotent[1] rage in his voice.

From behind a group of soldiers came the tall, slender figure of Caesar, smiling, but with a cold glitter in his eyes.

Spartaco started; then he cursed vehemently[2] for a while, and after that was silent. Micio looked gloomily at Caesar, and then with drunken gravity he turned to Spartaco and shook his head sagely.

"He said he'd crucify us, and — and so he will!" he ejaculated.

Surrounded by the soldiers, who stood with drawn swords ready to cut down any pirate who ventured to break away or to resist, the rascals were pinioned and then were thrust into the bottom of the galleys. Only a few had escaped by flight into the inner part of the island when the surprise had come, and the number taken amounted to about three hundred and fifty. Caesar also recovered the whole of the fifty talents which had formed his ransom.

When all were aboard Caesar ordered the pirate galleys to be stove in and sunk in deep water;

[1] Powerless. [2] Furiously.

after which, setting sail before a favorable wind, he speedily made his way to Pergamum, where dwelt the praetor, or governor-general, of the province of Asia Minor.

Arrived there, he found that the praetor was away on circuit with his principal officers, judging causes in various towns. Caesar saw his captives safely lodged in the prison in the city, though its capacity was strained to accommodate them all, and then, placing over them a guard from among the soldiers of Valerius for additional security, he set out to find Junius, who was somewhere in the east of the province.

After a little search he succeeded in finding the praetor, and having presented himself before him, he related all that had occurred. Junius, an austere,[1] crafty-looking person, said little while the tale was being told, but on learning that Caesar had recovered the fifty talents besides other booty which had been seized and stored by the pirates, his eyes gleamed greedily. When his narrative was ended Caesar said:

"Now, Junius, I have promised these rogues that they shall be crucified. Will you give me your letters directing your legate at Pergamum to execute them?"

Junius looked sourly at Caesar, and his shifty eyes glanced up and down this masterful young

[1] Severe, strict.

man who wished to direct the praetor of a province as to what he should do. He knew that the young patrician was a scion of the Julian clan, and that he had powerful and rich friends, though at present he was hiding from possible death at the hands of the dictator Sulla. All this, however, weighed but little with Junius; the most important thing to his greedy praetorial soul was how to obtain for himself most of the fifty talents and the spoil captured with the pirates. Like most other praetors, he had come to his province resolved to take from it all the riches he could lay his hands upon, and his fingers itched to touch the pirates' treasure.

"The matter must take its proper course," replied Junius. "Such a case must be decided with all due formalities. It must await my return to Pergamum. Meanwhile I will send a messenger with orders to my legate, Minicius, to guard the pirates and their booty with all care."

Caesar had quickly perceived what had been passing in the mind of Junius, whose face, for all his craftiness, easily betrayed his thoughts to an observant eye.

He pretended to fall in with the praetor's opinion and passed the matter off carelessly. He stayed chatting a little while on indifferent topics, so as to make it appear that the business had no real interest for him. When, however, he had taken his leave he instantly ordered his freedman to bring

the horses, and without waiting for food he left the place and took the road back to Pergamum.

His decision was already taken. The man who in later years in Gaul was to slaughter thousands of barbarians without mercy took little account of the execution of two or three hundred robbers. He reached Pergamum in the middle of the next day, and after a hurried meal he gave instructions to the soldiers on guard as to what was to be done. That same afternoon most of the robbers were slain in prison: one by one they were ordered to come out into a small enclosure, and as each man turned a certain sharp corner soldiers stabbed him.

Some thirty of the chief pirates were reserved for a more formal death. These included Spartaco, Micio, and Syrus together with others whom Caesar had noticed to be men of more forceful character. He had these brought out and told them what he purposed doing.

"You are malefactors," [1] he said sternly; "your lives are forfeit to the State for many crimes of murder, robbery, and violence, and you shall now meet with your due reward. You deserve, indeed, to be crucified and to hang upon the wood until you shall miserably die from hunger and your wounds. But as I have known you and dwelt with you I will grant you this grace: you shall be crucified, but you will not be hung upon the cross alive."

[1] Criminals.

The men glared at him sullenly. Death was so near to every violent man in those hard days that it had little terror for him. Some cursed him and looked about them as if they would dearly like to make one last fight for life, but the ranks of stern soldiery with wet swords in their hands gave them no hope.

"I little reckoned you were so strong a man of your word," said Micio at length. "You seemed too much the dandy, you were too clean and choice in your manners. Ah, would that I had known! I would have strangled you as you sat smiling at us. But, now, see here, Caesar," he went on, with a mocking laugh, "I prove your words to be lying words. You said that of a surety Venus would punish me with death for having violated her temple. How now can she punish me?"

"You have not escaped the vengeance of the goddess," said Caesar sternly. "I am of the Julian clan — of the race that has sprung from the goddess. Through me, then, she works her vengeance upon you!"

When the sun, dipping his golden face in the hyacinthine sea, shone that evening with level beams along the waves and the shore, his rays threw thirty long shadows across the fields beyond the strand. The dead bodies of Spartaco and twenty-nine of his comrades hung upon the gaunt, high crosses, their sightless eyes looking at the sinking sun.

Next morning Caesar took galley, and resuming his interrupted journey, he went on his way to Rhodes, where placing himself under the instruction of Apollonius Molo, the great orator, he perfected himself day by day in the art of public speaking.

"The wide, low, ill-lit apartment was occupied."

THE FORT [1]

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Mr. Midshipman Shafto sat in the stern sheets beside his coxswain Peter Fry, staring and listening against the low white haze which covered the boat and the surrounding waters.

"A touch of starboard," he whispered. "A touch! Steady! Hold her at that."

The eight long oars of ash were muffled with bandages of well-slushed [2] sailcloth. The hands and forearms and faces of the eight oarsmen were blackened with soot from the galley, as was all the exposed skin of twelve more mariners, of gunner's mate Joggins, of Coxswain Fry, and of Mr. Shafto himself. Three more boats were somewhere in the vicinity, pulling the same course and set to the same purpose — but nothing was to be seen or heard of them, for they too moved unlighted with muffled oars. Alongside, the stir and slap of wavelets and the drip from feathered blades;

[1] Copyright 1922 by *The Open Road.*

[2] *Slush* is a mixture of grease and other material, for lubricating wood.

inboard, little sounds of breathing and of the shifting of bare feet and tarry breeches; ahead, the soft roll and sloshing burst of surf on sand — these were the only sounds in the hot, blind night.

Mr. Bobby Shafto was fifteen years of age and had been fifteen months at sea. He had never gone to school, but had been instructed at home by his parents, his sisters' governess, and old Jerry Toke, the gardener. His father's property, Monks Vinland, was in a rural and fruitful part of Kent. That was a famous district for strawberries; and poor Mr. Shafto was at the present moment finding it almost more than he could do to keep thoughts of strawberries and cream out of his mind.

"Easy all," he whispered to stroke.

He pulled a fat watch on a fob from a little pocket in the front of his breeches — breeches that had been white before he treated them with tar for this occasion — and thrust it and his head into Fry's bosom, beneath the folds of Fry's salty boat-cloak; and there he read the face of the watch by the imprisoned glow of a small lantern which was attached to the coxswain's belt. He withdrew head and hand with the utmost care, so that no ray of light should escape from the screen of the cloak.

"Half-past one," he whispered. "On the tick."

At the same moment the whispered warning of "way enough" was passed from the gunner's mate in the bows. Mr. Shafto repeated it imme-

diately as a command, and the slow oars hung motionless with the dripping blades slightly elevated.

"Douse your glim," said Mr. Shafto in Fry's ear; and Fry slipped a hand within his cloak, flipped open the door of the lantern, pinched the flame to extinction between thumb and finger and then shrugged the weighty garment from his shoulders.

A sibilant, frothy hissing sounded under the boat's counter; then alongside with growing commotion, and white foam swelled into view to larboard and starboard and wet the gunwales.[1] The boat lifted the flew on a level keel — but only for a few seconds. The surf outran her and passed her, leaving her wallowing in its wake.

"Unship," said Mr. Shafto.

The eight oars came inboard and were laid fore-and-aft as silently as if on a velvet carpet. The keel touched sand with a thrill, lifted and touched again.

"Over and in," said Mr. Shafto, strawberries and cream crowded out of his thoughts at last.

Nine men went overboard — the gunner's mate over the bows and four over each side — into water to their thighs. Joggins dragged on the painter and the rest pulled on the thole-pins as they waded for shore. The surf which had lifted them and passed them now burst on invisible sands and came

[1] Pronounced "gunnels."

sucking back against their ankles, strong though diminished in bulk; and another rank of surf came frothing up astern.

"All the way with this one," cautioned Mr. Shafto, standing up so as to not risk wetting the primings of his pistols.

The mariners who had remained in the boat followed his example. The boat lifted; the waders raced with the yeasty commotion; and all hands leapt out when the keel grated again on the sand. She was beached high and dry, and her crew clustered around the commander in silence. Mr. Shafto whispered instructions, warnings, and words of good cheer. Then, accompanied by Peter Fry, he moved to his left along the sand, counting his paces. He kept just beyond the frothy margin of burst surf; and when he had made forty paces he came in touch with a member of Mr. Digby's crew. Mr. Digby was brought to him out of the mist. Digby was an old fellow of eighteen, ripe for promotion and a shave. They whispered together for a minute.

Shafto returned to his men and led them inland across the sand and up to a terrace of coarser sand thickly grown with cocoanut trees, where land-crabs scuttled about the silver-buckled shoes of Mr. Shafto and the bare feet of his men, clashing their dry jaws defiantly. The grove was passed with much fumbling among the slender palms and

stumbling in crab holes. The leader paused for a few seconds at the base of the veiled heights, visualizing the contours and elevations above and before him as he had frequently seen them by daylight through his spy-glass. Recalling to his mind's eye a narrow, green-embowered gash zigzagging up the steep, he moved a few paces to his right, feeling with hand and foot. Peter Fry moved with him as if he were tied to him, and "stroke" kept touch with the coxswain, and the next stalwart fellow with "stroke," and so on back to Joggins in the rear. He found a passage between two great buttresses of rock, slipped through and climbed upward beneath overhanging masses of foliage in which the fog clung thick and wet. The heat was oppressive. The moist, stagnant air was heavy with the effluvia of rotted vegetation and crumbled rock.

They climbed slowly but steadily, for the most part on toes and hands, sweating copiously and breathing thickly. Once a man stumbled and grunted an oath. Once a little stone got loose and went rattling. The click of metal on rock sounded once. At last Mr. Shafto came to an obstruction, a gate of hewn timbers across the narrow way. He turned to his left then and climbed out of the crevice, followed by his men as surely as if he dragged them after him on a rope. It was a difficult climb, but it won him clear at once of the

obscurity of the gulch and the fog. Starshine and shadows lay around and above him, and below lay the blind white levels of the sea mist. There was no breath of air, for this was the season in which the trade-winds baffle frequently and sometimes fail for hours on end. He lay on bare rock on the seaward slope of the hill; but, after a minute's rest, he crawled forward to the shelter of an out-jutted brow. He held a whispered consultation with the coxswain and the gunner's mate. They were within two hundred yards of the fort, according to the best of his knowledge and judgment; and Fry and Joggins agreed with him.

"We must flank it on the north — which same we can't do on this course, in my opinion."

"D'ye spy the fort, sir?"

"That biggest bulk of blackness up there, I take it."

"Ay, sir, that would be it — black as hades' sick-bay!" [1]

"We must ease off to the nor-rad a few points. The crevice is our course — but I'm afraid of it. Too easy a trap!"

"Ay, sir, they could wipe us out along that crack with the roll of a lump o' rock."

"We'll keep out of it, but close along the edge of it," said Mr. Shafto, moving off to his right on an upward slant.

[1] A compartment on a ship used as a hospital.

The gloom of the tangled vegetation that marked the course of the long crevice was regained without accident. They scaled the steep but broken slope for close upon a hundred yards, when a perpendicular face of rock halted them; and, at the same moment, sounds of pistol-shots and musketry came thumping to their ears from the southward.

"We're behind time!" exclaimed Mr. Shafto in an excited whisper. "We must take to the crevice again — and risk it!"

He turned and crawled into the thicket of brush and vines. He felt the edge of broken rock with his hands, squirmed about and dropped his feet into the blackness of the gulch. He lowered himself cautiously but swiftly; and at the moment of finding the rocky bed of the crevice with his feet, he drew his dirk and went forward. He heard the rustling of Fry and others in the brush above him, and the muffled reports of firearms off to his left and the crashing reports of cannon high up and on his left-front. The fight was on and the great guns of the fort were in action. The surprise had failed — as a surprise, at least. The crew of one or another of the boats must have alarmed a sentry or stumbled upon an outpost.

The way up the bed of the crevice was both steep and rough, and the place was black as a pit, but Mr. Shafto advanced at the double and his men

padded eagerly behind him. Mr. Shafto carried his dirk in his right hand and a cocked pistol trained forward in his left. He stumbled, but saved himself from falling, and in the effort of recovery he twitched his trigger-finger. A spark flew, powder flashed, and the explosion of the little hand-gun crashed like the belch of a mortar in that narrow place; and, close upon it, a harsh cry of pain and alarm rang out from close ahead. Mr. Shafto was astonished, and for a moment stood motionless in his astonishment — but only for a moment.

"Charge!" he shouted, and again dashed up and forward.

Booted feet rang and thudded on the rocky steep in the utter darkness before him, receding at a desperate pace. His own men pressed him close, forcing him to his top speed to maintain his place in front. He dropped the discharged pistol with a hop and clatter on the rocky trail, drew its mate with his left hand and let fly after the unseen and receding foemen. This shot was answered by a flash and bang in front, the snick of lead on rock and the whine of a ricocheting bullet. Fry was at his elbow. He tried desperately to maintain his position, to crack on more speed, but in vain. His feet dragged and stumbled, his knees seemed to have no more fiber than water, his breath caught painfully in his side and whistled in his windpipe. His limbs, too long for his years, were not yet firmly

enough knit at the joints for endurance. They were supple rather than strong.

The coxswain jostled past Mr. Shafto in the dark. Other full-grown and blowing seamen followed the cox, their tattooed chests heaving, cutlasses bare in their sweating fists. Again Mr. Shafto stumbled heavily; and this time he struck his head against a knob of the rocky wall and fell unconscious.

Mr. Shafto opened his eyes from a dream of Monks Vinland and strawberries and saw above him the light of tropic dawn subdued by walls of black rock and a roof of foliage. He sat up, felt the world twirl on its axis, and immediately lay flat again and closed his eyes. He touched his forehead gingerly and felt it to be swollen, raw, and wet, and indescribably painful. He peeped at his finger-tips and saw them red. He remembered everything up to the instant of his unfortunate fall. He listened intently and failed to catch any sounds of battle near or far, above or below — or any other sounds of human activity, for that matter. The fight was finished, and doubtless the high stronghold of the enemy was taken and occupied. Again he sat up, but this time less abruptly than before; and with a large linen handkerchief from his pocket he bound his battered brow. He then recovered his dirk, sheathed it, and got slowly and uncertainly to his feet.

He continued his interrupted ascent of the track at the bottom of the crevice, with a hand against the nearer wall, slowly and with frequent halts, always holding his head erect on a stiff neck to avoid dizziness. Let him but bow his battered cranium for an instant and he was one with the world in its sickening spin on its own axis, in its swinging revolution round the sun and in its vast drift through space with the whole solar system. He was impatient to look abroad, but was far too weak to attempt an escalade [1] of either of the steep walls that held him to that path of green twilight. He felt thirsty and hungry as well as light-headed and weak-kneed.

Before he had gone far he came upon a lifeless human body sprawled in the middle of the track. The first glance, showing it to be the corpse of a stranger, relieved him greatly. He sat down beside it, on a level with it, the better to inspect it without bringing on a spasm of dizziness. Despite his tender years, he was seasoned to sights of this nature. He was interested in the nerveless clay only as in a sign of the success of his stout lads in the fight which he had missed. The fellow was swarthy bearded, garbed and ear-ringed like a seaman but shod in high boots like a soldier. One shoulder was torn by a bullet, but the death-wound was a great cutlass-gash above the collar-bone. The waist was

[1] An ascent.

girdled by a sash of red silk; and a lump in the sash caught Mr. Shafto's eye. Investigation proved the lump to be caused by a wallet attached to a belt of leather behind the sash; and further investigation disclosed the presence of a stone flask of cognac within the wallet. Mr. Shafto helped himself to the potent [1] liquor, sparingly but eagerly and without compunction. It steadied his head, strengthened his knees, and soothed the gnawing of hunger at the pit of his stomach.

With a firmer step, Mr. Shafto went forward, rounded a bend of the rocky trench and came upon four more dead men. Three of them were strangers and foemen, but the fourth, who lay on his face, was an English seaman with two holes in his muscular back. Mr. Shafto turned the fourth corpse over, uttered a low cry, and sank to his knees. It was Peter Fry! The eyes of that incomparable coxswain were wide open, but as devoid of light or shadow as two pebbles. The shaven lips and jaws were set in an ironical grin. On the arched chest, in a tattooed design of ships and anchors and mermaids, showed two holes corresponding with the larger holes in the back.

Mr. Shafto spoke bitterly in a choked voice, then mumbled something in the nature of a prayer, and rubbed his eyes with his knuckles. He had to

[1] Powerful.

clear his vision several times in this manner. Getting to his feet at last he continued his advance.

The crevice widened and shoaled, the walls of rock sank and dwindled to nothing on either hand, and presently Mr. Shafto's feet were on level sward in a grove of whitewood and manchineel trees. Here lay more grim proof of battle — seven bodies in sight and doubtless others in the thickets. He held to his course, too intent on his grief at Fry's death to remark and wonder at the silence around him. He passed through the grove and found himself in a garden run wild with leaf and bloom. The paths were choked with trailing green. Here and there tall pieces of garden statuary, figures of nymphs and fauns, were almost completely submerged by the flood of living green and red and purple. Turning to the left he forced his way in what he judged to be the direction of the fort. He had to slash a path with his dirk through the heavier tangles. He was soon clear of the last thicket and standing in the immediate rear of the fort. Nothing but a dry ditch separated him from the bulk of sombre-hued masonry.

This redoubtable [1] stronghold, this guardian of the leeward coast, appeared commonplace and insignificant to him now in the wash of the flawless new day. He had always viewed it before from

[1] Formidable, arousing dread.

in front, from far out at sea, beholding it high above him with the glint of sunshine on its seaward batteries, secure and distant and defiant a-top the soaring heights of impregnable [1] rock. But viewed from the rear and from its own level its formidable glory was gone. The place showed no sign of hostility or welcome, no sign of life, and no other sign of human occupation than a few white garments hanging on a sagging line between a little outhouse and a flambeau tree. The drawbridge of planks was down, spanning the wide ditch which was the only perceptible object of a defensive nature behind the fort. One wing of one of the two wide doors in the discolored wall stood ajar. The small windows were shuttered. Doors and window-shutters were loopholed for musketry. The place was as silent as death.

Mr. Shafto glanced higher and saw beyond the ridge of the wide roof, the upper section of the flagstaff which adorned the roof of the fort. The staff was bare, with the halyards shaking idly in the breeze. Mr. Shafto wondered at this. If the fort had changed hands, as he firmly believed it had, why was the flag of England not flying there? And if the well-planned attack had failed and all four boat-loads of his valiant friends had been repulsed — which God forbid! — then what had become of the proud banner of France?

[1] Not to be captured.

An extraordinary thing happened. Even as Mr. Shafto gazed at the upper section of the bare flagpole, something slid up the halyards into his field of vision, climbed fluttering to the gilded ball atop, and there shook itself wide and flapped in the wind — the lilied flag of France! Mr. Shafto was dazed. This was too bad! — far too bad to be accepted philosophically by a gentleman of fifteen, on an empty stomach. This was altogether too much, just when one was expecting to reunite with gallant comrades and sit in to a substantial breakfast. For thirty seconds he continued to stand and stare, dazed and dashed, gulping drily on an unmanly lump in his throat. Then he retreated to the nearest tangle of overgrown garden vegetation and lay flat in the green obscurity.

Mr. Shafto lay low and concealed, but he kept the whole extent of the back of the fort, and all the little outbuildings, and the flag flying above the ridge of the wide roof in his field of vision. He kept all these things under a jealous scrutiny. Thus an hour passed without any further sign, or any sound to indicate that the fort was occupied. By this time his thirst had returned and his hunger had increased; and at last his patience gave way. He would probe this mystery whatever the risk! So he left the thicket and again advanced into the open, dirk in hand. He crossed the ditch on the

narrow bridge of planks and went straight to the door which stood ajar. He entered the gloom beyond the doorway unchallenged.

The wide, low, ill-lit apartment was occupied by ten or twelve men who lay irregularly about the flagged floor as if overcome by exhaustion. Some lay on their backs, some on their faces, others on hips and shoulders. No one moved or spoke at the sound and stir of Mr. Shafto's incautious entrance. Not a head was raised, or a hand. Mr. Shafto stood still, peering around him at his heedless friends and enemies. He counted them — twelve exactly — five of the Spitfire's company, four of the garrison in boots and three black fellows. He saw stains on all sides, wet stains darker than the stone flags. He prodded the nearest sleeper with the point of his blade. Dead! He moved to the next figure, feeling like one who drags spell-fettered feet through the monstrous mazes of nightmare. Dead, again! and so with the next; and the next. The fifth was Mr. Digby, dead of a bullet wound in the throat. Mr. Shafto swayed, swayed and sank to his knees. Digby dead! — the great Algernon, the cock of the gunroom, dead in the enemy's stronghold, on the eve of promotion and within a wrist's turn of victory! All dead, friend and foe alike. This was a thing he had never seen before, even in the closest and hottest fight. What of the survivors — the wounded and the unscathed?

"But the flag!" cried the lad, hysterically. "Someone must be alive! I saw it run up!"

A fear that was not of this world chilled him for a moment. He had seen the flag climb the halyard — but nowhere had he encountered anything but death, death in the crevice and in the grove and in the fort!

He crossed to a half-open door in the farther wall, pushed it wide and looked into a second large and low apartment. This room was lit by sunshine flooding in at four seaward gunports. Here were no dead bodies, but blood was everywhere. Three of the great guns crouched in line, their tackles and carriages drenched or spattered. The fourth gun lay clear of its carriage with a shattered muzzle. Nothing here, alive or dead, but the spilled blood and splintered metal to tell of violence and death. Mr. Shafto could make nothing of it. He crossed the room and went out through one of the wide gunports to the narrow, rock-hewn gallery beyond. He looked down the broken face of the cliff to the crowns of the grove of coconut trees through which he had once passed with more than twenty hardy followers. He saw limp human bodies caught here and there on knobs and spurs and little terraces of the steep slope, as if they had been hurled down from the gallery on which he stood. Looking beyond the crowns of the grove to the riding surf and pale green inshore water and farther out to where

the green toned and shaded to deep-sea blue, he saw the *Spitfire* beating up, four or five miles out. He beheld all these things dully, for he was past wondering. He looked to his right and saw that the gallery on which he stood extended the width of eight gunports; and he saw the tall spar from which the flag of France was flying, and at the base of the spar three huddled human figures. One was of an Englishman and two were of Frenchmen — and all were of dead men.

Mr. Shafto had never seen M. Hugo de Lalain, commandant of the fort of St. Pol and governor of the French portion of the island of St. Christopher, but he realized at a glance that one of the three corpses at the foot of the flag-pole was that of the valiant French officer. M. le Commandant lay across the other two, face down, with one hand still clutched on the halyards. His coat was gone, and the left sleeve of his shirt of finest linen was red from the shoulder to the ruffles of lace at the wrist. His white smallclothes were grimed with powder smoke and his stockings of white silk were spattered with red. Near him lay a sword with a silver hilt and only half a blade and near the broken sword a bit of tattered and crumpled bunting — the ensign from one of the Spitfire's boats.

Stooping, Mr. Shafto was about to loosen the dead commandant's fingers from the halyards of the flag-pole when the boom of a big gun reached

him from seaward. He straightened and looked toward the sound and saw the *Spitfire* going about on the other tack with a cloud of white smoke dissipating[1] among her slatting jibs and headsails. The ball fell short somewhere about the edge of the tide, bounded into the grove and knocked down a tall palm.

Mr. Shafto stooped again, unclasped the dead man's fingers and hauled down the white flag of golden lilies. Then he bent and ran up the ripped and bloodstained ensign of England; and even as he belayed the halyards, a pistol-shot rang out behind him and a splinter flew from the spar on a level with his ear. He ducked and turned and leaped aside, dirk in hand, quicker than it can be told. He saw the smoke of the explosion, and beneath and behind the lifting haze, in the shadow at the end of the gallery, the man who had fired the shot; and in the very instant of seeing all this, the fellow subsided from the support of his elbows until chest and chin touched the rock of the platform, and the empty pistol rolled from his relaxed hand.

With up-swung blade, Mr. Shafto advanced at a swift pace, saw his enemy's helplessness and changed his mind. He kicked the pistol aside, sheathed his dirk and told the fellow to turn over and sit up. But he evidently addressed deaf ears, for the other continued to lie prostrate, flat on his

[1] Disappearing, fading.

face, motionless and silent. He was no larger than a boy of twelve, and he wore a fine skirted coat of velvet, with gold on the cuffs and lace at his wrists. Mr. Shafto stooped and turned him over.

"Kill me!" cried the terrified boy.

Mr. Shafto felt scorn and pity.

"You deserve it, my lad — but I kill only in fair fight," he said. "You need a birching. How old are you?"

"Fifteen years — and dying of wounds."

"You have lost a little blood," said Shafto. "You need nourishment — water and food — and so do I. Get to your feet and lead me to food and drink."

The other arose unsteadily. "I am Louis de Lalain, a gentleman of France," he said with dignity. "And you, with your dirty face, must be a common sailor."

Mr. Shafto grinned. "I've gentility enough, even if I'm not dressed like a jackanapes," he replied, "and when I wash the soot and blood off my face you'll find me white."

De Lalain flushed darkly and led the way through the nearest gunport to a cupboard in which they found, amid wreckage, a loaf of bread and a jar of water, and one unbroken bottle of brandy which young de Lalain seized quickly and applied to his lips. With the bread and water in his arms, Mr. Shafto led the way back to the rock-hewn gallery.

There they sat down side by side; and, after Shafto had bound the other's wounded arm, they ate and drank. The brandy loosened young de Lalain's tongue like magic and he answered Shafto's questions readily. He could talk English, he said, because he had been born on the English side of the island, where he had lived until his tenth year. But he had French blood in him, noble French blood; and he had been carried off in a raid and adopted by M. de Lalain. As for the murderous nature of the fight, that was easily explained. M. de Lalain had an enemy close at hand, a powerful gentleman of Spanish and French blood who owned many plantations and slaves under the Crown of France and the governor's protection. His name was Tomas Alcazardo, and he had been seriously suspected of piracy among the islands for years past. It was this suspicion that lay at the root of the enmity between him and M. Hugo de Lalain At the turning-point of the struggle between the garrison of the fort and the raiders from the English frigate, Don Tomas had fallen upon the combatants with overwhelming forces of savage mariners from his schooner and savage blacks from his plantations. A clever fellow, Don Tomas! He had satisfied his personal enmity and, at the same time, had possessed himself of the fort's treasure-chest in which lay a year's royal rentals and taxes in minted gold and silver.

Mr. Shafto felt better for his food and drink. He glanced to seaward and saw the *Spitfire* reducing sail within a mile of shore, preparatory to letting go an anchor.

"Boats will be lowered in a few minutes," he said, "and we'll be aboard inside the hour. Then we'll hunt down that pirate and hang him and his murdering devils to our yard-arms; and the chestful of royal rentals and taxes will become prize money, of which you'll have your share, my lad. Last night was a fortunate night for you, boy, though a bad time for scores of better men. We'll make a man of you aboard the old *Spitfire* — an English seaman."

"*Nom de Dieu!*"[1] cried the other, in whose mixed blood the brandy was running like fire. "English dogs! Bah! We had you beaten. With my own hand I shot down one of your roaring officers — him of the yellow hair."

"Digby?" exclaimed Mr. Shafto. "You killed Digby! — you crawling, cowardly mongrel!"

In his blind rage he would have done something violent had not six fellows slipped through the ports at that moment from the interior of the fort and confronted him and his detestable companion with pistols and knives. They were not men from the *Spitfire*. A glance was sufficient to convince Mr. Shafto of the fact that they were ruffians of the

[1] A French oath.

planter-pirate's gang returned to the scene of their most recent villainies on pressing business. One of them might well be Don Tomas himself, to judge by his air of authority and the rings on his fingers. Questions and threats were screamed in French at the two lads; and though Mr. Shafto knew something of the language, he could make neither head nor tail of what these fellows bellowed at him. He regarded them and their brandished weapons in silence. But not so the adopted son of the late M. de Lalain. The young Louis went as nearly white as the peculiar tint of his skin permitted, at the first question and the first flash of steel, screamed replies and pointed with a trembling hand. All attention was withdrawn from the English lad, and young Louis was plucked to his feet. Mr. Shafto glanced to seaward and saw the *Spitfire* at rest and one of her boats riding shoreward on a white hurdle of surf. He turned and saw, through the nearest gunport, young de Lalain and the six pirates grouped before the open cupboard from which the bread and brandy and water had come. Two of the fellows were ripping out the woodwork at the back of the cupboard with their cutlasses, under the hysterical directions of the lad in their leader's clutches. They had returned to the fort for more loot, evidently — perhaps for M. le Commandant's private hoard.

Mr. Shafto thought swiftly and acted even while

he thought. Thinking that Don Thomas would probably spare a moment, after finding whatever he was looking for, to hurl him, Bobby Shafto, over the cliff, as a light-hearted expression of his contempt for His Britannic Majesty's navy, he drew his clasp-knife and cut the halyards beside him. He hauled the flag down, and the cut halyard after it clean through the block. Still without getting to his feet, he threw an end of the line over the edge of the platform on each side of the base of the flag-pole, ran the ends out to what he judged to be equal lengths, then grasped the doubled line firmly in both hands and rolled over the edge of the cliff. He slid down, hand under hand, over a bulge in the face of the rock that sent his few remaining buttons flying. Below the bulge, and with only a few feet of the doubled line to spare, he found footing on a narrow ledge; and at that moment he heard a shout from above and felt the halyard slacken in his hands. It had been cut! He gathered it in, and with it the ensign, as it coiled down upon him in two pieces; and as a great lump of stone, pushed from the platform, smashed on the bulge just above him and went hurtling into space, he uttered a shout of defiance and derision. Answering shouts came up to him from the grove of palms far below. He turned cautiously on the narrow ledge, and sat down with a sigh of relief. With his legs dangling and the tattered

bunting spread across his knees, he gave himself up to thoughts of Monks Vinland and strawberries and cream while awaiting the certain rescue.

"As a consequence, he was beset that same night by a band of patriots, all breathing fire and dripping blood."

THE LUCK OF CAPOULADE [1]

By Rafael Sabatini

It is not to be doubted that Capoulade was unlucky. Still less is it to be doubted that he was a thief, a liar, and a scoundrel generally. To be a thief, a liar, and the rest of it was but to exercise the arts by which he had earned — ever since he could remember — a most precarious [2] livelihood. But to be unlucky! What vice could more seriously trammel a man of his proclivities? [3] It was too much. In the days of the old régime,[4] when he had been as dirt beneath the feet of reputable folk he had been unlucky, and seldom out of the clutches of the police. Now that all was so gloriously changed, and reputability laid low, the change had profited him nothing. He did not prosper.

For example. He was in the sack of the Tuileries.[5] He had brought thence, as his share of the loot, a suit of yellow brocade laced with gold, a pair of silk stockings, a pair of lacquered shoes with paste buckles, a wig, a gold-hilted sword worth

[1] Copyright 1925 by *Boys' Life.*

[2] Uncertain.

[3] Inclinations, tendencies.

[4] Government.

[5] The French royal palace, which was sacked during the French Revolution, and destroyed by the Communards in 1871.

fifty louis, and a purse containing close upon another fifty. He had obtained these things from a gentleman who had no further use for them — having been shot in the defence of the main staircase. He had been at some pains to abstract them, but he dared for once to count himself lucky. Here were possessions to which no one — in these enlightened days of liberty, equality, and fraternity — would question his right. He was premature in his self-congratulation. His cursed ill-luck must play upon his vanity and he must trick himself out in these fripperies,[1] in this livery of base servitude. As a consequence, he was beset that same night by a band of patriots, all breathing fire and dripping blood. They mistook him for a cursed aristocrat, and already they had taken down a lantern to hoist him in its place, when in his rage and despair, he revealed by his speech the error with which they insulted him For in the matter of objurgatory obscenity,[2] Capoulade was the wonder and the envy of the Cour des Miracles.

He escaped with his life, amid the laughter of the revolutionary mob. But the lovely suit of brocade was reduced to tatters, and the beautiful sword with its precious gold hilt and the purse of fifty louis had vanished from his person. It was just his luck!

Anon his singular eloquence won him a certain

[1] Cheap finery. [2] Filthy curses.

measure of recognition. He became a Jacobin,[1] and accounted himself at last on the high road to fortune. But an ill-considered speech — the only one he ever made — destroyed his chances, and brought him within an ace of the guillotine, whereupon he fled from Paris. Following his ill-starred destiny, he found himself in January of the year '93 penniless and shoeless in Thouars. It will be seen that he had not prospered on the journey. There was so little to steal in France in these days, and that little was guarded with a care that seemed to Capoulade to be an outrage upon the principles of Liberty by which he desired to order his life, like the good patriot that he was.

He was befriended by Guignard, the kind-hearted mayor, and in exchange for bed and board and raiment and a trifle of wages, he was given employment in Guignard's modest household.

So as the "official" — "official" being the euphemism of "servant" in the vocabulary of the reign of Reason — Capoulade fetched water, hewed wood, groomed the horse, brushed the coat, and cleaned the boots of his brother citizen Guignard. It was intolerable, of course, that a man of his resources, that a man whom the Republic had made the equal of any in the land, should waste in this fashion the precious gift of Liberty that was the birthright of every Frenchman.

[1] An extreme radical in politics.

He cursed his luck steadily and volubly,[1] and he cursed his benefactor Guignard, whom he hated, firstly because Guignard humiliated him — a free-born citizen of the French Republic, One and Indivisible — by setting him to discharge menial offices; secondly, because Guignard was father to as winsome a daughter of France as Capoulade had ever looked upon. Presuming upon the new-found equality which had effaced all those hateful distinctions between man that had marked the banished age of the despots, Capoulade had in the early days of his officialdom in the Guignard establishment presented himself as a suitor for the hand of the Citoyenne Mélanie. Guignard had replied with threats of physical injury, and he had done so in terms which marked him for one who was by no means abreast of the times, and appreciative of the glorious change that had been wrought. His words savored of aristocracy, of treason to the Republic and to Man. Yet Guignard was the Republican Mayor of Thouars; he wore a tricolor scarf about the waist of his long black redingote,[2] a tricolor tuft of plumes, and a tricolor cockade adorned his cocked hat. To impeach him, were a serious matter — too serious for Capoulade who had already been on the point of sneezing into the National Basket[3] through excessive zeal.

[1] Fluently, at great length. [2] An outer coat.
[3] Having his head fall under the guillotine.

Capoulade had learnt caution. He nursed his resentment, and his hatred of Guignard, and his longing for Guignard's daughter — who ignored him in a manner almost contemptuous — and patiently awaited his hour. He grew servile to mask his feelings and to insinuate himself into the heart of his employer's confidence; and being a masterly hypocrite he succeeded amazingly, for the good Guignard was not astute.[1] He was not very long in making the discovery that for all his tricolor scarf, plumes, cockade, and Republican office, Guignard was at heart a Royalist; that his republicanism was no more than a pretence assumed that he might the better serve his royalist friends, the insurgents of Poitou and Brittany, the peasant-army of La Vendée.

One of these fine days, he was sure, this traitorous Mayor of Thouars would carry indiscretion a step too far. Then would be Capoulade's chance to become a hero in the eyes of the Nation. Ay, and there would be pickings, too — pickings that must include this nose-in-the-air Citoyenne Mélanie.

Meanwhile he waited with patience that was inexhaustible, growing daily in the esteem of Guignard, who used him now with a somewhat reckless frankness, lured to it by Capoulade's assumption of anti-Revolutionary sentiments.

His chance came at last, early in May, a few

[1] Shrewd, crafty.

days after General Quétineau had come to occupy Thouars with his army, making it his headquarters for operations against the insurgents of La Vendée.

It happened that Mayor Guignard was owed a considerable sum of money by a wine-merchant of Nantes, to whom he had lately sold some property. He determined to set out to collect it. Further he determined to use the occasion to take his daughter to Nantes, to the home of his sister who resided there. He had yet a third purpose to serve — as you shall learn — which may have prompted this removal of Mélanie. He applied to General Quétineau for a safe-conduct that should enable him to travel unmolested by the troops with which the country was infested.

This safe conduct he received, together with the advice that to avoid the Vendeans he had best go by way of Martigne, and cross the Loire at Chalonnes. Thanking the general for one and the other, he set out in a little cart, accompanied by his daughter Mélanie and "official" Capoulade, this rascal who by now had won his entire trust and confidence.

Capoulade was downcast, and the separation from Mélanie was rendered the more painful to him by Mélanie's apparent unconsciousness of his existence.

His spirits revived a little at the wine-merchant's in the newly named Rue de la République, when

Guignard made trouble upon being tendered payment in assignats [1] of the Republic.

"What's this?" quoth the mayor of Thouars in a rage, as he fingered contemptuously the bundle of papers that stood for the five thousand livres [2] owing to him.

"The currency of the nation," answered the wine-merchant, truculently.[3] "Every bill bears the sacred imprint of the Republic, One and Indivisible. Dare you refuse it?" And his little black eyes held a death-challenge.

Guignard thrust back his cocked hat, and scratched his head in perplexity.

"You see," he explained, "in that pestilent part of the country in which I have the misfortune to reside, the light of Reason has not yet irradiated the minds and hearts of Frenchmen. It will come in time, my brother, for it is not in the power of Nature to withstand a change so glorious. But in the meanwhile I am likely to starve if I am to depend upon what this paper will buy me."

"Paper!" roared the merchant. "Dare you call this paper?" And with his fist he pinned the swab of soiled notes to the counter.

"I mean — that to the — ah — unenlightened," stammered the unfortunate mayor, "it — looks like paper."

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[1] Paper money. [2] Worth about 20 cents each.
[3] Savagely.

"Then enlighten them," said the merchant, "bear the sacred torch of reason among them, and he who refuses to be enlightened — to the guillotine with him! You will soon see with what alacrity [1] this money will become current in Thouars."

For a patriot there is no denying that the wine-merchant of Nantes had a delicacy in veiling his threats. Guignard trembled; Capoulade at his elbow nudged him warningly. He made his last objection.

"You see, even here in Nantes, which, under the rule of the magnificent citizen Carrère, is more Republican, they say, than Paris itself, it is impossible to obtain the full face value for an assignat. Give me another thousand livres to meet the discount, and . . ."

"A moment," snapped the merchant. "Give me the name of any man who refuses an assignat at its full value. Give me his name, I say; or step round to the prefecture [2] with me, and name him there, and tomorrow we shall see him making faces through the little window of the guillotine." Then he changed his tone, and made an appeal to Capoulade. "Eh, you, *l'ami!*" [3] he called, to draw his attention. "You look an honest man." Capoulade recognized this for a famous lie, and wondered what it might portend. "Tell me now,

[1] Speed. [2] Office of the governor or the chief of police. [3] Friend.

would you not count yourself richer by money sanctified by the Convention, bearing the emblem of the Republic, the image of the Goddess of Reason herself, the symbol of Universal Brotherhood, than by base coin defiled by the portrait of the late despot, disfigured by a head which the nation in her wisdom has shorn away, the head of a man guilty of the infamous crime of incivism?[1] To proffer such a coin is in itself to profess a treason against the Rule of Liberty. Ah, sacred name of a name! You agree with me. You are a good patriot!"

Capoulade accepted modestly the honor thrust upon him, and gave every reason to the fierce wine-merchant.

It was enough. Guignard perceived that one more refusal on his part, and this truculent fellow would do by him what he advised him to do by others in like case. Moreover, Guignard made the best of it — money in this form had the advantage of being extremely portable; and, now that he came to think of it, he reflected that there would be a certain satisfaction in hectoring[2] patriots into accepting it as legal tender.

So he pocketed the bills without further comment, gave the wine-merchant his receipt, and in company with his faithful Capoulade — who felt himself the richer by considerable information — he departed.

[1] Lack of patriotism. [2] Bullying.

They took a meal together at an inn, whereafter Guignard disappeared for the best part of an hour into a room which he hired, and Capoulade had little doubt that he was spending the time in so bestowing the assignats as to defy the search of any brigands upon whom they might chance on their return journey. On his return, he called for his cart, and paid the reckoning with an assignat for fifty livres, by way of experiment. The taverner was so ill-advised as to look reluctant and disdainful. A refusal — or perhaps a suggestion of discount — obviously trembled on his lips. But it was anticipated by Capoulade.

"You would scarcely believe me, citizen-host," said he, his lean, wolfish face wearing a doleful look, "but there are men in France so abandoned, so lost to all sense of duty to Mother Nation, that they demur at accepting the paper of the Republic. I knew of one," he added thoughtfully, "who was guillotined last week in Thouars for refusing to accept an assignat for more than seventy-five per cent of its face value."

The vintner's eyes considered the speaker and appraised his rascally mettle.

"They did well," he agreed quickly. "Do not suppose that I am one of those, citizen. I considered the assignat attentively to assure myself that it is genuine. There is so much forgery nowadays. . . ." He shrugged to complete the sen-

tence, and counted out the change in full, without a murmur.

Guignard was at pains to control his laughter, to preserve rigidity in the lines of his lips. Later, as they rattled out of the city in the mayor's little cart, he commended the shrewdness of Capoulade. He patted his shoulder affectionately.

"You did famously,[1] *mon vieux*," [2] said he. "My faith, but there will be some maledictions [3] uttered by the patriots of Thouars — under their breath, Capoulade, eh?" And he laughed his jovial laugh, whilst Capoulade grinned cynically.

"Leave it to me, *mon patron*," [4] said he, "and I'll show you how to skin these breechless sons of dogs."

It was on the morrow that their adventure befell them. In the afternoon they reached Bressuire — the stronghold of the Vendeans. From this it will be seen that, in returning home, Guignard had chosen the longest way round. Capoulade was entirely in his confidence as to the reason, and laughed his close-lipped laugh when a surge of royalist peasants, with white cross in their round hats, surrounded the cart and declared them prisoners, being attracted by the mayor's tricolor sash and plumes.

Guignard made a brief speech, in which he de-

[1] Excellently.
[2] Old chap.
[3] Curses.
[4] Master.

clared that appearances notwithstanding he was as much for God and King as any of them. To this his peroration [1] was a brief demand to be taken instantly before M. de Charette, the commander of the royalist forces in the town.

Capoulade did not accompany his master into the presence of the insurgent leader. But he had a very good idea of what was taking place there; Guignard, the false Republican — was informing the royalists of the strength and disposition of General Quétineau's forces about Thouars. Capoulade permitted himself to wonder what profit he could extract from the denunciation of Guignard on their return to Thouars, but he found his calculation hampered by the reflection that, after all, there would be but his word only against Guignard's, and that — human nature being what it was — Guignard's was the more likely to be believed.

Presently the mayor reappeared, accompanied by M. de Charette in person, who shook hands with him in sight of all the assembled insurgents, and commended to them the care of his friend.

They left Bressuire in a sort of triumph, upon which Capoulade permitted himself the liberty of passing certain strictures.[2]

"Most injudicious,[3] *mon patron*," said he.

[1] The close of his speech.

[2] Unfavorable comments.

[3] Lacking in judgment, indiscreet.

"There may be patriots in Bressuire, just as there are royalists in Thouars. Now a word from them to General Quétineau, and it would go very ill with us."

But Guignard was not disturbed.

"Pish!" said he. "By to-morrow the royalists themselves will be in Thouars, and Quétineau and his rabble in full flight. I tell you there is such a breeze springing up in La Vendée as will sweep France clear of this cloud of sansculottism.[1] Before the summer is out, the king will be back in Paris."

"The king is dead," said Capoulade.

"The king never dies," replied Guignard in a big voice, impressively.

"Not even when he is guillotined?" quoth Capoulade.

Guignard turned to regard him gravely, sorrowfully. At times this Capoulade, so cunning at others, showed signs of impenetrable stupidity. They were driving at a gentle pace along a road that was cut through a forest, approaching a bridge over the River Thoue. Guignard was minded to explain this mystery of the immortality of kingship, and he made an excellent beginning.

He was interrupted, however, by the sudden appearance of a half-dozen men from among the trees; all looked fierce, all wore sabots and had white

[1] Extreme radical opinions.

crosses in their hats, and all six of them were leveling muskets at Guignard and his companion. Quite unnecessarily someone shouted, "*Halte-là!*" Guignard had already halted, and sat smiling benignly upon these and upon others like them, who came streaming from the forest on either side of the road. A young dandy of some twenty years in fine clothes and a charming pig-tail, but sadly in need of a shave, advanced truculently upon the travelers. "Now then, *canaille*,[1] dogs of *sansculottes*,[2] give an account of yourselves. What the deuce are you doing here?"

His young eyes very fierce; his whole manner said as plainly as words, "I hope to have the pleasure of hanging you within the next five minutes."

Guignard made him no answer in words. He took off his hat, and removed from the lining a scrap of paper, which he presented to the officer.

At sight of it, the young man fell back at once, and saluted with a flourish. "Return arms!" he barked over his shoulder, and the menacing muskets were instantly lowered.

A few words were exchanged, the ambuscaders vanished into the woods once more, the leaves rustled into silence, and Guignard pursued his way. Less than half an hour later, just beyond the bridge over the Thoue, they were met by a detachment of Republican cavalry. It was commanded by Cap-

[1] Rabble. [2] Radicals, Jacobins.

tain Duchâtel — a distinguished officer — who two years ago had been a pastry-cook in Marseilles. The Mayor cursed softly under his breath. The officer drew rein, and exchanged courtesies with the Mayor of Thouars.

Then, looking at him attentively, with frowning brows — "You return from Nantes by an odd way," said he, a note of interrogation in his voice.

"True," said Guignard, quite coolly. "I made a detour at some risk to myself, in the service of the Nation. I was pursued by some infantry some miles this side of Bressuire, but, the Goddess of Reason be praised, I got safely away."

"You have been to Bressuire?" cried the officer in increasing surprise.

"Ah, but no," said Guignard with a wink that implied he was not such a fool as that. "I kept clear of Bressuire by some three leagues."

"And save for this infantry, the country is quiet? You saw nothing?"

"Nothing," answered the mayor.

"Good. *En avant!*"[1] he shouted to his men and waved his saber.

They thundered past, over the bridge, and down that forest road, straight into the ambuscade and the death to which Guignard sent them, and to which he would have sent all the Republican rabble of France.

[1] Forward!

No sooner had they passed than the mayor whipped up his horse, and made for Thouars as fast as the little beast could go.

"That was an ill encounter," he muttered and a shiver ran through him. "*Peste!*[1] I had not reckoned on it. Pray Heaven the royalists will do their work well, and let no man return to tell the tale of that ambush."

But his prayer was not heard. Under the very walls of Thouars he was overtaken by Captain Duchâtel's returning troop. Half a dozen saddles had been emptied, and at least a dozen men were wounded. Duchâtel's left arm hung useless at his side. Nevertheless, they came along now at a furious gallop.

"Arrest me that man," roared Duchâtel.

"Upon what grounds?" demanded the mayor, blenching at the thought of what might be in store for him.

"I'll state my grounds before General Quétineau."

"But what has happened?" the mayor insisted, determined to act the part of innocence.

"Death has happened!" snarled the Republican, "and perhaps treason. Bring them along."

As they went Guignard quieted his tremors.[2] After all, what proof could there be that the am-

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[1] The plague on it!

[2] Tremblings, terror.

SCENE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

During the turbulent days of the French Revolution, mobs frequently destroyed property and lives.

buscaders had disclosed themselves to him? Besides, there was his excellent Republican reputation in Thouars. The notion of his being a traitor would be flouted by all men, from Quétineau himself downwards.

So it was with a comparatively quiet heart that he suffered himself to be haled into the presence of the Republican general.

Quétineau, a big, florid man in blue uniform, coat, white nankeens, and Hessian boots, sat studying a map at a deal table, in a bleak, whitewashed room of truly Republican austerity. The floors were bare, and the only decoration of the wall was a sheet bearing the orders of the day, and a splash of evening sunshine, like a splash of blood, upon the whitewash.

He rose as the wounded Duchâtel burst into the room, dragging his captives after him. He glanced with incredulous amazement at the mayor, while the story was being told. He scowled and swore as he heard it. But at a suggestion that Guignard might be in communication with the royalists, he shrugged impatiently.

"And what have you to say, Guignard?" he asked, convinced that Guignard's answer would be ready and conclusive.

It was; and Quétineau was on the point of dismissing the matter, when Capoulade found that he had something to say.

He had been considering his position, and for the first time in his life he experienced an overwhelming impulse to speak the truth.

He spoke it. He told them succinctly [1] and precisely that the mayor had visited Bressuire that morning, that he had been closeted with M. de Charette; that the ambuscaders had challenged them and then allowed them to pass on when Guignard presented a safe-conduct from a royalist commander.

Guignard, stricken and gray-faced, looked at Capoulade with eyes of utter amazement and horror. When the little rascal had done, a tempest of speech burst forth in that room of the mairie. Quétineau swore, Duchâtel swore, the very troopers swore — for republican troopers were not to be restrained by the presence of officers in the days of equality.

"And why didn't you tell us this before?" blazed Quétineau at last.

Capoulade spread his hands, his sharp, wolf-face thrust impudently forward. "I was coming to tell you when we were taken," he answered promptly.

"Coming to tell him?" thundered Duchâtel. "But why — why did you not tell me of the trap that waited for us ahead? Why did you allow us to ride into it?"

[1] Compactly.

Capoulade perceived that he had reached the limits of truth's utility. He shifted promptly to the more familiar ground of falsehood.

"I dared not. This abandoned slave of despots had threatened to shoot me dead at the first word. He had his pistol ready."

"That's a lie," said Guignard. But none heeded him.

"Yet a good *sansculotte*," said Duchâtel loftily, "would have done his duty and been shot."

"True," answered the plausible little rascal, his voice vibrating with noble conviction, noble intent. "I would have done my duty to the Nation and never grudged my life as the price of that privilege. But I perceived that here, unfortunately, I should have been shot at my first word, before I could perform that duty; and had I been shot, I ask you, my general, who would have been left to unmask this villain?"

"He is right," said Quétineau. "He is a good patriot. Search me that fellow."

"You need look no further than the lining of his hat," said Capoulade.

The search, thus directed, disclosed at once that utterly damning piece of evidence — the safe-conduct obtained from Charette.

"Enough!" said Quétineau. His eyes, hard as agates, played over the unfortunate mayor. "Dog!" he said. Then he turned to Duchâtel.

"A firing-party in the courtyard, within ten minutes." And so dismissed the matter.

When all had gone save the general, Capoulade licked his lips, and blinked. A shiver ran down his spine at the thought of the narrowness of the peril through which he had come. Then like a ray of sunshine into an obscure cell came a golden idea into the mind of Capoulade. His chance had come at last. His ill-luck was conquered. And the thing had come upon him unawares, as fortune's favors ever come.

Quétineau looked up gloomily. "Why do you wait?" he asked curtly. "You have done your duty, citizen. The Nation thanks you. You can go."

Then Capoulade, who like all rogues was a good actor, burst suddenly into tears.

"Why, what the devil's this?" demanded the general, almost angrily.

"Guignard was good to me," sobbed the rascal. "He was as a father to me, and I have sent him to his death."

"Had he been your father, your duty to the Nation demanded it. You have nothing with which to reproach yourself."

"I know, my general. Yet it is a hard duty that the Nation has imposed upon me."

"You have discharged it nobly, citizen," the general comforted him. "Let that thought uplift

you." He sighed, infected by Capoulade's emotion. "Alas! he was my friend too. Yet you saw with what determination I pronounced against him. One must suffer if necessary for the greater honor and glory of our sacred Nation."

"I suppose so. I suppose so," sniffed Capoulade, and mopped his eyes with the sleeve of his dirty coat, thereby leaving his face dirtier than it had been before. "May I . . . May I beg a favor, my general?" he ventured timidly.

"What is it, *mon brave?*" [1]

"His poor daughter — his only child, whom he left in Nantes — would like to know that he had been decently buried. If I might . . ."

Quétineau was on his feet in a moment, grasping the rascal's hand.

"Citizen," he said, "I honor your feelings, your emotions and your wishes. It shall be as you desire. I desire it so myself. Was he not my friend?"

He sat down again, and wrote the order. As he sanded it, the window shook with the vibration of a fusillade in the yard below. It was over.

Capoulade drove out of the courtyard in Guignard's trap with Guignard's body lying in the bottom of it.

He bore it home and ten minutes' diligent search revealed to him between the leathers of the mayor's boots the five thousand livres in assignats, which

[1] My good fellow.

were the reward that Heaven sent Capoulade for having so nobly discharged his duty by the Nation.

Equipped with a safe-conduct from Quétineau, to enable him to travel safely to Nantes and bear the sad news to Guignard's daughter, Capoulade — now a man of fortune — set out upon the morrow. The tide of his luck was but at the beginning of its flow. In Nantes was the delectable Mélanie. Capoulade thrilled with anticipatory delight. The girl had treated him in the past with airs and graces little becoming the wife of a patriot, as she was about to become. Well, well! He would amend all that. She should be submissive enough. He had a way with women had Capoulade, not quite a lover's way, perhaps, but no matter. If she would be loving, good; if not, why so much the worse for her.

So it was with a blithe heart indeed that our little rascal entered the city of Nantes once more. Before presenting himself to Mélanie it occurred to him that he would do well to render himself more presentable. Women like a nice exterior, he reflected, and he did not look his best in these rags.

He sought a tailor, and chose with care a suit, stockings, shoes, and hat, all of the very plainest, as became a sober Republican.

Fifty-five livres the man demanded for the lot. Capoulade tendered him an assignat for a hundred.

The tailor sniffed at it contemptuously, and presented Capoulade with five livres change.

"What's this?" said he, fierce as a rat.

"Your change," said the tailor, coolly, "The assignat is not good for more than sixty livres."

There was something so supercilious, so savoring the aristocrat about this infernal tailor that it offended Capoulade's lofty sense of patriotism. He would waste few words with him. He thrust the bundle back.

"Return me my assignat," he demanded curtly.

"With pleasure," said the other, thus heightening his offensiveness.

Capoulade took the bill in his left hand. In his right he took the tailor's beard. By this he pulled the fellow's face down until it was on a level with his own, then into it he fiercely spat his valedictory.

"You want shaving, my friend. We'll see what the National Barber can do for you with his famous razor. Just wait until I return from the Prefecture."

On that he released his hold, and flung out of the shop in a white-heat of rage. The scared tailor ran to the door to call him back. But Capoulade was too angry to give heed. Straight as an arrow he took his way to the Prefecture, and in a big voice demanded instant audience of the prefect. He was desired to lower his voice, informed that the overbearing manner had disappeared from France

together with the despots, all of which but went to increase his anger. Presently, he was introduced into the august presence of the prefect — a grimy fellow with a phrygian cap[1] on a disheveled head, who sat in a bare room that reminded him of the one in which he had been brought before Quétineau.

Capoulade smacked his assignat down upon the table. "Be good enough, citizen, to tell me what that may be worth in Nantes," said he.

The prefect in silence took up the bill, fingered it, considered Capoulade. Truly the prefect was a formidable-looking ruffian, and the little rogue felt his anger leaving him, and a chill creeping over him, under the sluggish regard of that bloodshot eye. At last the Nation's representative deigned to speak.

"Have you many more of these about you?" he growled.

"What do you mean?" quoth Capoulade.

A couple of *sansculottes* in red shirts lounged against the wall. The prefect indicated Capoulade to them.

"Search him," said he, shortly.

Fearing the worst, Capoulade made a dash for the door. He was intercepted, caught, searched, and his bundle of assignats brought to light and submitted to the prefect.

[1] A conical cap worn in France at this time as a sign of radical views.

The prefect looked through them. Then his dull eyes rested once more upon Capoulade.

"You are audacious,"[1] said he, "and so I am sorry for you, because I like audacious men." He sighed. "*Hélas!*[2] The forging of assignats is a capital offense. I'm afraid they'll guillotine you. Take him away."

"Wait!" screamed Capoulade. "Forged? Did you say they are forged?" he cried, his little eyes looking big for once.

"That is what I said," replied the emotionless prefect.

"But I didn't forge them," Capoulade protested. He was livid now.

He felt the weight of his ill-luck upon him in that moment as he had never felt it yet. It was only to him that such things could happen. "I can explain," he bleated.

"Why didn't you say so? Explain, then."

He explained. There was nothing for it but the truth. And the truth, as we know, far from being a friend of his, was almost a stranger to him.

When he had done the prefect's brow looked black and ominous.[3]

"But this is still worse!" he cried. "You have stolen the property of the Nation — for the goods of a traitor are by law confiscate to the Republic. There is less hope for you than ever. You are

[1] Bold. [2] Alas! [3] Threatening.

certain to be guillotined." He waved his hand, and a very limp Capoulade was assisted toward the door by the prefect's men.

But the cruelest cut was yet to come — delivered by the prefect's vanity.

"It is very odd," said he, "but now that I come to look at these assignats more closely, I see that I was mistaken. They are genuine after all." And he laughed a soft, malicious laugh, which informed the almost swooning Capoulade of the trick which had been played upon him to discover how so disreputable-looking a fellow came to be so well-supplied with money.

The bitterness from his writhing soul welled up in the astonishing words he uttered as he was flung in gaol — "I wonder whether my luck will play me such tricks as these in the next world."

It was necessary for a gaoler to reassure him with the reminder that the Republic had abolished the Hereafter.

DANIEL BOONE

IN THE DARK LAND[1]

By John Buchan

The fire was so cunningly laid that only on one side did it cast a glow, and there the light was absorbed by a dark thicket of laurels. It was built under an overhang of limestone so that the smoke in the moonlight would be lost against the gray face of the rock. But, though the moon was only two days past the full, there was no sign of it, for the rain had come and the world was muffled in it. That morning the Kentucky vales, as seen from the ridge where the camp lay, had been like a furnace with the gold and scarlet of autumn, and the air had been heavy with sweet October smells. Then the wind had suddenly shifted, the sky had grown leaden, and in a queer dank chill the advance-guard of winter had appeared — that winter which to men with hundreds of pathless miles between them and their homes was like a venture into an uncharted continent.

One of the three hunters slipped from his buffalo robe and dived into the laurel thicket to replenish the fire from the stock of dry fuel. His figure

[1] Copyright 1921 by George H. Doran Co.

revealed itself fitfully in the firelight, a tall slim man with a curious lightness of movement like a cat's. When he had done his work he snuggled down in his skins in the glow, and his two companions shifted their positions to be near him. The fire-tender was the leader of the little party. The light showed a face very dark with weather. He had the appearance of wearing an untidy perruque,[1] which was a tight-fitting skin-cap with the pelt hanging behind. Below its fringe straggled a selvedge[2] of coarse black hair. But his eyes were blue and very bright, and his eyebrows and lashes were flaxen, and the contrast of light and dark had the effect of something peculiarly bold and masterful. Of the others one was clearly his brother, heavier in build, but with the same eyes and the same hard pointed chin and lean jaws. The third man was shorter and broader, and wore a newer hunting shirt than his fellows and a broad belt of wool and leather.

This last stretched his moccasins to the blaze and sent thin rings of smoke from his lips into the steam made by the falling rain.

He bitterly and compendiously[3] cursed the weather. The little party had some reason for ill-temper. There had been an accident in the creek with the powder supply, and for the moment there

[1] Wig.

[2] The edge of a woven fabric.

[3] Comprehensively but briefly.

were only two charges left in the whole outfit. Hitherto they had been living on ample supplies of meat, though they were on short rations of johnny-cake, for their stock of meal was low. But that night they had supped poorly, for one of them had gone out to perch a turkey, since powder could not be wasted, and had not come back.

"I reckon we're the first as ever concluded to winter in Kaintuckee," he said between his puffs. "Howard and Salling went in June, I've heerd. And Finley? What about Finley, Dan'l?"

"He never stopped beyond the fall, though he was once near gripped by the snow. But there ain't no reason why winter should be worse in the O-hio than on the Yadkin. It's a good hunting time, and snow'll keep the redskins quiet. What's bad for us is wuss for them, says I. . . . I won't worry about winter nor redskins, if old Jim Lovelle 'ud fetch up. It beats me whar the man has got to."

"Wandered,[1] maybe?" suggested the first speaker, whose name was Neely.

"I reckin not. Ye'd as soon wander a painter.[2] There ain't no sech hunter as Jim ever came out of Virginny, no, nor out of Caroliny, neither. It was him that fust telled me of Kaintuck'. 'The dark and bloody land, the Shawnees calls it,' he says, speakin' in his eddicated way, and dark and

[1] Lost. [2] Panther.

bloody it is, but that's man's doing and not the Almighty's. The land flows with milk and honey, he says, clear water and miles of clover and sweet grass, enough to feed all the herds of Bashan,[1] and mighty forests with trees that thick ye could cut a hole in their trunks and drive a wagon through, and sugar-maples and plums and cherries like you won't see in no set orchard, and black soil fair crying for crops. And the game, Jim says, wasn't to be told about without ye wanted to be called a liar — big black-nosed buffaloes that packed together so the whole place seemed moving, and elk and deer and bar past counting. . . . Wal, neighbors, ye've seen it with your own eyes and can jedge if Jim was a true prophet. I'm Moses, he used to say, chosen to lead the Children of Israel into a promised land, but I reckon I'll leave my old bones on some Pisgah-top on the borders. He was a sad man, Jim, and didn't look for much comfort this side Jordan. . . . I wish I know'd whar he'd gotten to."

Squire Boone, the speaker's brother, sniffed the air dolefully. "It's weather that 'ud wander a good hunter."

"I tell ye, ye couldn't wander Jim," said his brother fiercely. "He came into Kaintuckee along in '52, and that was two years before Finley. He was on the Ewslip all the winter of '58. He

[1] Mentioned in the Bible as famous for its cattle.

was allus springing out of a bush when ye didn't expect him. When we was fighting the Cherokees with Montgomery in '61 he turned up as guide to the Scotsmen, and I reckon if they'd attended to him there 'ud be more of them alive this day. He was like a lone wolf, old Jim, and preferred to hunt by hisself, but you never knowed that he wouldn't come walking in and say 'Howdy' while you was reckoning you was the fust white man to make that trace. Wander Jim? Ye might as well speak of wandering a hawk."

"May be the Indians have got his scalp," said Neely.

"I reckon not," said Boone. "Leastways if they have, he must ha' struck a new breed of redskin. Jim was better nor any redskin in Kaintuck, and they knowed it. I told ye, neighbors, of our doings before you come west through the Gap. The Shawnees cotched me and Jim in a cane-brake, and hit our trace back to camp, so that they cotched Finley too, and his three Yadkiners with him. Likewise they took our hosses, and guns and traps and the furs we had gotten from three months' hunting. Their chief made a speech saying we had no right in Kaintuckee and if they cotched us again our lives 'ud pay for it. They'd ha' sculped us if it hadn't been for Jim, but you could see they knew him, and was feared of him. Wal, Finley reckoned the game was up, and started

back with the Yadkiners, Cooley and Joe Holden and Mooney — ye mind them, Squire! But I was feeling kinder cross and wanted my property back, and old Jim — why, he wasn't going to be worsted by no redskins. So we trailed the Shawnees, us two, and come up with them one night encamped beside a salt-lick. Jim got into their camp while I was lying shivering in the cane, and blessed if he didn't snake back four of our hosses and our three best Deckards. Thar's craft for ye. By sunrise we was riding south on the Warriors' Path but the hosses was plumb tired, and afore midday them pizonous Shawnees had cotched up with us. I can tell ye, neighbors, the hair riz on my head, for I expected nothing better than a bloody sculp and six feet of earth. . . . But them redskins didn't hurt us. And why, says ye? 'Cos they was scared of Jim. It seemed they had a name for him in Shawnee which meant the 'old wolf that hunts by night.' They started out to take us way north of the Ohio to their Scioto villages, whar they said we would be punished. Jim telled me to keep up my heart, for he reckoned we wasn't going north of no river. Then he started to make friends with them redskins, and in two days he was the most pop'lar fellow in that company. He was a quiet man and for general melancholious, but I guess he could be amusing when he wanted to. You know the way an Indian laughs — grunts in his stomach

and looks at the ground. Wal, Jim had them grunting all day, and, seeing he could speak all their tongues, he would talk serious too. Ye could see them savages listening, like he was their own sachem." [1]

Boone reached for another faggot and tossed it on the fire. The downpour was slacking, but the wind had risen high and was wailing in the sycamores.

"Consekince was," he went on, "for prisoners we wasn't proper guarded. By the fourth day we was sleeping round the fire among the Shawnees and marching with them as we pleased, though we wasn't allowed to go near the hosses. On the seventh night we saw the Ohio rolling in the hollow, and Jim says to me it was about time to get quit of the redskins. It was a wet night with a wind, which suited his plan, and about one in the morning, when Indians sleep soundest, I was woke by Jim's hand pressing my wrist. Wal, I've trailed a bit in my day, but I never did such mighty careful hunting as that night. An inch at a time we crawled out of the circle — we was lying well back on purpose — and got into the canes. I lay there while Jim went back and fetched guns and powder. The Lord knows how he done it without startling the hosses. Then we quit like ghosts, and legged it for the hills. We was aiming for the Gap, but it

[1] Chieftain.

took us thirteen days to make it, travelling mostly by night, and living on berries, for we durstn't risk a shot. Then we made up with you. I reckon we didn't look too pretty when ye see'd us first."

"Ye looked," said his brother soberly, "like two scare-crows that had took to walkin'. There was more naked skin than shirt about you, Dan'l. But Lovelle wasn't complaining, except about his empty belly."

"He was harder nor me, though twenty years older. He did the leading, too, for he had forgotten more about woodcraft than I ever know'd. . . ."

The man Neely, who was from Virginia, consumed tobacco as steadily as a dry soil takes in water.

"I've heerd of this Lovelle," he said. "I've seed him too, I guess. A long man with black eyebrows and hollow eyes like he was hungry. He used ter live near my folks in Palmer County. What was he looking for in those travels of his?"

"Hunting maybe," said Boone. "He was the skilfullest hunter, I reckon, between the Potomac and the Cherokee. He brought in mighty fine pelts, but he didn't seem to want money. Just so much as would buy him powder and shot and food for the next venture, ye understand. . . . He wasn't looking for land to settle on, neither, for one time he telled me he had had all the settling he wanted in this world. . . . But he was looking

for something else. He never talked about it, but he'd sit often with his knees hunched up and his eyes staring out at nothing like a bird's. I never know'd who he was or whar he come from. You say it was Virginny?"

"Ay, Palmer County. I mind his old dad, who farmed a bit of land by Nelson's Cross Roads, when he wasn't drunk in Nelson's tavern. The boys used to follow him to laugh at his queer clothes, and hear his fine London speech when he cursed us. By thunder, he was the one to swear. Jim Lovelle used to clear us off with a whip, and give the old man his arm into the shack. Jim too was a queer one, but it didn't do to make free with him, unless ye was lookin' for a broken head. They was come of high family, Ive heerd."

"Ay, Jim was a gentleman and no mistake," said Boone. "The way he held his head and looked straight through the man that angered him. I reckon it was that air of his and them glowering eyes that made him powerful with the redskins. But he was mighty quiet always. I've seen Cap'n Evan Shelby roaring at him like a bull and Jim just staring back at him, as gentle as a girl, till the Cap'n began to stutter and dried up. But, Lordy, he had a pluck in a fight, for I've seen him with Montgomery. . . . He was eddicated too, and could tell you things out of books. I've known him sit up all night talking law with Mr. Robertson.

. . . He was always thinking. Queer thoughts they was sometimes."

"Whatten kind of thoughts, Dan'l?" his brother asked.

Boone rubbed his chin as if he found it hard to explain, "About this country of Ameriky," he replied. "He reckoned it would soon have to cut loose from England, and him knowing so much about England I used ter believe him. He allowed there'ud be bloody battles before it happened, but he held that the country had grown up and couldn't be kept much longer in short clothes. He had a power of larning about things that happened to folks long ago called Creeks and Rewmans that pinted that way, he said. But he held that when we had fought our way quit of England, we was in for a bigger and bloodier fight among ourselves. I mind his very words. 'Dan'l,' he says, 'this is the biggest and best slice of the world which we Americans has struck, and for fifty years or more, maybe, we'll be that busy finding out what we've got that we'll have no time to quarrel. But there's going to come a day, if Ameriky's to be a great nation, when she'll have to sit down and think and make up her mind about one or two things. It won't be easy, for she won't have the eddication or patience to think deep, and there'll be plenty selfish and short-sighted folk that won't think at all. I reckon she'll have to set her house in order with a

hickery stick. But if she wins through that all right, she'll be a country for our children to be proud of and happy in.'"

"Children? Has he any belongings?" Squire Boone asked.

Daniel looked puzzled. "I've heerd it said he had a wife, though he never telled me of her."

"I've seed her," Neely put in. "She was one of Jake Early's daughters up to Walsing Springs. She didn't live no more than a couple of years after they was wed. She left a gal behind her, a mighty fine-looking gal. They tell me she's married on young Abe Hanks. I did hear that Abe was thinking of coming west, but them as told me allowed that Abe hadn't got the right kinder wife for the Border. Polly Hanker they called her, along of her being Polly Hanks, and likewise wantin' more than other folks had to get along with. See?"

This piece of news woke Daniel Boone to attention. "Tell me about Jim's gal," he demanded.

"Pretty as a peach," said Neely. "Small, not higher nor Abe's shoulder, and as light on her feet as a deer. She had a softish laughing look in her eyes that made the lads wild for her. But she wasn't for them and I reckon she wasn't for Abe neither. She was nicely eddicated, though she had jest had field-schooling like the rest, for her dad used to read books and tell her about 'em. One time he took her to Richmond for the better part of

a winter, where she larned dancing and music. The neighbors allowed that turned her head. Ye couldn't please her with clothes, for she wouldn't look at the sun-bonnets and nettle-linen that other gals wore. She must have a neat little bonnet and send to town for pretty dresses. . . . The women couldn't abide her, for she had a high way of looking at 'em and talking at 'em as if they was jest black trash. But the men 'ud walk miles to see her on a Sunday. . . . I never could jest understand why she took Abe Hanks. 'Twasn't for the lack of better offers."

"I reckon that's women's ways," said Boone meditatively. "She must ha' favored Jim, though he wasn't partickler about his clothes. Discontented, ye say she was?"

"Ay. Discontented. She was meant for a fine lady, I reckon. I dunno what she wanted, but anyhow it was something that Abe Hanks ain't likely to give her. I can't jest pictur her in Kaintuck'!"

Squire Boone was asleep, and Daniel drew the flap of his buffalo robe over his head and prepared to follow suit. His last act was to sniff the air. "Please God the weather mends," he muttered. "I've got to find old Jim."

Very early next morning there was consultation. Lovelle had not appeared and hunting was impossible on two shoots of powder. It was arranged that

two of them should keep camp that day by the limestone cliff while Daniel Boone went in search of the missing man, for it was possible that Jim Lovelle had gone to seek ammunition from friendly Indians. If he did not turn up or if he returned without powder, there would be nothing for it but to send a messenger back through the Gap for supplies.

The dawn was blue and cloudless and the air had the freshness of a second spring. The autumn color glowed once more, only a little tarnished; the gold was now copper, the scarlet and vermilion were dulling to crimson. Boone took the road at the earliest light and made for the place where the day before he had parted from Lovelle. When alone he had the habit of talking to himself in an undertone. "Jim was hunting down the west bank of that crick, and I heard a shot about noon beyond them big oaks, so I reckon he'd left the water and gotten on the ridge." He picked up the trail and followed it with difficulty, for the rain had flattened out the prints. At one point he halted and considered. "That's queer," he muttered. "Jim was running here. It wasn't game, neither, for there's no sign of their tracks." He pointed to the zig-zag of moccasin prints in a patch of gravel. "That's the way a man sets his feet when he's in a hurry."

A little later he stood and sniffed, with his brows wrinkled. He made an epic figure as he leaned

forward, every sense strained, every muscle alert, slim and shapely as a Greek — the eternal pathfinder. Very gently he smelled the branches of a mulberry thicket.

"There's been an Indian here," he meditated. "I kinder smell the grease on them twigs. In a hurry, too, or he wouldn't have left his stink behind. . . . In war trim, I reckon." And he took a tiny wisp of scarlet feather from a fork.

Like a hound he nosed about the ground till he found something. "Here's his print," he said. "He was a-following Jim, for see! he has his foot in Jim's track. I don't like it. I'm fear'd of what's comin'."

Slowly and painfully he traced the footing, which led through the thicket towards a long ridge running northward. In an open grassy place he almost cried out. "The redskin and Jim was friends. See, here's their prints side by side, going slow. What in thunder was old Jim up to?"

The trail was plainer now, and led along the scarp of the ridge to a little promontory which gave a great prospect over the flaming forests and yellow glades. Boone found a crinkle of rock where he flung himself down. "It's plain enough," he said. "They come up here to spy. They were fear'd of something, and whatever it was it was coming from the west. See, they kep' under the east side of this ridge so as not to be seen, and they settled down to

"In an open grassy place he almost cried out."

spy whar they couldn't be obsarved from below. I reckon Jim and the redskin had a pretty good eye for cover."

He examined every inch of the eyrie, sniffing like a pointer dog. "I'm plumb puzzled about this redskin," he confessed. "Shawnee, Cherokee, Chickasaw — it ain't likely Jim would have dealings with 'em. It might be one of them Far Indians."

It appeared as if Lovelle had spent most of the previous afternoon on the ridge, for he found the remains of his night's fire half way down the north side in a hollow thatched with vines. It was now about three o'clock. Boone, stepping delicately, examined the ashes, and then sat himself on the ground and brooded.

When at last he lifted his eyes his face was perplexed.

"I can't make it out nohow. Jim and this Indian was good friends. They were feelin' pretty safe, for they made a mighty careless fire and didn't stop to tidy it up. But likewise they was restless, for they started out long before morning. . . . I read it this way. Jim met a redskin that he knowed before and thought he could trust anyhow, and he's gone off with him seeking powder. It'd be like Jim to dash off alone and play his hand like that. He figured he'd come back to us with what we needed and that we'd have sense to wait for him. I guess that's right. But I'm uneasy about the

redskin. If he's from north of the river, there's a Mingo camp somewhere about and they've gone there. . . . I never had much notion of Seneca Indians, and I reckon Jim's took a big risk."

All evening he followed the trail, which crossed the low hills into the corn-brakes and woodlands of a broader valley. Presently he saw that he had been right, and that Lovelle and the Indian had begun their journey in the night, for the prints showed like those of travelers in darkness. Before sunset Boone grew very anxious. He found traces converging, till a clear path was worn in the grass like a regulation war trail. It was not one of the known trails, so it had been made for a purpose; he found on tree trunks the tiny blazons of the scouts who had been sent ahead to survey it. It was a war party of Mingos, or whoever they might be, and he did not like it. He was puzzled to know what purchase Jim could have with those outland folk. . . . And yet he had been on friendly terms with the scout he had picked up. . . . Another fact disturbed him. Lovelle's print had been clear enough till the other Indians joined him. The light was bad, but now that print seemed to have disappeared. It might be due to the general thronging of marks in the trail, but it might be that Jim was a prisoner, trussed and helpless.

He supped on cold jerked bear's meat and slept two hours in the canes, waiting on the moonrise.

He had bad dreams, for he seemed to hear drums beating the eerie tattoo which he remembered long ago in Border raids. He woke in a sweat, and took the road again in the moonlight. It was not hard to follow, and it seemed to be making north for the Ohio. Dawn came on him in a grassy bottom, beyond which lay low hills that he knew alone separated him from the great river. Once in the Indian Moon of Blossom he had been this far, and had gloried in the riches of the place, where a man walked knee deep in honeyed clover. "The dark and bloody land!" He remembered how he had repeated the name to himself, and had concluded that Lovelle had been right and that it was none of the Almighty's giving. Now in the sharp autumn morning he felt its justice. A cloud had come over his cheerful soul. "If only I knowed about Jim," he muttered. "I wonder if I'll ever clap eyes on his old face again." Never before had he known such acute anxiety. Pioneers are wont to trust each other, and in their wild risks assume that the odd chance is on their side. But now black forebodings possessed him, born not of reasoning but of instinct. His comrade somewhere just ahead of him was in deadly peril.

And then came the drums.

The sound broke into the still dawn with a harsh challenge. They were war drums, beaten as he remembered them in Montgomery's campaign.

He quickened his steady hunter's lope into a run, and left the trail for the thickets of the hill-side. The camp was less than a mile off and he was taking no chances.

As he climbed the hill the drums grew louder, till it seemed that the whole world rocked with their noise. He told himself feverishly that there was nothing to fear; Jim was with friends, who had been south of the river on their own business and would give him the powder he wanted. Presently they would be returning to the camp together, and in the months to come he and Jim would make that broad road through the Gap, at the end of which would spring up smiling farmsteads and townships of their own naming. He told himself these things, but he knew that he lied.

At last, flat on the earth, he peered through the vines on the north edge of the ridge. Below him, half a mile off, rolled the Ohio, a little swollen by the rains. There was a broad ford, and the waters had spilled out over the fringe of sand. Just under him, between the bluff and river, lay the Mingo camp, every detail of it plain in the crisp weather.

In the heart of it a figure stood bound to a stake, and a smoky fire burned at its feet. . . . There was no mistaking that figure.

Boone bit the grass in a passion of fury. His first impulse was to rush madly into the savages' camp and avenge his friend. He had half risen to

his feet when his reason told him it was folly. He had no weapon but axe and knife, and would only add another scalp to their triumph. His Deckard was slung on his back, but he had no powder. Oh, to be able to send a bullet through Jim's head to cut short his torment! In all his life he had never known such mental anguish, waiting there an impotent witness of the agony of his friend. The blood trickled from his bitten lips and a film was over his eyes. . . . Lovelle was dying for him and the others. He saw it all with bitter clearness. Jim had been inveigled to the Mingo camp, taking risks as he always did, and there been ordered to reveal the whereabouts of the hunting party. He had refused, and endured the ordeal[1]. . . . Memories of their long comradeship rushed through Boone's mind, and set him weeping in a fury of affection. There was never such a man as old Jim, so trusty and wise and kind, and now that great soul was being tortured out of that stalwart body and he could only look on like a baby and cry.

As he gazed, it became plain that the man at the stake was dead. His head had fallen on his chest, and the Indians were cutting the green withies that bound him. Boone looked to see them take his scalp, and so wild was his rage that his knees were already bending for the onslaught which should be

[1] A trial, often involving pain and torture. Accent on the first syllable.

the death of him and haply of one or two of the murderers.

But no knife was raised. The Indians seemed to consult together, and one of them gave an order. Deerskins were brought and the body was carefully wrapped in them and laid on a litter of branches. Their handling of it seemed almost reverent. The camp was moving, the horses were saddled, and presently the whole band began to file off towards the ford. The sight held Boone motionless. His fury had gone, and only wonder and awe remained. As they passed the dead each Indian raised his axe in salute — the salute to a great chief. The next minute they were splashing through the ford.

An hour later, when the invaders had disappeared on the northern levels, Boone slipped down from the bluff to the camping place. He stood still a long time by his friend, taking off his deerskin cap, so that his long black hair was blown over his shoulders. "Jim, boy," he said softly. "I reckon you was the general of us all. The likes of you won't come again. I'd like ye to have Christian burial."

With his knife he hollowed a grave, where he placed the body, still wrapped in its deerskins. He noted on a finger of one hand a gold ring, a queer possession of the backwoodsman. This he took off and dropped into the pouch which hung round his neck. "I reckon it'd better go to Mis' Hanks. Jim's gal 'ud vally it mor'n a wander' coyote."

When he had filled in the earth he knelt among the grasses and repeated the Lord's Prayer as well as he could remember it. Then he stood up and rubbed with his hard brown knuckles the dimness from his eyes.

"Ye was allus lookin' for something, Jim," he said. "I guess ye've found it now. Good luck to ye, old comrade."

APPENDIX

A *WHO'S WHO* OF AUTHORS

Joseph Anthony is regarded by many as among the most promising of the younger American novelists, and he is held in great esteem by many British writers and critics. Mr. Anthony has written three novels up to the present time — *Rekindled Fires*, issued when he was just past twenty, *The Gang*, and *The Golden Village*. Mr. Anthony likes above all to write about boys and their ways, and he does so with, on the one hand, a remarkable knowledge of what boys do under all circumstances and, on the other hand, a deep sympathy with them. His three novels show boys (and of course their elders and their sisters) in different environments, but he is perhaps most interesting when he describes boys in crowded cities — as he does in *The Gang*. The story presented in this volume relates a later episode in the lives of the boys who appear in *The Gang*. The scene of this novel and of *Bandy-Legs* is New York City; the scenes of Mr. Anthony's other books are laid in New Jersey and in part in Connecticut. Mr. Anthony, who is a graduate of Columbia University, served for a time as a reporter on the *Newark Evening News*. He has traveled in Europe, has acted as advisor to various publishing houses, initiated and for two years edited the annual volumes of *The Best Newspaper Stories* of the

year series, and at present is writing motion-picture scripts in Hollywood.

John Buchan ably continues the fine traditions of Scotch literature. He was born in 1876 of an old Border family, his mother being a cousin of Gladstone. He was educated at Glasgow and Oxford and showed in his early years his deep interest in history. He became a lawyer, but was more interested in the service of his government, and as secretary to Lord Milner he traveled through many parts of Africa. On his return to England he resumed his practice at the bar, but later became a partner in a publishing firm. He continued to be interested in politics and when the World War came he offered himself for service in the army. He was rejected, but he helped in other ways — by assisting in recruiting in Scotland (which gave a remarkable quota to the British army), by serving as a correspondent at the front, by acting as an intelligence officer, by working in London as Director of Information under the Prime Minister, and finally by writing the official *History of the Great War*. For his services he was made a colonel. Some of the best known of Colonel Buchan's writings are mystery novels — and they are among the best mystery stories ever written. In particular may be mentioned *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Greenmantle*, and *The Three Hostages*. *The Path of the King* is a series of stories dealing with members of the same family in successive eras. In each generation some great man springs from its ranks. It is from this book that *In the Dark Land* is taken. Recently Buchan, later Lord Tweedsmuir, was made

Governor-General of Canada, the first commoner to be appointed to this office.

Thomson Burtis is an American writer in his early thirties. He was graduated from high school at the early age of fifteen, and promptly left home in search of experience. He worked at large variety of occupations all over the country. During the World War he became a flying officer in the American Army Air Service, and he continued in this branch after the war, his service all told covering five years. Perhaps his best known book is one that describes the experiences of a young flyer in the air; this has been very popular, and Mr. Burtis is now telling of other experiences of the same flyer. The story by Mr. Burtis in this volume — *A Mann-Made Mutiny* — is a remarkably effective description of life in West Point; it is a study at the same time in the hastiness and the manliness of a typical young fellow.

Norman Duncan was a Canadian by birth, although he passed most of the years of his manhood in the United States. In him lived a spirit of romance and a love of adventure that made his short life one of constant change and movement. When he was twenty-four years old he became a reporter, first in Auburn, N. Y., later in New York City. His earliest book was a series of stories about the Syrian quarter in New York. In 1900 he went to Newfoundland to gather material for a volume of sea-stories. Up to this time, it is odd to note, he had never spent a night on the ocean, nor had he ever been on the sea in a sailing-vessel. He was, nevertheless, deeply attracted to sea

life from this time on, and he was greatly impressed by the mystery of the great waters, by the drama of the struggle which those must wage who would wrest a living from its deeps. His most striking and characteristic stories have the ocean, consequently, as their background — *The Way of the Sea*, *Doctor Luke of the Labrador*, and other books. Duncan for a time became a professor of English at Washington and Jefferson College, and later he was on the faculty of the University of Kansas, but in 1907 he began a series of journeys in the Orient as a magazine correspondent. None of these trips, however, made the impression on him that Newfoundland and the Labrador coast had left. Young people have always thoroughly enjoyed the " Billy Topsail " books, of which there are three.

Walter A. Dyer, an Amherst graduate, has won an enviable reputation for his sympathetic and accurate depiction of animals, especially dogs. He has done much literary and newspaper work. Among his books are *Gulliver the Great, and Other Stories* and *Pierrot: Dog of Belgium.* It is true, however, that Mr. Dyer is interested not merely in the animal friends of man. As he tells his stories, he also brings out clearly and firmly the characters of the human beings who enter upon the stage of his narratives. He always has a due regard, too, for the proper arrangement of his material into a plot that hits home. Notice, in *Gulliver the Great*, how in an incidental, apparently careless way he sketches in an effective background of the sea and makes you feel vividly the inescapable hazards of ocean journeyings.

Henry Gilbert is a British author, who in *The Book of Pirates* has told in fiction form stories of sea-robbers through the ages. He vivifies with his imagination the strange scenes in which these bandits of the deep waters have engaged. A characteristic story is the one taken for this volume — the account of Julius Caesar's encounter with a pirate crew. Caesar has often fascinated the minds of writers — Shakespeare and Shaw, for example, among dramatists; William Stearns Davis among novelists. Gilbert shows Caesar in an attitude that does much to explain his later greatness.

Charles Boardman Hawes, although he died while he was still a young man, had already achieved the remarkable honor of having written three stories for boys that had become classics. Born in Clifton Springs, N. Y., Hawes was educated in Maine and at Harvard. For a time he was on the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion;* later he became assistant editor of *The Open Road* — it was in the latter magazine that the narrative printed in this collection were originally published. As a boy Hawes loved the sea, and he haunted the wharves, watching the arrival and the departure of ships. As he grew older he made the collection and study of books about the sea and about ships his hobby. Out of this study and his love of boys grew three books — *The Dark Frigate*, *The Mutineers*, and *The Great Quest*, all of which depict life at sea in the days of the old Yankee sailing vessels. All won an instantaneous success, have pleased many thousands of young readers, and still continue to do so. They are among the best books of their sort ever written. After Mr.

Hawes's premature death (at the age of thirty-four) his publishers offered a large prize in his name for the best book for boys in the style that he had popularized, and as a result three excellent tales were published. But none of them approaches Hawes's three masterpieces in merit. Hawes wrote simply; he knew how to make matters lively; he had studied history and was able to make the past live; his style was excellent.

Nevil G. Henshaw was born in St. Louis in 1880, at the home of his grandfather, a descendant of the founder of that city and himself a pioneer and trader. Mr. Henshaw records that when his grandfather took his mother on a trading trip with him, she was the first white girl that the Indians had ever seen. Mr. Henshaw spent his winters in New Iberia, Louisiana, and he states that it "was a great country for a boy in those days. The prairies were all unfenced, and the game abounded. I have shot snipe just across from my home on the main street of that town. Those are the times," he continues, "that I am trying to get on paper in my stories. The Cajun French are pretty well Americanized by now." Henshaw, who was educated in Virginia, has written three novels and many short stories, a goodly number of the latter appearing in that lively and well-written magazine, *Adventure*. Nearly all of his work has a Louisiana setting, the romance, the beauty, and the picturesqueness of the old Cajun Teche country appealing to him particularly.

Rudyard Kipling is possibly the most famous of modern writers. Born in India, he wrote first of Indian

RUDYARD KIPLING

scenes, especially of the life of the British army in India; and to some critics this part of his work still seems to be the best. Later, as fame came to him, he traveled in many parts of the world, at one time contemplating settling in the United States and actually living here for a time. But it was his destiny to become the voice in literature of the British Empire; and in song and story, by voice and pen he presented to his fellow-citizens of the British commonwealths the greatness of the task which fate has laid upon them, the necessity for carrying out this task with loyalty and honesty, the splendor of their past and the possibilities of their future. He wrote of many parts of the empire, always with deep knowledge. Kipling's genius was multifarious. He had the uncanny knack (possessed by him in common with Shakespeare and with Dickens) of being able to pick up the lingo and slang of all trades and professions, the dialects of all classes and nationalities. He talked army talk like a soldier, mechanics like an engineer, "American" like a Yankee trader.

Interwoven with this ability to reproduce the language of many different types of characters was an equally remarkable gift for getting inside their skins and really understanding them. His famous stories are of many kinds — Indian tales, stories of English, American, and South African life, animal stories, narratives of olden days and of the supernatural, tragedies and comedies, books for the old and books for the young. Among the latter may be especially mentioned *Captains Courageous*, *Stalky & Co.* (in

which Kipling is himself a character), *Puck o' Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies*, and the two *Jungle Books*. *Kim*, the story of a boy in India, is perhaps his greatest novel.

It is characteristic of Kipling that young people enjoy almost all his books, whether written for them or not; and that their elders read his books for young people with as much eagerness as they do *The Light That Failed* or *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Nor must one forget Kipling's poetry — his *Departmental Ditties*, *Barrackroom Ballads*, *The Five Nations*, *The Seven Seas*, and *The Years Between*. Some of these have attained a world-wide fame — for example, *Recessional*, *The Ballad of East and West*, *The Vampire*, *Gunga Din*, *Mandalay*, and others.

Kipling had descriptive powers such as few authors have equaled; and he drew upon a storehouse of ideas for stories that for years seemed inexhaustible.

In 1936 Kipling died, but he remains one of the most widely read of all modern authors.

Robert S. Lemmon is an American writer whose work appears frequently in the magazines. *The Bamboo Trap* attracted particular attention on its first appearance, and was considered for the O. Henry Memorial Prize awarded annually. It was included in the *O. Henry Memorial Volume* that appeared in the year of its publication. Mr. Lemmon has taken an unusual theme for treatment — the frequent perils that accompany the life of the scientific explorer. Sometimes such an explorer traverses land and sea in search of the scientific information he seeks, sometimes he experi-

ences dangers of the most thrilling kind in his laboratory at home, but always such men face hazards with a quiet and unobtrusive courage that is most admirable. The spirit of such men is exactly revealed by Mr. Lemmon in the final passage of his story.

Alfred Loomis, born in 1880, passed his boyhood in Connecticut and in New Jersey. He received his education in the public schools of these states, and also spent two terms in a New York military academy. He was for five years associate editor of *Motor Boating*, and has an intimate knowledge of motor and other craft. In 1917 he enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve, and he stated to the authorities in charge that his preference was for service on the 110-foot submarine chasers. But he was assigned instead, against his wish, to the editorship of a service paper. Later, however, he managed to be transferred, and he saw service on a chaser in the Mediterranean, receiving a commission as an ensign. He resigned after the war, and entered a vocation possibly in its way as perilous as submarine-chasing — namely, writing as a free lance. He is a particular lover of little boats, as ocean craft go, and he has done all manner of things in and with them; and he has, of course, written much about them. Among his best known books are *The Cruise of the Hippocampus* and *The Sea Bird's Quest.*

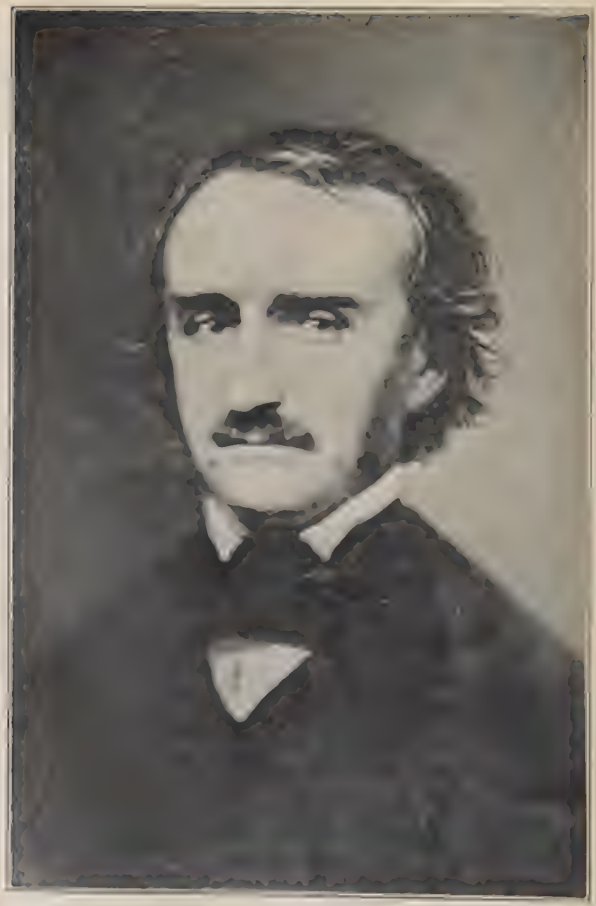
Ralph D. Paine wrote more than thirty books, in his career of a little more than half a century, and of these thirty at least twenty deal with the sea. Paine was a lover of the wide waters and of adventure generally, and his own life was full of exciting episodes. For-

tunately, at the height of his powers Paine wrote his autobiography, *Roads of Adventure*, and produced a book as fascinating as any novel. Paine was trained in the school of journalism, and for many years was a reporter and war correspondent for numerous papers. He was in the forefront of his profession, and was always to be found where the news was liveliest.

His last great assignment was the World War, and while this was in progress Paine was out with the Allied and later with the American naval forces at many points of danger, accompanying mine-sweepers, battleships, submarines, and submarine chasers to all parts of the northern battle line and giving the folks at home a true and vivid account of conditions. In an earlier war, the Spanish-American, he came in close contact with that genius among war correspondents, Stephen Crane, whom he describes brilliantly in *Roads of Adventure*. He was in China during the Boxer uprising, and while at home was in the thick of the fights against the beef trust and against political corruption.

For a number of his later years he was engaged in the writing of novels, both for young folks and for their elders, and in the composition of books of facts that were as fascinating as his fiction. Among the latter may be especially mentioned *Lost Ships and Lonely Seas* and *Joshua Barney: A Forgotten Hero of Blue Water*. Among his last novels was a story of the American navy, *In Zanzibar*. Paine was a wholesome, stirring, accurate writer of adventure stories, and his books are certain of permanent remembrance.

Edgar Allan Poe, regarded by many critics of all



EDGAR ALLAN POE

lands as the greatest of American writers, won fame in three directions — as a writer of short stories, as a poet, and as a critic. Other short-story writers in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, and other countries, as well as in the United States, have followed his methods so closely that he may be considered the inventor of the modern type of short story. Older narratives in this field were merely brief; they were sketches, without unity; they were often a straggling series of episodes. But Poe gave to the short story an intense unity — a unity of plot, of atmosphere, of central idea. Older short stories were composed of incidents set one after another, like beads on a string; Poe's short stories were brilliant cameos, every part of which contributed to a single beautiful effect. Poe wrote all kinds of short stories — adventure tales, like *A Descent into the Maelström;* detective stories, of which he was really the inventor; tales of conscience, like *The Black Cat;* tales of pseudo-science, like *The Balloon Hoax;* romances of death, like *The Masque of the Red Death*, and others. His powerful imagination, his wonderful style, his ability to affect the reader deeply with pictures of the mysterious, the terrible, and the beautiful, all contribute to render him the master of all short-story writers.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts comes of a noted literary family. The son of the Rev. Canon E. Goodridge Roberts, he is the brother of the well-known poet and novelist, Charles G. D. Roberts, and the first cousin of the poet Bliss Carman. As these connections indicate, Mr. Roberts is a Canadian: his home is at

Fredericton, New Brunswick. He served as an officer with the Canadian forces during the World War, in the infantry and on the General Staff, from August 1914 to January 1919. He is the author of more than twenty books of fiction, among the best known of which are *The Red Feathers*, *The Wasp*, *The Flying Plover*, *The Islands of Adventure*, and *The Stranger from Up-along*. Mr. Roberts writes easily and gracefully. A few light, deft touches make the characters stand out in his stories. When adventures come to them, even startling adventures, they are not treated sensationally. The young hero of *The Fort* assumes before our eyes a greater and finer definiteness as the events proceed, and what he does is made plausible as being the result of circumstances.

Rafael Sabatini offers an unusual combination of qualities — he is an Italian by birth who has made for himself a successful career in English literature. Mr. Sabatini's mother, however, was an Englishwoman. Both his parents had great musical talent and appeared in grand opera rôles. When their son was seven years old, they settled in Portugal, where Sabatini was educated up to the age of sixteen. Then he was sent to a school in Switzerland, where he added to his complement of languages until he could speak, in addition to his native Italian, Portuguese, French, Spanish, and German. English he acquired when, late in his teens, he was sent to his mother's people in England.

For ten years Sabatini worked at a desk in the office of a Liverpool firm engaged in the Brazilian trade. Sabatini was highly thought of, for his gift of languages

RAFAEL SABATINI

enabled him to correspond in half a dozen languages. It seemed for a time as if he were destined for a successful commercial career. But soon after he had reached England, Sabatini began writing. He had always liked English beyond all the other languages that he knew, and especially he liked the English stories that he read. So it was in English that he made his first attempts, and it is in English that all his work has first appeared. Soon he began to submit his work for publication, and the acceptance of a short story by a London editor led the latter to make Sabatini the suggestion that he write a full-length historical novel. For a time he continued with the Liverpool firm, but at length he determined to depend entirely on his pen for a living.

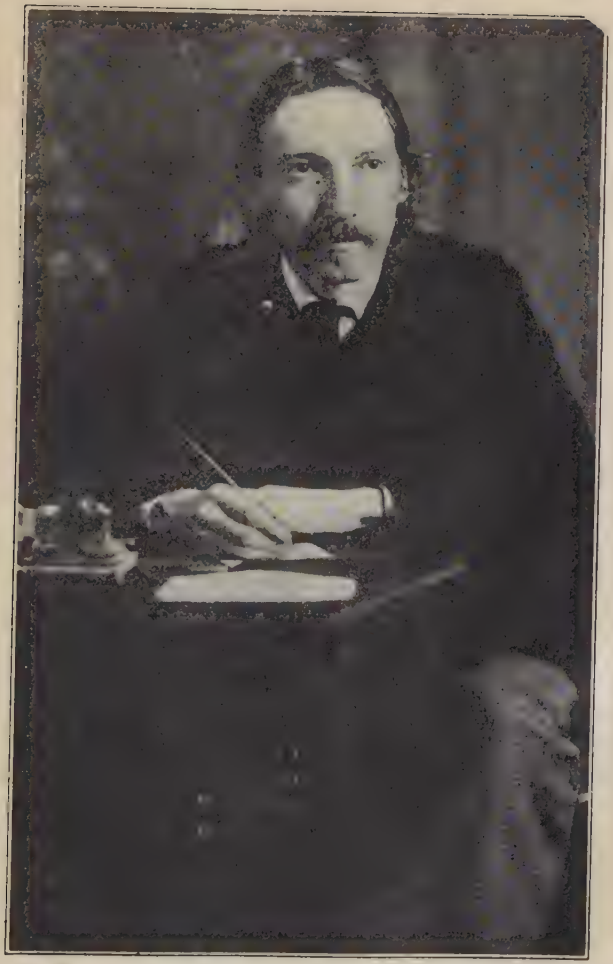
For twenty years, however, his success was only moderate. Then he struck gold with *Scaramouche*, his famous novel of the French Revolution, which won immense fame as a novel, as a play, and as a motion picture. Since then numerous others of his stories have had an enthusiastic public reception, including some that were printed before *Scaramouche* and failed originally to make much impression. Perhaps the best of his books, aside from *Scaramouche*, are *Captain Blood* and *The Sea-Hawk*, both of which were also widely popular as motion pictures. Recently Sabatini has published an excellent story of the American Revolution, *The Carolinian*.

He is above all a historical novelist, and ransacks the eras of history for his themes. He loves especially the period of the Renaissance in Italy, and is a serious

student of this age. He is often compared to Dumas and Scott, and probably is more of a scholar than either of these favorite writers. His gift of tongues enables him to read in the original many historical documents that the ordinary novelist finds inaccessible. But he never allows his learning to burden his books, and their chief interest lies in the rapidity of their action, in the glamour of his lovely ladies, in the attractiveness of his often grim heroes. He writes with humor, and his dialogue is excellent.

Robert Louis Stevenson is among the best loved of modern writers. He won distinction, during his short life, in many fields — the short story, the essay, poetry, historical writing, travel books, the romantic novel, letter-writing, plays, and much else. Born in Scotland, he came of a family of lighthouse builders, and his own preference, had his health allowed it, might possibly have been to follow some such outdoor occupation. Instead, he wrote of men who loved the open, of daring deeds performed under the wide sky; and he filled his works with the admiration of audacity, of nobility, of heroism. He early made up his mind to be a writer, and after a somewhat wild and idle youth settled down steadily to his career. He became acquainted with various writers of eminence, and in particular William Ernest Henley had a deep influence upon him — Stevenson has affectionately immortalized the charm and the courage of Henley in the figure of Long John Silver in *Treasure Island.*

In 1879 Stevenson married Mrs. Fanny Osbourne, and her two children were to Stevenson as if they had



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

been his own son and daughter — Lloyd Osbourne has since attained considerable fame as a writer. Stevenson was often in the United States — at Manasquan, N. J.; at Saranac, N. Y.; and in California. Later, still in search of health, he settled in the Samoan Islands, where he was regarded as a sort of chieftain by the natives, named Tusitala — "The Teller of Tales" —, and made an arbitrator in many of their disputes.

Stevenson produced a long series of writings of all kinds, and after the great success of *Treasure Island* in 1883 he had a steady income and an increasing reputation as the result of his work. Among the best known of his books are such descriptions of travel as *Travels with a Donkey* and *Across the Plains*, such volumes of essays as *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* and *Virginibus Puerisque*, such collections of short stories as *The Merry Men* and *The New Arabian Nights*, such novels of all types as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *Weir of Hermiston*, and such volumes of poetry as *A Child's Garden of Verses* and *Underwoods*.

Stevenson's letters, some of which have been collected in four volumes, reveal the charm and courage of the man, as indeed do all his writings. Stevenson has a style of remarkable clearness — a limpidity like that of a woodland pool. His plots show a great zest for action; they may be read just for the love of adventure. But behind and beyond all the episodes is something finer and deeper, and Stevenson tries constantly to give to his readers the meaning of life, as he understood it. He

had a keen sense of the romantic in deed, setting, and character, and his books are rich in color, in picturesque backgrounds, in unusual personages, in extraordinary happenings, in dramatic and exciting scenes. For those who love a story, well told, crowded with memorable characters, original in plot, Stevenson is a perpetual delight.

OUTLINE FOR THE STUDY OF A STORY

1. Who wrote this story? Give some facts about him. (See *Who's Who*, pages 369–384, and also consult standard reference books.)

2. Do you like the title? Does it make you want to read the story? Can you suggest a better title?

3. Is the plot simple or complicated? Is it easy to follow? Are the events described plausible? What are some especially exciting moments? Where is the climax of the story? Do you like the conclusion? Could you guess beforehand what it would be? Can you think of any other stories with similar plots?

4. How many characters does the story contain? Which characters receive the greatest amount of attention? Are the persons of the story lifelike? Have you ever met anyone who resembles any of the characters in this story? Select three characters, and state their traits in five words for each. Could any of the characters have been omitted without loss to the story? Which character do you like best? Do any of the characters earn your dislike? Do any act unplausibly?

5. What is the setting of the story? Does the author take much time to describe it? Does he make it

vivid? To what extent is the setting an important factor in the development of the story? Could all mention of the setting be omitted without injuring your enjoyment of the story? Is a background of nature always an essential part of the setting? Have you ever visited a region similar to that here depicted? Is the weather mentioned?

6. Is the style in which this story is told a pleasing one? Does the author write in a straightforward, direct way, or does he convey his meaning indirectly, in roundabout fashion? Does the style help to make the story plausible? Are any odd words used? Why? Is the style one that is easy to imitate? What striking characteristics has it?

7. Does the author seek to drive home a truth or lesson? Does he offer you a model in any of the characters? What is his general theme? Does this theme grow naturally out of the narrative? What have you gained from the reading of the story?

8. Where did the author gain the material for this story? Did it come from observation of the world of nature and the world of men, from books that furnished facts for the background or suggested plot incidents, or from invention and imagination? Mention one item that might have come from each of these sources.

9. Is the technique of the story good? Have the incidents been arranged skilfully so as to produce suspense? Is the order of incidents chronological or not? Does the opening stir the reader's interest? Is the story a definite unity? Do the characters help to carry the plot forward? Are their names well chosen? Is

the setting in accord with the atmosphere of the story? Is the dialogue lively and interesting? Has a contrast been provided occasionally in the action, the characterization, the setting, etc.? What use is made of humor and pathos? Does the story approach its close rapidly as soon as the climax is passed? Is the story too long or too short?

10. Why was this short-story worth reading? Did it give you additional information useful to remember? Was the story exciting? Were you interested in seeing how people would act in a certain situation? Did it throw light on human nature? Did it amuse you and keep you from thinking about matters that worried you? Did the story excite your imagination? Was it interesting because the scene was laid in a strange land or in ancient times? Was it interesting because it was laid in a scene familiar to you? Did you find the plot original? Did the story teach you something about life that you had not hitherto realized? Was the style good? Did you gain additional knowledge of an author whom you like? Did it provide your memory with the figure of a character whom you admire and would like to imitate?

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This volume has two main purposes. It aims, in the first place, to provide a body of interesting material for reading. The stories here gathered are enjoyable ones, and first of all they should, therefore, give pleasure. But reading becomes intelligent, worth-while reading only if it is followed by some measure of medi-

tation and analysis. These tales should, therefore, provide in addition to entertainment the opportunity to think. In the exercises this opportunity is presented to those who seek it, but nowhere has the stimulus to analyze been carried beyond a reasonable point. The exercises just point the way, in definite suggestions, as a means of saving time.

The stories should, consequently, first of all be read for the pure joy of them. In them the reader will meet many gallant persons, men and women; he will follow with zest the curious experiences through which these persons went; and he will receive from them instances of heroism, of loyalty, and of fortitude that can but prove inspiring.

Having read the stories, he will then be ready to consider them in detail. Perhaps there will be present first the desire to reproduce them in some form — to tell a good story to someone else who has not heard it. Or it may seem interesting to transform the narrative into another form, to juggle with the incidents a little and see what the effect is. The question may arise: what makes a good story? The answering of this question (assisted by the exercises) ought to promote a lively discussion. Individual points in the stories may demand attention; the authors themselves may seem of sufficient importance to justify research as to their personalities and careers. No one who reads stories can really appreciate them, however, until some attempt has been made at original work, and the endeavor to create, to write a story of one's own, ought to prove a fitting climax to the whole work. Always, however,

there is additional reading to be done — and for this, too, suggestions have been provided.

QUESTIONS ON THE STORIES

Peasant Wit

1. What are the scene and the time of this story? What facts concerning the background are necessary in order to understand the plot?

2. What sort of person was the Wolf?

3. Do you suspect at all, in the course of the story, that Madame Borel will outwit her enemy? Can you guess the means by which she will do so?

4. What qualities of character does Madame Borel display? How is she a true pioneer type?

5. Has this story too few characters? Justify your answer. Why is the plot good? What does the title mean?

A Plain Tale of the Sea

1. Select some good bits of description in this story.

2. Has the story of Captain Weston the qualities which the author ascribes to it — "atmosphere" and "gripping simplicity"?

3. Would it have been better to tell the story directly, beginning at "I don't know"? What value have the earlier paragraphs?

4. Is the character of the hero plausible? If you were the author, would you have made the hero still more heroic?

5. At which point in this story did you feel most excited? Why?

Questions on the Stories

A Mann-Made Mutiny

1. Was High Mann right in feeling resentment toward Captain Grange?

2. What customs of West Point are mentioned or described in this story? What, do you suppose, does "Big before June" (page 40) mean? What does "put in Coventry" mean?

3. What are the most exciting moments in this story?

4. Whose character in this story stands out, in your judgment, as the finest? Why?

5. Was High right to give in? Could the problem of reinstating Captain Grange in the cadets' respect and esteem have been managed in any other way?

A Descent into the Maelström

1. Show that Scandinavia is the scene of this story. What kinds of perils are introduced?

2. Are the American references in this story appropriate? Is it natural for the fisherman to talk as he does? How does Poe explain some of the words he uses?

3. Why is the lengthy introduction of the story proper and necessary? For what does it prepare you?

4. What contrast made the hurricane more terrible than it was? When did the fisherman who descended into the maelström reach his moment of greatest despair and desperation? How was he able to make his escape?

5. Was it well to tell this story in the first person, so that you knew beforehand that the fisherman was saved?

The Last Pilot Schooner

1. What makes you sympathize with the young reporter who finds himself in the unpleasant dilemma described by Mr. Paine?

2. What difficulties does Jim Wilson have to face as soon as he reaches the *Albatross?* What help does he secure?

3. What was the nature of the accident that disabled the *Albatross?*

4. How does Jim vindicate himself? Is it plausible, in your opinion, that he should act in the way he does?

5. Which part of the story do you like best? Why? Which character in the story would you most want to meet? Why?

Gulliver the Great

1. Why does it make the rest of the story more plausible to have Enderby say that at first he was afraid of dogs and hated them?

2. How did Gulliver look? In which passage of the story is the best word picture of him given?

3. What caused the *Old Squaw* to sink? How did Enderby save himself?

4. In what ways were his fear and distrust of Gulliver overcome? What made him change his general attitude towards dogs?

5. How does Mr. Dyer vary the possible monotony of a continuous recital in the first person by Enderby of what happened to him? What part does the listener to his story play?

Questions on the Stories

Billy Topsail Captures a Devil-Fish

1. How does a squid look? Give some facts about it.

2. What had you known about the devil-fish, or *octopus*, before you read this story? Does the author make its nature sufficiently clear?

3. What facts that you need do you get in part i of this story?

4. Why didn't the squid resist and show fight when Billy was throwing the grapnel?

5. Is it plausible that Billy would continue to want to capture the squid? What makes you think so?

The Bamboo Trap

1. How does the author explain, in a very natural way, Mather's habit of soliloquizing? Are soliloquies usually employed in stories or plays? Are they natural?

2. What hint does the author give you, early in the story, that Mather's quest may prove unexpectedly difficult?

3. At which point in the story is the moment of greatest suspense? Where would you least like to stop reading? Why?

4. Where does Mather most thoroughly show his grit? What episodes make you admire him? How is the ending unexpected?

5. In what ways does *The Bamboo Trap* give you a new idea of the dangers and difficulties a scientist often must face? Does this fact make science as a career or vocation more attractive or less attractive?

Markheim

1. How do you guess that Markheim has some strange purpose in coming to the curio dealer? What chances does he give the latter to save himself?

2. What series of events gradually leads up to Markheim's revulsion against the crime he has committed?

3. Who is the person who comes in to hold a dialogue with Markheim? Do not answer too hastily. What does the conclusion show you as to this point?

4. Is Markheim a repulsive character? What has caused him to fall so low?

5. Is the close of the story a surprise to you? Could this conclusion be changed? If you think so, tell how.

Peter Ronco

1. What are the differences between the various kinds of dancing mentioned on the first page of this story?

2. What can you guess as to the character and occupation of the person who is supposed to be telling the story? What details give the clue?

3. How soon do you conjecture who the stranger is? Has the earlier part of the story prepared you for the explanation? Compare him with the stranger in *Markheim*.

4. With whom do your sympathies lie in this story? Why?

5. What facts as to a lumber camp does Hawes give you? Is the setting appropriate to the theme and the plot?

Questions on the Stories

Bandy-Legs

1. Are opposing gangs, such as are described in this story, to be found in many cities? What city, do you suppose, is the scene of this story?

2. What made Davy so desperately anxious to recover his medal?

3. Would the "Parkies" have returned Bandy's medal to him after his recital, if the "Twennies" had not interfered?

4. In how many different ways are the closing episodes of this story unexpected?

5. Is this story funny? lifelike? interesting? Give answers in full.

The Rout of the White Hussars

1. Does Kipling show much knowledge of army customs? Where and how, do you suppose, did he gain his information?

2. What special knowledge of horses does Kipling show?

3. Just how many important characters are there in this story? Are they clearly distinguished one from another? Does Kipling employ many words to give you an idea of each character? Give examples of his method.

4. What, to your mind, is the most humorous moment of this story?

5. When you have finished the story, go back and decide at just what point you ought to have guessed what the outcome would be.

The Capture of Julius Caesar by Pirates

1. What odd customs are mentioned in this story? What articles of attire and warfare are different from those of to-day?

2. Gather from this story as many references to the Greek and other gods as you can, and explain in each case over what realm the deity ruled, what his functions and symbols were, and so on.

3. What do the opening pages prepare you for in the conclusion of this story?

4. Who was Julius Caesar? Was he the sort of man described here? Did this incident actually take place? Read the earlier pages of Plutarch's life of Caesar, and bring a report to class.

5. Does this story explain in part why Caesar won such renown later, and why men were so eager to follow him? Can you think of any other incidents in his life that show traits of character like those displayed in this pirate story?

The Fort

1. How do the opening pages of this story excite your expectations? What do you think is coming?

2. By what means does the author later on further increase the suspense? Would it have been better to describe the fight? What other climax of suspense does he reach?

3. At what point in the story do you get exact details as to who is attacking whom, the location of the fort, and other facts as to the background? Should this information have been given earlier? Justify your answer.

4. Does the story stop too soon? Is there anything in the conclusion you cannot guess for yourself?

5. Should the author have made Mr. Shafto more of a hero? Should he have shown him performing deeds of valor — capturing the fort single-handed, overpowering ruffians at the end, and so on? Explain your answer.

The Luck of Capoulade

1. What picture of conditions during the French Revolution do you get from this story? What attitude towards the Revolution does Mr. Sabatini himself apparently take?

2. What struggle was taking place in France at this time? What was the party to which the mayor belonged? Was it finally successful?

3. Where in Europe recently was there the same doubt as to paper money as prevailed in France at this period? What other resemblances can you find between conditions in France then and in certain European countries recently?

4. Explain the title of the story. Would another title be better?

5. Did Capoulade deserve his luck?

In the Dark Land

1. What details in the first paragraph actually help to get the story started? What other purpose does this paragraph serve?

2. How soon do you discover that Daniel Boone is the hero of this story?

3. What prophecies did Lovelle make that came true? What famous man descended from Lovelle's daughter?

4. What made Boone respect Lovelle so highly?

5. What pictures stand out in your memory of this story?

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

Peasant Wit

1. When the men arrived to take away the Wolf Madame Borel briefly told them what had happened. Reproduce the conversation.

2. The Wolf in jail bitterly and angrily meditates on how Madame Borel tricked him. Give a few passages from his soliloquy.

A Plain Tale of the Sea

3. Have Harry tell, in his own variety of English, the story of how he lost his father's cayuca. Imagine him talking to Captain Weston.

4. Have Harry tell his father how he tried to save the *Hyacinth* — but in standard English (250 words).

A Mann-Made Mutiny

5. Write a description of West Point, as you saw it on some visit; or give an account of the place and its ways, as you have learned about them from someone who attended the Academy.

6. Tell what Captain Grange's thoughts must have been just before High Mann entered his room.

A Descent into the Maelström

7. Describe the incidents of this story as if you were composing a newspaper story. Write the headlines too.

8. Let one of the fishermen who picked up the man who descended into the Maelström tell his wife about it that evening, and have him repeat the story of the descent, briefly but disbelievingly.

The Last Pilot Schooner

9. "Pop" Markle had many exciting experiences in his life as a sailor. Tell one of them, in his own sailor's lingo.

10. Write one or two pages of Jimmy Arbutus's story for the *Standard*, as you think he wrote it

Gulliver the Great

11. Prepare a talk on "Dogs I Have Known," and give instances of the fine faithfulness of these animals.

12. Write an essay on "Famous Dogs of Literature." Your librarian can give you the names of many books that will help you. You might perhaps quote some poems in praise of dogs.

Billy Topsail Captures a Devil-Fish

13. Bring to class a brief written summary of the fight with a devil-fish in Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*, and compare it with Billy Topsail's battle.

14. How would Billy Topsail tell the story of the battle to his mother? (200 words.)

The Bamboo Trap

15. Write from memory a description of the place to which Mather goes to secure the spider specimens.

16. Mather writes a letter to Dr. Eliot A. Rodgers describing his remarkable experiences. What would he say? Would he pose as a hero?

Markheim

17. Stevenson, like most other modern short-story writers, was a follower of Edgar Allan Poe. It is interesting to compare *Markheim*, as an allegory of adventure, with Poe's various "tales of conscience" — his *William Wilson*, *The Black Cat*, and *The Tell-Tale Heart* particularly. Read these three stories, and write a page of comparison and contrast with Stevenson.

18. If the police inspector in charge of the case in which Markheim was involved had to write a report of what happened, how would he phrase it? Imagine him addressing his report to the Superintendent of Scotland Yard.

Peter Ronco

19. Describe in about 200 words one of the incidents to which the dark man refers as he bends over Peter Ronco at the close of their contest.

20. Let one of the woodsmen tell the story of the competition between Peter Ronco and the dark man (200 words).

Bandy-Legs

21. Write another adventure of the "Twennies," in which they capture a member of the "Parkies," only to have him escape.

22. In a theme entitled "Agnes Soliloquizes," imagine the girl who appears in *Bandy-Legs* musing to herself over the events described in this story.

The Rout of the White Hussars

23. Kipling says that only Yale's bull-terrier heard what his master and Martyn said as to the drum-horse. Let him describe the conversation.

24. Using the same idea as Kipling — the return of a live animal as if it were a ghost — describe an incident that you imagine as happening at a picnic.

The Capture of Julius Caesar by Pirates

25. Write in full the story of what happened to Storax. Include in your story some plausible explanation of "the unseen hand."

26. In a letter to King Nicomedes at Bithynia, Caesar tells briefly the story of his capture and what followed. Write this letter.

The Fort

27. Tell in about 150 words what followed Bobby Shafto's escape from the fort. Try to do so in Mr. Roberts's style.

28. Invent an episode in Bobby Shafto's career subsequent to the adventure related in *The Fort*. Have him tell the story himself, in an extract from his journal.

The Luck of Capoulade

29. Suppose Mélanie had kept a diary. What events would she chronicle of those described in this

story? What would be her attitude towards Capoulade? How might she hear of his fate?

30. Give a brief talk on the French Revolution — its causes, some of its chief events, the efforts to restore the monarchy, and its effect on the rest of Europe — up to the coming to power of Napoleon.

In the Dark Land

31. Tell the most exciting part of this story as if you were Daniel Boone — in his own dialect.

32. Write a character sketch of Jim Lovelle in about 100 words.

EXERCISES IN THE STUDY OF WORDS AND IN STYLE

Peasant Wit

1. The characters of *Peasant Wit* were more used to speaking French than English. Show, by examples, how the author has given slight but skilful traces in the dialogue of foreign idiom here and there.

A Plain Tale of the Sea

2. Turn the language used by the Indians into good English.

A Mann-Made Mutiny

3. What are some slang expressions that High Mann used? Find substitutes for them. What expressions of his are common in the South? What words and phrases are peculiar to West Point?

A Descent into the Maelström

4. What, in your judgment, is the finest passage in *A Descent into the Maelström?* Pick out some particularly good phrases in it.

The Last Pilot Schooner

5. Mr. Paine uses three distinct styles of English in *The Last Pilot Schooner:* (1) the straight English of his own narrative; (2) the newspaper English of the clipping on page 85; and (3) the dialect of the sailormen. Tell in what ways these styles differ from one another.

6. What, according to Mr. Paine, is the great virtue of any story? What faults must be avoided? How did Jimmy Arbutus learn to write?

Gulliver the Great

7. What words can you think of that will express the sound of a dog's voice? the look in his eyes? his feelings of loyalty and friendship for his master? Make a list under each of these headings. An excellent manual that you might consult for help is Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* (edited by C. O. S. Mawson).

Billy Topsail Captures a Devil-Fish

8. Tell where you would correct Billy's and Bobby's language a bit. What odd expressions do they use?

The Bamboo Trap

9. Pick out six or eight words that particularly help to give a South American tinge to the story.

Markheim

10. Stevenson's *Markheim* is, in the judgment of many critics, one of the most beautiful pieces of prose in our literature. What passages, in your opinion, would lead them to reach this conclusion? Pick out the sentence that, because of its sound, pleases you most.

11. What are some of the fine words that Stevenson uses in *Markheim?*

Peter Ronco

12. What, in your opinion, is the best written passage in this story? Why do you think so?

13. Select some of the similes that the narrator of *Peter Ronco* uses. Are they such as he would naturally think of?

Bandy-Legs

14. How do the expressions used by the boys in *Bandy-Legs* differ from or resemble those used by the boys you know?

The Rout of the White Hussars

15. Make a list of the technical army terms used in this story, and explain any ten of them. Be sure to include "in all stages of easiness," to be found in the paragraph beginning "Troop after troop."

16. What examples of lower-class English dialect do you find in this story?

The Capture of Julius Caesar by Pirates

17. Suppose the pirates had been buccaneers of the seventeenth or early eighteenth century. How would their conversation in the three or four opening pages of this story have run? Give about 150 words of this supposed dialogue.

The Fort

18. This story has in it a number of excellent words indicating degrees and kinds of *sounds*. Pick out a number of these, and show how skilfully they have been used. Why did the plot make it necessary for Mr. Roberts to pay particular attention to this section of his vocabulary?

The Luck of Capoulade

19. Find ten or a dozen expressions taken from French or referring to French history, scenes, and persons, and explain them.

In the Dark Land

20. Have you ever heard anyone talk the way Daniel Boone talks in this story? Where did Colonel Buchan, an Englishman, get his knowledge of this variety of English, do you suppose?

EXERCISES IN SHORT-STORY TECHNIQUE

1. Define the following words: short-story, novel, novelette, sketch, romance, narrative, history, annals, parable, fable, anecdote, epic.

2. Define the following words: plot, characterization, dialogue, setting, climax, conclusion, style, theme, local color, dialect, atmosphere, turning-point.

3. Do the author and the reader of a story approach a plot in the same way? What is the difference in their attitude?

4. What, in your opinion, constitutes a good plot? Illustrate by reference to some of the stories in this volume.

5. How do you determine the point at which the climax of a story is reached? Give stories in this volume as examples.

6. How would you distinguish between the word *plot* and the word *story?*

7. Need a story be told in the exact order in which the events occurred (chronological order)? Give examples of other types of stories.

8. Which of the following ways seems to you the best way of telling a story: first person, third person, letters, diary? Why?

9. Which is most important in a story, the plot, the characters, or the setting? Would you answer the question by saying that there are different types of stories in which one or another of these may be emphasized? Which one is most important in the stories in this volume?

10. How does an author create his characters? Does he use a single person as the model for each character? How else may he proceed?

11. What are some good specimens of dialogue in the stories in this collection? of natural setting? of dialect?

12. How important is good style in a story? Mention some stories in this collection that seem to you particularly well written.

13. What sort of hero do you like best? What qualities do you expect him to possess? What is your favorite type of heroine? Could your favorite hero and your favorite heroine meet in the same kind of story? What traits ought a heroine to possess in the kind of story told in this collection?

14. Do you prefer stories with happy or with unhappy endings? Which stories in this collection fall under the latter heading? Ought they or could they be changed so that the ending would be happy?

15. Write a sentence in which *one* of the following words is correctly employed to apply to one of the stories or any part of a story in this collection: probable, chronological, dramatic, stereotyped, clever, thrilling, imaginative, ingenious, romantic, idealized, contrasting, artistic, pathetic, vivid, unified.

16. What are the names of some famous American short-story writers? English? French? Russian? writers of other nationalities?

17. Who is your favorite short-story writer? Why do you like him? What are his outstanding qualities?

18. Is it possible to tell from a story what the opinions of its author are? Show to what extent the views of a writer can be inferred from his works.

19. Bring to class from some current magazine a story that you particularly enjoyed. At the same time prepare an analysis of the story, from the standpoint of subject matter, technique, style, characters, and so on,

that will tell why, in your judgment, it is a good story.

20. What is the object of story-telling? Is it to amuse? to instruct? Are other forms of reading more desirable? Defend your liking for fiction.

EXPERIMENTS IN STORY-TELLING

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
The language plain, the incidents well-linked;
Tell not as new what everybody knows,
And — new or old — still hasten to a close.

— COWPER.

1. Here is a theme for a simple story taken from history. Choose one:

(1) I am George Washington the boy on a surveying trip.
(2) I go down the Mississippi with Lincoln.
(3) I help Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans.
(4) I guard the colors for Roosevelt at San Juan Hill.
(5) I carry a message for General Pershing.

2. Here are some familiar "last words." What story does one of them suggest to you?

(1) I don't think it's loaded. I'll just look down the barrel and see.

(2) I wonder if this rope will hold my weight?

(3) It's no fun swimming here. I'm going out beyond the life-lines.

(4) I've never driven a car in traffic before. But they say it's perfectly simple.

(5) I think these must be the headache powders, although there's no label on the box.

3. Base a story on *one* of these incidents:

(1) A man is found guilty of murder and sent to prison for life. But in the prison yard, one day, he meets the man he believed he had killed.

(2) Rummaging among some old books in his attic, Jack Wills discovers a yellow, discolored map, with references to a mysterious hoard.

(3) Because he had tried to stop the second mate from bullying a lad on board the *Rover*, Henry Willis Vicks is marooned on an island in the Caribbean Sea.

(4) The mayor of Woodville is found murdered in his office. The only clues are an empty envelope marked with the number "17" and a broken knitting-needle.

(5) In a wayside tavern Guillaume d'Ijon hears an insult offered to a veiled lady. He challenges the offender to a duel.

4. Many historical novels offer opportunity for additional incidents — in fact, the authors themselves frequently provide sequels. If you are familiar with one of the following romances, write an episode that might perhaps be inserted in one of the chapters, or tell what "happened afterwards" to one of the characters.

(1) Scott's *Ivanhoe* or *Quentin Durward*.
(2) Dumas's *Three Musketeers* or *Count of Monte Cristo*.
(3) Stevenson's *Treasure Island* or *Kidnapped*.
(4) Stanley Weyman's *Under the Red Robe*.
(5) Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel* or *The Crisis*.

5. The *London Times* runs a column of personal items (called the "Agony Column"), in which appear frequently very mysterious messages. Edwin E. Slosson has suggested that some of these contain the

germ of a story. See what you can make of the following (those in 5 and those in 6 appeared on successive days):

(1) Louisa. — Wonderful to relate, there were three spiders. — Rob.

(2) Xerxes. — You may laugh and sneer now, you braggart, but your coward knees will knock when face to face with your destiny. — Hilarion.

(3) Jasper. — Tick-tock, tick-tock. — Eiffel Tower.

(4) THE AMALGAMATED AGONY ASSOCIATION will soon be wound up. Happy results expected shortly. — Terror.

(5) Fred. — Any soap, any candles? — Sausage.

Sausage. — No, thanks, but a box of matches. — Fred.

(6) Escurial. — Does the muleteer approve the proposed proceedings? — Grandee of Aragon.

Manana. — Muleteer.

Muleteer. — Your servant awaits and is most attentive to command. — Hermes.

Muleteer. — I am not a dolt to be alarmed. What you say will happen; I do not care a rap. — Mistletoe.

6. Look carefully through tonight's paper and find some incident that will lend itself to a story. Do not take an incident that is already told at some length; choose one that can be developed by your own imagination.

7. What was the most exciting happening in your own life? Use that as a germ or kernel and try to turn it into a story somewhat like those that you have read in this volume.

8. Who among your acquaintances or among your relatives has had the most adventurous career? Get

him to tell you one of his experiences and use it as the foundation for an adventure story.

9. Write one of the adventures of a mythological character in the style of an adventure story. Among heroes that offer possibilities in this field the following may be suggested: Odysseus, Jason, Theseus, Perseus, Herakles, Siegfried, Beowulf, Æneas, a knight of the Round Table.

10. Often real persons of our own time have had highly adventurous careers, and biographies of these persons offer many suggestions for short stories. Find some episode in the life of *one* of the following that strikes you as particularly exciting, and tell it in the manner of a short story: Jacob A. Riis, Theodore Roosevelt, Helen Keller, Florence Nightingale, Benjamin Disraeli, Stephen Crane, Richard Harding Davis, Ralph D. Paine, Dr. Walter A. Reed, Jack London, Charles A. Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart.

A LIST OF STORIES OF ADVENTURE

Fiction

On the Briny Deep

Adams, Bill: Fenceless Meadows
Bone, David W.: The Brassbounder
Clark, Ellery H.: Carib Gold
Colcord, Lincoln: The Game of Life and Death
Connelly, J. B.: Head Winds
Connelly, J. B.: Out of Gloucester
Conrad, Joseph: Lord Jim
Conrad, Joseph: Typhoon

Cooper, James Fenimore: The Pilot
Cooper, James Fenimore: The Red Rover
Duncan, Norman: The Adventures of Billy Topsail
Haine, T. Jenkins: The Black Barque
Haine, T. Jenkins: The Voyage of the *Arrow*
Hawes, Charles Boardman: The Dark Frigate
Hawes, Charles Boardman: The Mutineers
Hopkins, W. J.: She Blows, and Sparm at That!
Hugo, Victor: Toilers of the Sea
Jacobs, W. W.: Many Cargoes
Jacobs, W. W.: Night Watches
Kendall, Oswald: Romance of the *Martin Connor*
Loti, Pierre: The Iceland Fisherman
Marryat, Frederick: Mr. Midshipman Easy
Melville, Herman: Moby Dick
Melville, Herman: Redburn
Paine, Ralph D.: In Zanzibar
Paine, Ralph D.: The Judgments of the Sea
Roberts, Theodore Goodridge: The Harbor Master
Robertson, Morgan: Spun Yarn
Russell, W. Clark: The Captain's Wife
Russell, W. Clark: The Mate of the Good Ship *York*
Sabatini, Rafael: The Sea Hawk
Scott, Michael: Tom Cringle's Log
Smith, R. P.: The Prisoners of Fortune
Spears, J. R.: The Port of Missing Ships, and Other Stories of the Sea
Wetjen, A. R.: Captains All
Wilson, John Fleming: Somewhere at Sea

Pirates and Wrecks and Treasure Quests

Defoe, Daniel: Robinson Crusoe

Gilbert, Henry: The Book of Pirates
Hawes, Charles Boardman: The Great Quest
Meader, S. W.: The Black Buccaneers
Pulsford, H. A.: Old Brig's Cargo
Reade, Charles: Foul Play
Russell, W. Clark: The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*
Sabatini, Rafael: Captain Blood
Stevenson, R. L.: Treasure Island
Thompson, A. R.: Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail

Exploits of Boys

Anthony, Joseph: The Gang
Boyesen, H. H.: Modern Vikings
Davis, Richard Harding: Gallegher, and Other Stories
Clemens, S. L.: Huckleberry Finn
Clemens, S. L.: Tom Sawyer
Crane, Stephen: Whilomville Stories
Kipling, Rudyard: Captains Courageous
Kipling, Rudyard: Kim
Masefield, John: Jim Davis
Reid, Captain Mayne: The Boy Hunters
Wilson, John Fleming: Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout

In Olden Days

Buchan, John: The Path of the King
Churchill, Winston: Richard Carvel
Cooper, James Fenimore: The Spy
Crane, Stephen: The Red Badge of Courage
Doyle, Sir A. Conan: The White Company
Dumas, Alexandre: The Three Musketeers
Johnston, Mary: To Have and to Hold
Marryat, Frederick: Masterman Ready

Masefield, John: The Lost Endeavor
Parker, Sir Gilbert: The Seats of the Mighty
Read, Charles: The Cloister and the Hearth
Reid, Captain Mayne: The Rifle Rangers
Sabatini, Rafael: The Carolinian
Scott, Sir Walter: Ivanhoe
Scott, Sir Walter: Quentin Durward
Stevenson, R. L.: David Balfour
Stevenson, R. L.: Kidnapped
Sublette, Clifford M.: The Scarlet Cockerel
Weyman, Stanley J.: A Gentleman of France
Weyman, Stanley J.: Under the Red Robe
White, S. E.: Gold

When Sleuths Are on the Trail

Buchan, John: Greenmantle
Chesterton, G. K.: The Innocence of Father Brown
Doyle, Sir A. Conan: Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
Doyle, Sir A. Conan: Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes
Fletcher, J. S.: Dead Men's Money
Fletcher, J. S.: The Orange-Yellow Diamond
Green, Anna Katherine: Room No. 13
Hornung, A. W.: Raffles
Mundy, Talbot: King, of the Khyber Rifles
Poe, Edgar Allan: Detective stories
Post, M. D.: Uncle Abner
White, S. E.: The Silent Places

In the Glamorous South Seas

Becke, Louis: Edward Barry
Fisher, Jacob: The Cradle of the Deep
Melville, Herman: Typee

Osbourne, Lloyd: Wild Justice
Russell, John: Where the Pavement Ends
Stackpool, H. DeVere: The Beach of Dreams
Stevenson, R. L.: Island Nights' Entertainment

Tales of Fantasy

Chesterton, G. K.: The Man Who Was Thursday
Doyle, Sir A. Conan: Adventures of the Brigadier Gerard
Dumas, Alexandre: The Count of Monte Cristo
Hope, Anthony: The Prisoner of Zenda
Janvier, T. A.: In the Sargasso Sea
Roberts, Charles G. D.: In the Morning of Time
Verne, Jules: Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea
Wells, H. G.: Thirty Strange Stories
Wells, H. G.: The Time Machine
Wells, H. G.: The War of the Worlds

Red Men and the West

Cooper, James Fenimore: The Deerslayer
Cooper, James Fenimore: The Last of the Mohicans
Henry, O.: The Heart of the West
Lewis, Alfred Henry: Wolfville
Hough, Emerson: The Covered Wagon
Wister, Owen: Red Men and White
Wister, Owen: The Virginian

Entertaining Tales of Many Kinds

Burtis, Thomson: Russ Farrell, Airman
Conrad, Joseph: Tales of Unrest
Duncan, Norman: Battles Royal Down North
Dyer, Walter A.: Gulliver the Great, and Other Stories

Evarts, Hal G.: The Bald Face, and Other Animal Stories
Kipling, Rudyard and Balestier, Wolcott: The Naulakha
Kipling, Rudyard: Traffics and Discoveries
London, Jack: The Brown Wolf, and Other Stories
London, Jack: The Call of the Wild
London, Jack: The Love of Life, and Other Stories
Noyes, Alfred: Walking Shadows
O'Higgins, Harvey: The Smoke Eaters
Packard, Frank L.: Running Special
Poe, Edgar Allan: Short stories
Roberts, Theodore Goodridge: The Stranger from Up-Along
Spearman, Frank E.: The Nerve of Foley
Stevenson, R. L.: Short stories
Van Loan, Charles E.: Score by Innings

Non-Fiction Stories

Courage and Daring on Land and Sea

Beston, Henry: The Book of Gallant Vagabonds
Bullen, F. T.: The Cruise of the *Cachalot*
Burns, W. N.: A Year with a Whaler
Crane, Stephen: Men, Women, and Boats
Dana, R. H.: Two Years Before the Mast
Davidson, Norman J.: Daring Deeds of Great Buccaneers
Gibbs, George: Hero Tales of Our Navy
Hildebrand, A. S.: Blue Water
Loomis, Alfred: The Cruise of the *Hippocampus*
Mayo, Katherine: The Standard Bearers

Monckton, C. A. W.: Taming New Guinea
O'Connor, W. D.: Heroes of the Storm
Paine, Ralph D.: Joshua Barney
Paine, Ralph D.: Lost Ships and Lonely Seas
Paine, Ralph D.: Roads of Adventure
Pumpelly, Raphael: Travels and Adventures
Riesenberg, Felix: Under Sail
Thomas, Lowell: The Untold Story of Exploration
Tomlinson, H. M.: The Sea and the Jungle
Turley, Charles: Voyages of Captain Scott

Animals and Their Hunters

Conklin, George: Ways of the Circus
Lange, Algot: In the Amazon Jungle
Mayer, Charles: Trapping Wild Animals in the Malay Jungle
Mills, Enos A.: Waiting in the Wilderness
Patterson, J. H.: Man Eaters of Tsavo
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur: Hunters of the Great North

True Stories of the West

Cody, W. F.: Buffalo Bill's Life Story
Custer, Mrs. E. B.: Boots and Saddles
Grey, Zane: Tales of Lonely Trails
Grinnell, G. B.: Beyond the Old Frontier
Henderson, Daniel: Daniel Boone
Laut, Agnes C.: Pathfinders of the West
Leland, P. L.: Trailmaker of the Northwest
Neihardt, J. G.: The Splendid Wayfaring
Schultz, J. W.: My Life as an Indian
White, S. E.: Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout